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ERRATA.

—o—

Page 40, line 2, for 'conjenial' read 'congenial.'
,, 51, ,, 2, for 'pro bono public' read 'pro bono publico.'
,, 98, ,, 2 (from bottom), for 'Balcray' read 'Balcraig.'
,, 119, ,, 12, for '1815' read '1715.'
,, 170, ,, 7 (from bottom), after 'December' read '1831.'
,, 233, ,, 18, for 'increasing' read 'unceasing.'
,, ,, ,, 2 (from bottom), for 'thes outh' read 'the south.'
,, 239, ,, 4 (from bottom), delete the word 'Bladnoch,' which should be the heading of the succeeding paragraph.
,, 251, ,, 16, for 'Junes' read 'Innes.'
,, 252, ,, 5 (from bottom)—the name, 'Charles Auld,' should be in the list of Plumbers.
,, 320, ,, 2 (from bottom), for 'machie' read machine.'
,, 360, ,, 7, for 'Talmallet' read 'Palmallet.'
,, 14 (Advertisements), for 'Robert M'Murray' read 'William M'Murray.'
,, 15 (Advertisements), for 'M'Naught' read 'M'Knaught.'
,, 31 ,, line 7, after 'complete' delete 'in' and begin a new sentence.

VIEW OF THE SQUARE AND SOUTH MAIN STREET, WIGTOWN.

WIGTOWN AND WHITHORN:

HISTORICAL

AND

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES,

STORIES AND ANECDOTES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

Racy Wit & Pawky Humour

OF THE DISTRICT,

By GORDON FRASER, Wigtown.

"The most interesting portion of History, next to the manners of the people, are their *local incidents and popular peculiarities.*"—INTRODUCTORY NOTICES TO CHALMERS'S "CALEDONIA."

PUBLISHER: GORDON FRASER, WIGTOWN.
THE LOCAL BOOKSELLERS.
1877.

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FAC-SIMILE OF THE BURGH SEAL OF WIGTOWN.

The translation is :—" The common Seal of the very ancient Burgh of Wigtown."

TO

ALL THOSE WIGTONIANS

WHO TAKE AN INTEREST IN THE

DEAR OLD BURGH,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE AUTHOR.

FAC-SIMILE OF THE INSCRIPTION ON THE OLD WIGTOWN BELL.

N. B.—The first and second lines form one circle round the Bell, and the third line only part of a circle, but the second circle is completed with sculpturing, as above.

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PREFACE.

WHILE in this advanced age there is a tendency to depreciate and discard old customs and beliefs, simply, one would think, because they are old, still there is also a commendable love of the good old generous and hospitable times of yore in the breasts of not a few shrewd people, and a growing conviction that our forefathers had more discrimination and forethought than their more intelligent and pretentious descendants seem willing to give them credit for. To no one will the compiler of this work yield in veneration for the good old times and the worthy men of the past. The artificial manners of the present day (contrasted with the genuine humanity of the past) do not lead us to have much faith in the trite remark, that "the future is greater than the past." Our forefathers were manly and straightforward; and if, as may be seen from the anecdotes and stories presented in this volume, they indulged in fun and frolic which the stringency of the present time would not permit, the mirth was innocent and natural: void of guile and malice. The stories and anecdotes herein contained are given for the purpose of evincing the wit and humour of the Wigtonians and Whithornians of the past, and the compiler has studiously avoided inserting anything that would offend the relatives or descendants of any of his heroes.

With reference to the Burgh of Wigtown, it may be thought by some that there is fully much compilation in this work; but we have deemed it desirable that as much

as possible of what has been written anent the Burgh should be brought together in a compendious form, because many Wigtonians would doubtless read with interest these historical sketches when brought before them in one volume, who would not take the trouble to ferret them out in a search among many separate authors.

As for the excerpts from the Kirk Session and Burgh records, these of themselves throw much light upon the state of local society in the times to which they refer, and therefore we have not thrown in many remarks, or hazarded many speculative theories of our own.

We are fully convinced that the most of local works already published, though excellent in their way, are of too *antiquarian* a nature to be popular with general readers. An old "holed stone," or a hoary ruin, is very good and very interesting in its way; but give general readers something relating to the manners and customs of their forefathers — something that comes home to their human sympathies—that starts the tear, or provokes the laugh—and you give a "touch of nature." We have endeavoured to keep this in view in preparing this volume, although it is possible we may not have succeeded as well as we could have wished.

As we make no literary pretensions, we bespeak the clemency of the critics. On account of the multifarious nature and frequent urgency of our ordinary duties, we have had only snatches of time to prepare this work. It must not, therefore, be considered strange if the arrangement of the matter is not the best, or if at times we are a little incoherent.

How the work will "take" with the public, and with Wigtonians in particular, remains to be seen; but we hope that a book which, though primarily local, contains many illustrations of Scottish wit and humour which have not

heretofore appeared in print, so far as we are aware, will not fail to meet with its due meed of encouragement at the hands of readers in general.

We take the opportunity here afforded of sincerely thanking those numerous friends who have so generously and heartily assisted us in the preparation of this work, by lending books and manuscripts, and furnishing anecdote and story. During the few short months we have been engaged on this volume, we have enjoyed pleasant friendly intercourse with residenters of the venerable age of fourscore and ten years and downwards, the sunny memory of which shall never suffer eclipse.

It would be premature to talk of a second edition: we will just say that should the work ever attain the honour of having a second edition demanded, the additional anecdotes which may be expected to flow in to us (suggested probably by our first appearance), shall be incorporated therein.

WIGTOWN, *December, 1877.*

quantities of stone for the Liverpool docks—and stretching out into the river stands the pier, between which and the Mersey ply the stone fleets. Scarcely perceptible is the little harbour of Carsluith farther on. At the foot of the range of hills wanders the "Silver Cree," which is joined before our eyes by the waters of the Bladnoch, and both enter Wigtown Bay. Beyond the estuary thus formed the eye runs along the Borgue and Kirkcudbright hills, the line ending in "the Ross;" while across the waters of Wigtown Bay the blue hills of Cumberland are plainly visible. From our present position we obtain an exact view of the rocky promontory in which are to be found Meg Merrilees' and Dirk Hatteraik's caves, and, indeed, of the whole *locale* of Sir Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." The eye also takes in part of the fertile lands of Baldoon, the spot whence the great Wizard of the North obtained the story which forms the basis of his exquisite fiction, "The Bride of Lammermoor." And now of a sudden we are reminded of the period in which we live by the clatter of an approaching train on the Wigtownshire line of Railway, as it speedily passes, near the position we occupy, for the Station, emitting the while its shrill and piercing whistle.

Turning to our left, we find we are close upon "the auld Kirkyard," into which we may enter by-and-bye for the purpose of making a few jottings of what is note-worthy therein.

But, in fact, as we gaze up the street towards the ancient Burgh, we feel that the sight evokes memories

of the past on which we would fain dwell; and it may be that the recital of a few facts and incidents with regard to it may not be uninteresting to readers in general, and certainly not to Wigtonians in particular. We shall, therefore, draw this Introduction to a close, and proceed with our self-assigned task in detail.

HISTORICAL & DESCRIPTIVE SKETCHES

OF THE

ROYAL BURGH OF WIGTOWN.

THE BURGH.

THAT the Burgh of Wigtown is of great antiquity there can be no doubt. Various theories have been hazarded as to the origin of its name—the word *Wigtown* being in itself favourable to theories more ingenious than probable. We have heard it stated that the name was given in consequence of a personal accident happening to an old shaver in remote times, whose *wig* the wind blew off in the locality ; but this is a ridiculous theory, and too fanciful to apply, or to satisfy minds of a non-facetious turn. The more probable speculations on this point are those which are put forth in connection with the situation of the town. One surmises that as *Wic* denotes *bay* or *village*, and *ton* a *town*, therefore the name *Wictown*, or the town on, or at the head of, the bay, would arise. In his *Caledonia*, Chalmers says that the sea-rovers of the middle ages had a conflict to maintain for the possession of the site of Wigtown, where they built a castle, the position being called *Wigtown*, with an allusion, not only to the success which the Gothic people had obtained (*Wig* apparently favouring the rendering *battle*, and *ton*, or *tun*, *town*—hence the meaning would be *battletown*,) but to the fortlet they had erected upon the agreeable site of the present Wigtown, on the acclivity of a rising ground near the

mouth of the Bladnoch river. This author also gives plausibility to the theory of *Wig—castle*, and *ton*—a village, hence *Castletown*. It has also been conjectured, and we think with great reason, that the town derived its name rather from its situation on a hill, than on account of its being at the head of a bay, and that as the word *Wic* denotes a *village* and *ton* a *hill*, so the name was, *the town on the hill*, or *Wicton*, or *Wigton*. But there is at this day a tradition in the Burgh, and that tradition is mentioned by Symson, who wrote nearly two hundred years ago, that ancient Wigton stood considerably to the eastward of the present town, Symson says more than a mile in an easterly direction. This would place the town on the low-lying sands between the present Wigtown and Creetown. If there is any truth in the tradition, the site of ancient Wigtown must have presented a very different physical aspect from what it presents now, washed as it is by every tide. No remains have been found in the locality to favour the theory or tradition of the ancient site; and if the tradition is entitled to any credence the period of the town's location on the spot of the present sands, if not pre-historic, must be very remote indeed. Upon the whole, we are not disposed to place much dependence upon this tradition; but are inclined to agree with those who think that the town sprang into existence under the fostering care of the old Castle of Wigtown. The hill on which it stands is about 200 feet above the level of the sea. At what time the Castle was erected is not known, but as it was standing in full strength in the year 1291, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it was built about a century before that time; so that if the town arose under its shelter, we are able to form a proximate idea of the age of the town. Chambers says that the town rose into existence during the middle ages, from the erection of a castle on the spot by a band of successful Saxon invaders, who conferred on it the

name of *Wig*, from the place having been contested in battle,—the word *wig* signifying a conflict of this nature in the Gothic tongue,—the adjunct *ton*, or *town*, being afterwards given when the town arose.

Wigtown, we are informed, was probably made a Royal Burgh in the year 1341, David II. occupying the Scottish throne, when it was created the chief town of the Earldom or County of Wigtown. We here give the Charter of the Burgh, granted anew by James II., the early original Charter having decayed or been lost :—

The Charter.

N.B.—Several words towards the close of the Original being obscure, the blanks in this translation are unavoidable.

"JAMES, by the grace of God, King of the Scots, to all good men of his dominion, clerical and laymen, Greeting:

"Know ye that we have approved, ratified, and by this our present Charter, have for ever confirmed all and sundry Donations and Concessions made and granted by our Predecessors in times past to the Burgesses and Community of our Burgh of Wigtown, as well as of their lands of Borrowmoss, Culquhirk, Broadfield, Clauchrie, Kirvennie, and Philipland, lying near our Burgh, and of Lands, acres of Lands of the Common of said Burgh, and of the Mill and Fishings (of all sorts) of said Lands, as of other Concessions Donations, Liberties, and Privileges, and Profits, hitherto made and granted by our Predecessors to the said Burgh, to have and hold the foresaid Lands, acres of Lands, as all the Mill and Fishings foresaid, together with the small Customs, Burgh Farms *(firmis)*, Trons, Market and Cross, and with all profits and privileges belonging to the foresaid Burgesses and Community and their predecessors who were Burgesses of the said Burgh of Wigtown, from us, our Heirs and Successors, in feudal tenure and inheritance for ever, by all their ancient boundaries, and divided as the said Lands lie in length and breadth, together with the power of selling and buying merchandise and other goods belonging

to the Burgesses of our Burgh, and with all and sundry liberties and privileges, profits *(commoditatibus and a camentis)* and past pertinents whatsoever, as well those not specified as those specified, belonging to our Burgh, or in any way tending *(volentibus)* or belonging to it in future; and for this end *(adu)* freely, quietly, pleneraly, wholly, honourably, well, and in peace, in all things, and by all things, as the said Burgh has been more freely infefted by our Predecessors, it is our pleasure *(volumnus)*, moreover, that the said Burgesses and Community and their successors of the said Burgh, should have, hold, and possess for ever in all future their times, their limits and bounds from the mid stream of Cree to the Sea of Ireland. *Nostrum de Wigtown*, and according to their ancient infeftment belonging as hitherto to the same (persons).....*et bondis usi et gavisi*..... *qu a en qui* by restoring thence annually to the said Burgesses and Community of the said Burgh..... and other services anciently of the said Burgh.

"Witness the Reverend father in Christ, George, Bishop of Brechin, our Chancellor,.....Andrew, Lord Avondale, Guardian of our James of Livingston, our great Chamberlain, *(camaraie)*, William of Edmonston, Suntrethin, Knight.

"Given from *de Moravia de Tulibardin*, near Stirling, on the 28th day of the month of April, in the year of our Lord 1457, in the 21st year of our reign."

The above translation of King James's Charter is from an extract obtained in 1656. On the back of the above Charter the following appears:—"Edinburgh, 8th September, 1656. Produced be Thomas Stuart, Provost of Wigtown, and ane minute yrof taken, and recorded in the Books of Exchequer, conforme to the Acts and Proclamationes made yranent, by me, W. Purves, Clerk." The Scottish Parliament in 1661 ratified the above Charter, and in 1662 Charles II. gave the Burgh a new Charter, adding, it would appear, additional privileges and rights, one of which, a very singular one, is the right to levy dues on all

sheep, cattle, and wool crossing the river Cree—a right which is fully taken advantage of by the Burgh to this day, and brings into its coffers no less a sum than about £100 per annum.

In his *Domestic Annals of Scotland*, Chambers gives the following amusing incident in connection with this right of the Burgh of Wigtown to levy "Custom and Deanry":—"On some recent occasion of pestilence, Dumfries, being specially and severely afflicted, was, as usual, sequestred from intercourse and traffic—its markets became altogether decayed, and the inhabitants, in addition to all their other distresses, found themselves 'evil handlit for want of necessary sustentation.' In these circumstances, it seemed good to them to send two or three of their number unsuspected of infection, to the Country about the water of Cree in Galloway, to purchase cattle. The two men, James Sharpe and John Mertine, set forth on this quest, and coming to the Burgh of Wigtown, were there well received by the magistrates, who seemed willing to give their christian help and countenance for their object, on the condition that the cattle were paid for, and the Burgh of Wigtown satisfied in their customs. Thus sanctioned, the Dumfries emissaries went into the country, and bought thirty-eight nolt, which they began to drive towards Dumfries, looking for no interruption or impediment. At Monygaff, on the Water of Cree, they were met by a large armed party, under the command of Patrick Ahannay, Provost of Wigtown, and John Edgar and Archibald Tailfer, Bailies, who laid violent hands upon them, and carried them and their cattle to Wigtown. We do not learn what was the motive of this conduct, but may reasonably surmise it was some claim in the way of custom which the Dumfriesians had failed to satisfy. At Wigtown the cattle were detained eight days, getting gradually leaner for want of food, till at last they were 'extreme

lean;' and it was not till their owners had paid 100 merks that they were allowed to proceed with the beeves to the starving Burgh of Dumfries." The above incident happened in 1598.

We shall here notice

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF WIGTOWN.

"The first Church in Wigtown," says the *Statistical Account (1841)*, "was consecrated to St. Machute, an obscure saint, who died in 554. It originally belonged to the Priory of Whithorn, but was afterwards a free rectory, of which the King was patron. There is a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, in which a donation is mentioned (in the year 1495) from William M'Garvey, vicar of Penninghame, of various houses and crofts in or near the Burgh, (which are minutely described,) to support 'a chaplain in St. Machutus in Wigtown.' The celebrated Sir Peter Young, the co-preceptor with Buchanan of James VI., for some time held the rectory of Wigton *in commendam*. At what time the present church was built we have not ascertained. [It was mostly rebuilt in 1730, and completely repaired in 1770.] It is an old, mean-looking edifice, and has so frequently been repaired that little of the ancient building remains. It is situated in a beautiful retired spot, at the east end of the town, and at the extremity of the parish. The stipend is eighteen chalders, half meal, half barley, and £8 6s. 8d. for communion elements. There is no manse, but £30 per annum is allowed for house rent, one-half of which is paid by the heritors, and the other by the Burgh. The glebe contains 6 acres, and is worth about £21 per annum." Now, the stipend of the Parish Church is 16¾ chalders, with £81 8s. 8½d. of money stipends, manse, and glebe.

In the 16th century, John and Patrick Vans, of the Barn-

barroch family, were parsons of the Church of Wigtown, the patronage of which was acquired in 1591 by Sir Patrick Vans, Knight, of Barnbarroch, and given over by him to the Earl of Galloway about the middle of the next century.

THE MONASTERY.

A very excellent account of this ancient institution is to be found in *Lands and their Owners in Galloway*. The author says: "The Convent of Dominican or Preaching Friars was founded by Dervorgille, daughter of Alan, Lord of Galloway, in 1267. She was the mother of John Baliol, King of Scots. The Convent was governed by a Prior. Alexander III. granted to the friars a large portion of the firms, or rents of the town of Wigtown. James IV., when he went on a pilgrimage to St. Ninian's [at Whithorn], usually lodged at the Convent, and bestowed frequent gratuities on it. According to the High Treasurer's accounts, he made numerous gifts to the friars of Wigtown. In 1505-6, he granted the six merk land of Knockan to Ronald Makbretun, the harper, for his fee as ane of the King's musicians, burdened with the gift of six bolls of meal yearly to the Convent. They had also royal grants of the fishings on both sides of the river at various periods, the last apparently in 1541. For these they were bound 'to sing daily, after *even-song*, *salvæ Reginie*, with a special orison for the King's (James IV.) father and mother, and predecessors and successors.' As reported in 1652-3, the income of the Convent, in money, was £20 3s. 8d. Scots; in meal, 10 chalders, 14 bolls; in malt, 2 bolls. It was at the same time stated that they had formerly a fishing, from which they derived some salmon, but that it had been taken from them by "the auld Laird of Gairlies, on the ground that he had a grant of it from the Regent." By the Act of Annexation, in 1587, the whole

became vested in the King. Foreseeing the downfall of the existing system, the Friars of Wigtown made over their lands to Stewart of Garlies about 1556. * * * * The friar lands (on which the Convent stood,) were acquired by the Burgh of Wigtown, in exchange, from the Galloway Family, about 1640. The building was close by the foot of the town, on a small eminence, near the old mouth of the river Bladnoch. The field where it stood, called the Friar-land, consisted of about five or six Scots acres, and formed a kind of oblong square, skirting the shore of the Bay, of which it commanded a fine view. Towards the south were the windings of the Bladnoch, and beyond it the beautiful lowlands of Baldoon, the town and hill of Wigtown being above the Monastery on the west, and the Cree, overhung for several miles by the Stewartry hills, constituted the north-eastern prospect. No idea can now be formed of the building, as not a stone of it remains one upon another. The walls have been rased to the foundation, the rubbish carried away, and the site of the Monastery converted into a field or orchard, now known as Croft-an-righ or Croft-en-reich (that is, the Croft of the King). A portion of the walls were to be seen in 1818. At that time tan-pits were on the ground. It appears that the principal portion of it was a square, inclosing about half-an-acre of ground. The walls were built of rough stone and lime, though the doors and windows may have been of hewn freestone. It seems to have constituted a sort of quarry for the inhabitants. The principal entrance to the Friary was from the north, by a large arched gate, over which, it is said, hung the Convent bell. The place where the arch stood, though not a vestige of it remains, was called the Bell Yett, *i.e.*, gate. [The adjoining field, to the south-west of the site of the Friary, is called the Bell Yett to this day.] The Monastery was supplied with water brought in leaden pipes from the high

ground on the south-west, led into the court. The well, called the Friar's Well, was built round with freestone—which building, together with portions of the pipe, old people of last century remembered to have seen. The churchyard lay on the east side of the Convent, close by the walks, where, as well as on the north side, human bones have been dug up from time to time. The Croft-en-reich Pippin, now so well known, grew in the orchard. About seventy years ago, it is stated there were two trees, then estimated as a century old. It is further mentioned, that about forty years ago grafts were sent to many places, and it is now known in England as the Galloway Pippin. It is a very fine apple. The monks no doubt introduced it; their gardens at the Abbeys, &c., always had the best of fruit trees, &c.,—in fact they had the best of everything. Directly west from the Monastery is the Monk-hill, of about twenty-four acres. Until the end of last century there were upon it a small house and good garden, which it is conjectured may have been the residence of the Abbot."

With reference to this last suggestion as to the Monk-hill, while we are inclined to think that the monks of the Friary may have had their residence there, and thus have given their name to the spot, yet the house and garden referred to would doubtless be of a more recent origin than the author of *Lands and their Owners* supposes. John Lafries, one of the Wigtown bailies, lived at Monk-hill in 1684; and in the following minute of the old Wigtown Session book, we meet with another tenant of Monk-hill in more recent times:—

"Wigtown, July 30th, 1731.

"David M'Kie of Maidland gave in this day Ten Marks Scots, left by the deceased Jannet M'Adam, late in Munck-hill, to the Poor of this Parish."

No trace, as far as we are aware, has been found of the

particular spot on the Monk-hill, where the domicile of the monks was pitched; but a rich, grassy plot of ground at the foot of the east side of the hill, evidently indicates the place where a very well kept garden stood. This, however, may have been the garden of more recent buildings than those of the monks on the hill.

In the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV. we find, under date August, 1502, that in passing through Wigtown, on one of his frequent pilgrimages to the shrine of St. Ninian's at Whithorn, the King gave 14 shillings to the pipers of Wigtown, who usually had such gratuities, for their music. On April 8th, while at Wigtown on his return from Whithorn, the King received intelligence by express of the death of his brother John, Earl of Mar; when he charged the priests of Wigtown to perform a "dirge and soul-mass" for his brother, paying them 40 shillings for their pains. On another occasion, the Queen's health being in a critical condition, the superstition of the King induced him to make another pilgrimage to Whithorn *on foot*, from Edinburgh, in the month of March. He was accompanied by four Italian minstrels, who found the journey fully much for them, and they had to be carried homewards to Tongueland on horseback. The Queen recovered her health, and as her recovery was attributed to the Whithorn saint, and the pious devotion of her royal husband which had prompted his journey on foot to the shrine at Candida Casa, it was resolved that the King, Queen, and a large retinue should perform a pilgrimage to Whithorn. It would appear that in this journey the Queen travelled in a *litter*, sometimes called in the treasurer's books the "Quenis chariot." Seventeen horses were required to carry her majesty's wardrobe and baggage. One horse carried "the King's chapel geir." The Queen's chapel graith was carried in two coffers.

Before this time—in the summer of 1473—Margaret,

Queen of James III., made a pilgrimage to Whithorn, being attended by six ladies of her chamber, who were provided with new livery gowns. Several articles of the Queen's wardrobe, and their cost, are mentioned in the treasurer's accounts :—For pauzell crelis—panniers to the Queen at her passage to St. Ninian's, 8 shillings; item for a pair of Bulgis, 10 shillings; item for a cover to the Queen's cap, 12 shillings.

"James IV.," says Chalmers, "throughout his reign, made frequent pilgrimages to Whithorn, generally once a year, and frequently twice a year. He appears to have been accompanied by a numerous retinue, and, among others, by his minstrels. At Whithorn he made offerings in the churches, at the altars, and at the relics of St. Ninian; and he gave donations to priests, minstrels, and pilgrims; and his almoner distributed alms to the poor. On his way to and from Whithorn he made offerings at various churches, in addition to all those payments."

Symson says that "on the south east of Wigtown there was long since a Friarie; but the very ruines thereof are now allmost ruined. The greatest quantity of agrimony that I ever saw in one place grows about this Friarie."

THE CASTLE OF WIGTOWN.

The site of this ancient fortress was a little to the north-east of the road leading from the Railway Station to the Harbour, opposite what was known as the Sailor's Well. In the *Statistical Account* we read: Of the Castle of Wigtown, which was built as early at least as the middle of the thirteenth century, scarcely any traces can now be found. It is understood to have been situated on the banks of the Bladnoch, south of the town, at a place where in ancient times that river fell into the bay. The fosse is quite discernible; and

though the foundation of the walls cannot be traced, mortar and other remains, indicative of an ancient building, are still to be observed. So important was this Castle, that it was delivered in 1291 into the hands of Edward I., till the claims of the different competitors for the crown were decided. He entrusted it to the charge of Walter de Currie (Laird of Dunskey), and successively of others, and ultimately conferred it on John Baliol, as the Scottish King."

In *Lands and their Owners* we find the following: In the time of Edward I., the fortlet which stood on the banks of the Bladnoch, at Wigtown, was considered of such importance as to be called a Castle, and had a governor. Under the protection of this stronghold, the original hamlet of Wigtown no doubt arose. Walter de Currie (whose son is supposed to have been of Dunskey,) was appointed governor by King Edward in 1291, and was succeeded in 1292 by Richard Siward. The next governors were Henry de Percy in 1296, and John de Hodleston in 1297. The site on which it stood formed a kind of circle, containing about half-an-acre of land, and projected into the sea on a plain shore. This was fortified on all sides by a wall, built of stone and lime. The wall was surrounded by the sea on the east and south, and on the west and north by a ditch, about thirty feet wide and ten deep, which, admitting the tide, led it almost round the Castle. Of the building nothing now remains, and the ground has long ago been ploughed up. The course of the Bladnoch is now some distance from the site of the Castle. When Wallace visited Galloway in 1297, he took Wigtown Castle, and appointed Adam Gordon keeper. It was delivered over to John Baliol, as King of Scotland, and for a time became a Royal residence. It was a Royal residence previous to this, for the Earl of Carrick, by the assent and power of his father, Sir Robert Bruce, took the Lady of Scotland's Castle of Wigtown. She was

Margaret, the Maiden of Norway, heiress to the throne—'Palgrave.' In the *Documents Illustrative of the History of Scotland*, there is a receipt from William de Boyville, as Warder of Wigtown Castle, for payment of his wages. He was also Governor of Dumfries and Kirkcudbright. Wallace encamped at Boreland, Minnigaff, prior to his attack on Cruggleton, apparently the object of his visit, and on his approach on this occasion the English garrison in Wigtown Castle fled, escaping by sea. Wallace found the place empty."

An old ballad took notice of the rescue of Wigtown Castle by the Scottish hero. The only fragment of the verses we can find runs somewhat as follows :

> "Wigtown Castle, by Sir William Wallace taen,
> Because no person was found therein."

Though there is now scarcely any vestige of the ruin to be seen, yet some of the older inhabitants distinctly remember having in their youth traced parts of the old Castle. A pathway from it to the town, leading northwards over Jeddarland fields, can yet be observed.

"The outlines of the building," continues *Lands and their Owners*, "were clearly traced in 1830, by the late Captain Robert M'Kerlie, who employed a couple of men with tools for the purpose. Previously the materials had been carried entirely away, to build houses and walls about the town. On this occasion the ditch, which had been broad, was distinctly seen on the north, where also a semi-circular ridge, of considerable elevation, was accurately traced, being the remains of the outer wall. The drawbridge and gate were on the south-west front of the Castle."

From such an almost entire obliteration of remains of this fortress, it is pretty evident that it soon ceased to be considered of much importance in the country, and consequently speedily fell into a state of disrepair and ultimate decay.

We must now pass over a considerable period of time, during which there do not seem to have been any events or circumstances to bring the town of Wigtown out of the obscurity which its isolated situation would indicate as its normal condition.

We will here give Symson's description of the appearance of

WIGTOWN NEARLY TWO CENTURIES AGO.

"WIGTON.—The Earl of Galloway is patron. It is a Parsonage, though but a small one. It is bounded on the south with the parish of Kirkinner, and separated from it by the river of Blaidnoch; on the west, north, and east, it is surrounded with the parish of Penygham, and separated therefrom, on the north and east, with a rivulet called the Bishop Bourn, which empties itself into the river of Blaidnoch, or Cree, on the sands beneath Wigton. This parish hath in it a burgh-royal, called also Wigton, which town, as the inhabitants say, of old stood more than a mile eastward; but that place is now covered with the sea every tide. However, this is certain, that of old it was called Epiack, or Epiacte. A friend of mine conjectures—and doubtless it is but a conjecture—that it was so called from Danewort, or Dwarfe Elder, call'd also Chamiacte; however, sure I am, this herb or shrub, call it as you please, grows here in great abundance, and overspreads much of their beir-land on the south-east part of the towne. And since we are speaking of an herb, I think fit to add that Henbane grows also very plentifully in the towne through the streets, and upon every dunghill there. This towne is the head burgh of the shire, although it stands at the eastmost end thereof. Ships of two hundred tun may come neer to it at a spring-tide, with a good pilot, but yet it hath but little shipping by sea.

They choose annually a Provost, two Bayliffs, and a Treasurer, with several other Counsellours. Fryday is the day of their town-court. It is a town of small tradeing; their market-day is Monday; but is not frequented. However, they have four yearly faires which are considerable; the first is called the Palm Fair, which begins the fifth Monday in Lent, and lasts two days; the second, Midsummer Fair, or rather, St. Alban's Fair; for, on the seventeenth day of June, St. Alban's day, if it fall upon a Friday, or if not then the next Friday thereafter, they have a market-day for horses and young phillies, which the Borderers from Annandale, and places thereabout, (the stile the countrey calls them by is Johnnies,) come and buy in great numbers. The Monday and Tuesday thereafter, they have a fair frequented by merchants from Edinburgh, Glasgow, Air, and other places, who here buy great quantities of raw broad cloath, and transport part of it over the seas, and part of it they dy at home, and sell for many uses. The third and greatest fair is call'd Lambas Fair, which is allways just six weeks distant from the former; for, on the Fryday before the first Monday of August, they have another market for horses, much frequented by the foresaid Johnnies; and then, on the next Monday and Tuesday, viz., the first Monday and Tuesday of August, they have the Cloath Fair, which is more frequented than the Midsummer Fair, both by buyers and sellers, because the countrey people have then a longer time to work, and make their webbs ready, which they could not get done at the former fair. This fair is so considerable, that, as I have been informed, no fewer than eighteen score of packs of cloath have been sold thereat. The fourth is their Martinmas Fair, which beginns allways upon the first Monday of November, and lasts two days. The next Thursday after this first Monday of November, and so every Thursday thereafter till Christmas, they have

a market for fat kine ; this market is frequented by butchers and others from Dumfries, and other places thereat, for four or five market-days only ; for in that time all the fattest and best kine are sold and gon. In this town of Wigton, about seaven or eight years since, there was a woman call'd Margaret Blain, yet living there, wife to John M'Craccan, a taylor, who is also yet living, who was brought to bed of three children, who were orderly baptized, having a quarter of a year or thereabout before that miscarried of another. This parish of Wigton is allmost equal in breadth and length, being about three miles and a halfe extent every way."

ANCIENT ASPECT OF THE TOWN.

About a hundred and fifty years ago, the Royal Burgh presented a very humble, unpretentious, and untidy appearance. Many of the houses were low, one-storey, thatched edifices, although there were not a few two and three stories high. The New Road, leading to the town from the north, Harbour Road on the South, and Agnew Crescent on the south-west, were unknown then, the only streets—if streets they could be called—beside the main one, being High and Low Vennels. Main Street, which, it will be subsequently seen, was called *the* Street, was a broad expanse, covered with rank grass and nettles, in the shelter of which hens and ducks deposited their eggs. This vast space was also the site of the various middens of the burgesses, these being located severál yards in front of the houses—little footpaths leading to them from the dwelling-houses being visible through the grass. Pigs, geese, ducks, and hens, revelled in the filthy, sloppy accumulation, which was a standing institution on the public street. But in these primitive times people were in happy ignorance of the refined and advanced sanitary laws of later days; and with all the advantages

possessed by people now-a-days as to the comforts and conveniences of a progressive civilization, we fear the present generation of Wigtonians are not so vigorous and healthy as their ancestors, who were reared in the immediate vicinity of these historically famous "middens." A female Wigtonian—contrasting the modern abounding "stomach complaints" with the almost entire immunity which the older residenters enjoyed from such ills—remarked, "Stamack complents! why, the folks had nae stamacks in the auld days." Latterly old William M'William's peat-stack reared its ornamental proportions at the foot of the site on which the Square now stands. The stagnant water that accumulated on this arena rendered the spot a favourite one for the fowls we have mentioned; and so plentifully did the poultry become, that on a big day, when the resources of the chief hotel of the time were taxed to the utmost, the thrifty cook of the establishment might sally forth in the direction of the middens, and, armed with a shawl, capture, cover, and carry off one or more hens or ducks, and prepare them to grace the table of the "country gentlemen." Perhaps we should not characterise such a deed as predatory, for the people of the period were marked by much generosity, and would not grudge to help one another with their means on any emergency. The inhabitants in these times lived together in strong amity—in fact more like a large family than anything else. Of course the want of inter-communication with other districts and towns greatly fostered such a habit of concentration of feeling and sentiment.

One may perhaps wonder now-a-days why our ancestors made the street so wide. We think we are pretty safe in supposing that as there was then comparatively little security of property, our forefathers planned the arrangement of the town so that cattle, horses, and sheep might have ample room to roam in at night, after they had been gathered in

and made secure by the two Ports to which we shall presently allude. Speaking of cattle, in the early times, when there were no divisions by dykes or ditches of the various fields, a system of baulks, or running mounds, was adopted, by which to mark off the various sections of land. Sometimes stones were used for this purpose. Few of these baulks can now be traced about the Burgh ; but there is one still very clearly discernible in a field near the Monkhill, and another in a park near the Windyhill, called Tailabout. An old friend informs us that in these early times, each person possessing a cow herded his own animal, and after the crops were lifted all the cows might scatter promiscuously over the Wigtown hill.

Our readers will have noticed that mention is made of the "East Port," in Symson's description of the town. There were two "Ports" in Wigtown in the olden time—the East and the West Ports. The West Port was opposite the mouth of the High Vennel ; and it is pretty certain that the East Port was opposite the present British Linen Bank Office, at the extreme foot of the town. These Ports were formed by projecting houses stretching across the street from both sides, a gate being placed in the centre. One of these projecting houses still stands, at the site of the West Port, and it is anything but ornamental to the town. It completely prevents the inhabitants dwelling on the east part of North Main Street from viewing the western part of the town, and *vice versa*. A hundred years ago, as we shall afterwards see, the Town Council, with remarkable public spirit and good taste, took down these Ports for the improvement of the town ; but how this one protruding tenement escaped the general demolition we are at a loss to conceive. We believe the municipal "fathers of the state" some years ago resolved to level this building, but somehow their wise determination was frustrated. Could not our present civic

rulers take a leaf out of the book of their ancestors in office, and endeavour to purchase and remove this architectural eyesore?

What the purposes of these Ports were we cannot exactly tell. Two opinions have been expressed on this point; first, that they were for purposes of defence in times of war; and second, that they were intended to protect cattle in the district threatened to be carried off by the English reivers, who then, like their present descendants, had strong faith in roast beef. Probably there is truth in both theories. No siege of the town, however, as far as we are aware, has ever been reported, and the Ports would be turned to peaceable account by enclosing the "horses, young phillies, and fat kine," which were brought to the several ancient Fairs mentioned by Symson, as well as by nightly protecting cattle. The projecting house at the West Port, already referred to, and the houses in North Main Street running up towards its north end, form a corner which is still known as "Staig Neuk." Symson's "young phillies" were doubtless confined in this corner at the ancient Fairs: indeed, an iron ring is still to be seen attached to one of the houses in the Neuk, to which in olden times horses would be fastened.

The old Wigtown Fairs were well attended. We have heard an old residenter remark that on these occasions—"from John Bruce's (the present Galloway Inn, at the head of the town,) down nearly the half of the town—a person might almost have walked upon the heads of the crowds of people who frequented these Fairs."

Towards the end of the last century, the head of the town presented a very repulsive aspect. The street was much more strait than it is now, but subsequently the houses, when being rebuilt, were placed further back. So strait was the street then at that part of the town, that two carts could hardly pass each other. Draining being very imperfectly

practised, or neglected altogether, the *glaur* and water which ran down High Street accumulated at the mouth of the present Agnew Crescent, forming a puddle of dirty gutters, that would take anyone who unfortunately popped into it almost up to the knee. At the top of High Street traces of where the houses stood at the time we speak of are perfectly visible.

THE EARLS FLEMING OF WIGTON.

The first, according to Crawford, whom we will follow to some extent, was a Fleming, who came to Scotland, like so many others of his countrymen, in the reign of King David I., and took his surname, Flandrensis, (Latinized) or Le Fleming, from his native country. Like all the new comers into the country at this period, we find the Flemings in connection, or in favour, with the Church. Baldwin Le Fleming, in the reign of the Saint-King, as he is called, (but who brought so much after-misery on Scotland through his introduction of the Church of Rome and Anglo-Norman, &c., settlers) was a witness to the grant which Robertus Episcopus St. Andrea made to Herbert Episcopo Glasgu de Ecclesia de Locherworna, with consent of King David and Prince Henry, his son. There was a Jordanus Le Fleming, a witness to another ecclesiastical grant. William Flandrensis, or Le Fleming, also appears as a witness to grants to ecclesiastics, and is believed to have been the first who settled in the west of Scotland. Duncan, in the reign of Alexander II., was a witness to a grant of lands to the convent of Paisley. Then Simon Flandrensis in another grant to Paisley. After him we come to Robert Le Fleming, stated to be the direct ancestor of the Earls of Wigton. He joined Robert the Bruce, and had bestowed on him the lands of Lenzie and Cumbernauld, Lanarkshire, forfeited by John

Comyn, Earl of Buchan. Whom he married is not known; but he had issue—Malcolm, his successor, and Patrick, who obtained the lands of Biggar, Peeblesshire, by his marriage with one of the daughters and co-heirs of Sir Simon Frazer. Malcolm succeeded to Cumbernauld, &c., and obtained from King Robert I. the lands of Auchendenan, Renfrewshire, and Poutoun (Polton), in Wigtonshire. He was afterwards made the Sheriff of Dumbartonshire, and Governor of the Castle of Dumbarton. He was also closely connected with the Church, for he obtained in 1321 an annuity from the Abbot and Convent of Holyrood House out of the barony of the Carse. Whom he married is not known. He was succeeded by his son Malcolm, who also was Governor of Dumbarton Castle. He opposed Edward Baliol, and was a staunch supporter of King David II. He went to France with the King, returned, again went, and came back with the King, arriving on the 2nd July, 1342. David II. was even more lavish than his father in gifts to his supporters, and Malcolm Fleming was created Earl of Wigtoun. Whom he married does not appear, but he had a son, John, who is stated to have died in 1351, before his father, but left a son, Thomas. The name of his mother is unknown. He succeeded his grandfather, as second Earl of Wigton. He sold the Earldom, with the Lordship of Galloway, to Archibald Douglas. This was dated at Edinburgh, 8th February, 1371-2, and confirmed by King Robert II. on the 7th Oct. of the same year. He then became known as Sir Thomas Fleming of Cumbernauld. He died without issue, and was succeeded in Cumbernauld, Lanarkshire, by his cousin, Sir Malcolm Fleming of Biggar, Peebleshire, and the line continued until Robert, a younger and only surviving son, was created Lord Fleming. The date is not known, but his name first appears in the Parliament in 1466. It is supposed that it was bestowed by King James II., who died in 1460.

They seem to have had no connection with Galloway after the sale of the Earldom in 1371-2, until John, sixth Lord Fleming and Cumbernauld, was created Earl of Wigtoun, by King James VI. and I. of England, on the 19th March, 1606. It was signed at Whitehall, London. At the same time that King Robert Bruce gave to the wily prior and monks of Whithorn a charter of Cruggleton, the King also granted what was a portion of the same estate—viz., the lands of Powtoun, to Malcolm Fleming of Cumbernauld, Lanarkshire, already mentioned as closely connected with the church. This was in 1309. It was the first grant of lands which the Flemings had in Galloway. As already shewn, his son Malcolm succeeded him, and, subsequent to 1342, was not only created Earl of Wigtoun and Lord of Galloway by King David II., but also obtained a grant of the lands of Mochrum, all of which, however, his grandson, Thomas, second Earl, sold to Archibald Douglas in 1371-2. It must have been then ratified, for the transfer appears to have been effected in 1369. We have read a statement that Malcolm Fleming was created Earl of Wigtoun by the King to check the power of the Douglases, Lords of Galloway. This is a mistake, as the Douglases were not in that position, nor do they appear to have had at the period any other land in the district besides Botel (Buittle), granted by King Robert the Bruce to Sir James Douglas. We are distinctly told that the Flemings gave up the lands of Mochrum, &c., because they could not retain them against the natives. The Flemings were of Flemish extraction, and there can be little doubt that the first of the Douglases came from the same country. Those who settled generally had at first been traders. In 1569, John, fifth Lord Fleming, and Great Chamberlain of Scotland (appointed for life), threatened to attack Robert, brother of James, Earl of Murray, who had taken refuge in Cruggleton Castle. As

mentioned under this place, James, who had been prior of St. Andrews, and raised to an Earldom, and Robert, who had been prior, and after the Reformation commendator of Whithorn Priory, were two of the illegitimate children of King James V., and had, at least outwardly, become Protestants. Lord Fleming, again, had been a zealous supporter of Queen Mary. Hence, no doubt, the feud. That he wished to recover the title of the Earl of Wigtoun is also apparent. In this his son succeeded, as we have shown, but it brought no lands. We have entered thus fully into their history, as an impression seems to have generated that the Flemings belonged to, and had resided in Galloway. This they evidently never did, and therefore could not have buried at Whithorn priory, as supposed. The stone stated to have been over their remains we have seen, but could make nothing of it. Besides, stones over graves, as a rule, are rarely found in Galloway prior to the seventeenth century. A John Fleming married Agnes, a daughter of John Cunningham of Powtoun, as sasines dated in 1628 and 1632 show. That they were husband and wife there can be no doubt. Possibly an offshoot of the principal family may have settled in Galloway, and buried at Whithorn, which is the only way that the statement can be met. A tower, called Redhall, which has disappeared, situated in Kirkpatrick-Fleming, Dumfries-shire, is mentioned as having been the most ancient residence of the Flemings.—*Lands and their Owners.*

Wigtown was established as early as 1341 as the chief town of the Earldom of Wigtown, which being co-extensive with the Shire, the town became the metropolis of the county. As the Earldom was, thirty years afterwards, sold to Sir Archibald Douglas, so the town, with its firms and revenues became the estate of that rapacious man. When the Douglases were forfeited, and the forfeiture was annexed

to the Crown, in 1455, Wigtown became free. It certainly was represented in the Scottish Parliament as early as, if not earlier than, 1469.—*Caledonia.* The title, Earl of Wigtown, held by the Fleming family, became extinct in 1747, the house of Fleming having ended in a female.

GLIMPSES OF THE HISTORY OF THE BURGH, AND THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE, FROM THE TOWN RECORDS, &c.

Improving the Town.

"Wigtoune, 26th Nov., 1735.

"The said day the Magistrates and Council, takeing into their consideration the badness of the public street betwixt the West and East Ports of the said Burgh, have thought fitt that a calsea should be laid from each Port to the other; and empowers the two present Bailies, with those of the Council, to witt, Maidland, Provost M'Kie, John Smith, John M'Culloch, James Maxwell, and John Carsane, to meet with any other of the Councillers, agst. the first day of January first to come, in order to concert as to the breadth of the calsea and the way the same is to be doon, and to agree with workmen for Dooing yrof; and in case they cannot agree the day prefixt, to adjourn their meeting until the same be settled; and whatever soume is agreed on for dooing sd. work, the Bailies to draw on the Thesaurer for payment yrof and all oyr contingencies relative yrto."

This was moving in the right direction. We next meet with the following minute :—

"Act anent the Causeway.

Wigtown, the fyfth of Feburwary, 1736.

"Convened John M'Knaight and David M'Quhae, Bailies, and of the Councill David M'Kie of Maidland, Alexander Campbell and Patrick M'Kie, late Provists, John Carson, theasurer, Mr John Smith, John M'Culloch, James Maxwell,

Alexr. and James Stuart, Patrick Blain, Michaell Hendersone, and Hendry Blain, and Alexr. M'Kie ; and, in consequence of the act of 26th of November last, agreed with James Stoddart, street paver in Dumfries, to lay a Casway from the West Port to the East Port, he providing stones, gravell, sand, and all oyr. instruments for perfyteing said Casway on his oune charges, for Thretty-two shillings sterling for the rood square—the breadth of the Casway to be such as the Magistrates and Councill shall direct, and to begin yrto sometime in May nixt, and to be finished in three summers, and accordingly entered to contract for that end."

The Dumfries street-paver was certainly not hurried in the execution of his contract, when his employers gave him as long as "three summers" for its performance. With this partial improvement of the principal street of the Burgh, our forefathers seemed to remain contented till the beginning of the nineteenth century ; and at that time, as we are informed by very old residenters, Main Street still presented anything but a tidy appearance,—as we have already shown, hens, ducks, and probably pigs, revelling in the filthy luxury that accumulated in the centre of the town. Some of these ancient paving-stones may at this day be seen near the Market Cross.

The late venerable and talented Mr. Samuel Robinson, in his *Reminiscences of Wigtownshire*, says : "When I first became acquainted with Wigtown—in the last ten years of last century—the greatest number of the houses were of a homely character, thatched, and one story high, each house having a *midden* in front, on the ample street. The Main Street was a parallelogram, say, in a rough way, of ninety yards wide, by two hundred in length. A space in the centre, two-thirds of the length and thirty yards broad, was paved with large land-stones, like an old Roman road ; while a small stream of water, which arose on the north side of the town, ran unmolested across the upper end. Across the

lower or East end, stood the Court and Market-house—a very respectable one for its time—with a tower and spire; and at the upper end of the Causeway stood a tall freestone Cross. But perhaps the *middens* were the most peculiar feature of the place; there they lay in a row on each side, in all their "composition of villainous smells," undisturbed —good old Provost Burton's being one of the richest and most unsavory of the lot."

The "small stream of water" mentioned by Mr. Robinson as having run along the upper end of the Causeway, was the locally classical *Pultroit*, which emerged from the house now belonging to Miss Morrison, crossed the public street, and pursued its devious way till it discharged itself into the sea somewhere in the neighbourhood of the present harbour. This stream was open at both sides of the street, but covered over in the centre of the road. Ultimately it was completely covered out of sight. The "Court and Market-house" referred to above, erected about a hundred years ago, was the building which gave place about fifteen years since to the present handsome County Buildings. Its predecessor—the one referred to by Symson—when it was resolved to substitute a new one in its place, was blown down by gunpowder, as a speedy way of effecting its demolition; and careful matrons prudentially withdrew their children to a safe distance, such as the Windyhill, &c., to prevent their meeting with accident from the explosion.

Chambers, speaking of the improvement of Main Street, says: "Its [the Square's] merit must be doubly appreciated by the stranger, when he is informed that the space which it occupies was once the site of the great common dunghill of the people of Wigtown. An amusing anecdote is told in regard to the former use and custom of the place. Upon the occasion of an election, when it was found impossible to clear the ground of its vast stercoraceous incumbrance in

proper time, boards were thrown over it, and upon these were erected tables, at which a great body of honest burghers and wily politicians sat down to a public dinner. Perhaps so many 'honourable men' were never before known to *dine upon a dunghill.*"

We shall have occasion to revert to the Main Street and its improvement when we come to speak of the erection of the Square. As we wish to narrate events and circumstances connected with the Burgh as far as possible in proper sequence, and as our next excerpt from the Burgh records is of date 4th, May, 1742, we shall see what is recorded under that date about

SETTING HOUSES WITHOUT LEAVE OF THE MAGISTRATES.

"Court holden by John M'Knaight, and Thomas M'Keand, baillies. Mrs. Donnan, compearing, owns that shee sett a house to Robert Kinnell, cottar in Wig., and Marion Cornick, spouse, without libertie asked of the Magistrats, and fynes her in twenty pund Scots, conform to former acts.

"In respect John M'Cairley compears not, holds his absence as confest, and descerns as above; and heirby prohibits and discharges each of them to bring or allow any tenants to come to their houses without consent of the Magistrats; and if oyrwayes to be further punished as the Magistrats directs; and as to the two fynes, the Magistrats appropriates the one-half to the Treasurer for digging a well without the West Port, and the oyr half to the Fiscall and officers."

It was certainly a wise resolution on the part of the "Magistrats" to devote one-half of the spoils of the unfortunate Mrs. Donnan and John M'Cairley to the supply of pure water for the inhabitants. The well without the West Port would probably be the one once known as the White Pump, from the fact of its being painted white, and which stood on North Main Street, or that over which a grey-stone

pump was erected opposite the entrance to Agnew Crescent. This latter pump was removed several years ago.

Nuisance of Nags.

The minute of the above Court also mentions that "in respect Thomas Robisone, Anthony Stewart, Alexander M'Keand, Andrew Stewart, Peter Auld, and James M'Murray, compears not, though three several times called, the Bailies ordains and order the Fiscall officer to apprehend the horses belonging to each of the afore-named persons, and bring them to the Cross, and expose them to publick roap, and the produce ariseing yrfrom to be applied as the Magistrats directs; and that after sale the same may not be troublesome to the Burgh and inhabitants yrof; and ordains the Clerk to extract these acts and issue precepts yrupon."

Rent of Custom and Deanry a Hundred Years ago.

In 1773 the right to uplift these dues was set to Anthony Conning, "indweller in Wigtoun," at £4 sterling. *Now* the same subjects of the Burgh are let for £70 per annum; besides which the Portpatrick Railway Company pay the Burgh £20 annually—their line of railway, as is well-known, crossing the river Cree.

Tea and Brandy Drinking under the Ban of the Town Council.

"At Wigtown, the 25th day of July, 1774 years, which day the Magistrates and Council of the Burgh of Wigtown convened in Council, taking into their consideration the pernicious and fatal consequences attending the so common practice of smuggling all kinds of prohibited and uncustomed goods, particularly brandy and tea from ye Isle of Man, which, upon the acct. of its contiguity to this Coast, makes it the easier effected; whereby the fair trader is quite discouraged in the pursuit of his lawful trade, the revenue much lessened, the morals of numbers of people debauched, and

our country drained of its coin, which would be more naturally employed in manufacturing of our own wool, the produce of this country, than to be carried over to the Isle of Man, whence it's directly transferred to France, to strengthen the hands of our declared enemies. Wherefore, they unanimously resolve that for the future they will not drink any French Brandy either in their own houses or in others whatsoever; they will discourage the growing practice of smuggling and tea-drinking, and will heartily concur in prosecuting not only ye smugglers, but everyone who shall dare to act in their aid and to their assistance, so far as their powers will reach. Which intimation they appoint to be intimated through the town by tuck of drum, and advertised in ye public newspapers. Signed in name and by appointment of the Council by Garlies, Da: M'Quhae, Jo. Smith, John M'Knaight, Pat. M'Kie, John Carson, J. Maxwell, Tho. M'Keand, Pat. Campbell, Jas. M'Cracken, David Agnew, Patt. Blaine, Hendry Blain."

One cannot help admiring the strong common sense, loyalty, and self-denial embodied in the above resolution and proclamation of the municipal rulers of the Royal Burgh. The extent to which smuggling was carried on in the district at the period referred to must have been very great, when it was the occasion of such a manifesto. Much later, this illicit traffic was rampant along the Mochrum coast. Mr. Samuel Robinson says: "The working principal of the trade was admirably arranged. Spies were stationed in all directions when a Buccar—a fast sailing craft—was expected, one on every height along the Mochrum and Glasserton shore; and signals night and day—known by both parties—were shown to warn the coming vessel whether or not it was safe to land. The exciseman was also on the alert with his glass on the same heights, looking out for the expected craft; but while he was himself *incog.*, more than one eye was upon him in all his motions. And if the Buccar did heave in sight, and he made a motion to procure assistance,

he was pounced upon by masked men, blindfolded, and placed in comfortable quarters—his bread being provided and his brandy sure. The coast being clear, the next morning he was removed in a blindfolded state to some distance, and set at liberty. It was also said that if, by accident, he should put his hand into a certain pocket, he generally found—to his great surprise, no doubt—a handful of "yellow Geordies," which had mysteriously found their way there. Meanwhile, perhaps one hundred horses, each with a couple of ankers—small casks—of brandy, or a portion of other goods across his haunches, on which was perched a whiskered ruffian with a pair of pistols in his belt, and cutlass by his side, had been despatched to Edinburgh or elsewhere, over moor and moss, as the crow flies. The remainder of the cargo was all safely stowed away in cellars known only to the initiated; as the whole district was like a warren underground, capable of holding an immense quantity of goods."

The articles smuggled were of the class on which taxes pressed most heavily, consisting of brandy, wine, gin, rum, tea, silks, lace, gloves, playing-cards, &c., and it was to be regretted that the farmers in the district connived at and abetted the efforts of the wild and lawless smugglers who risked their lives in such nefarious practices. We are all familiar with the desperate character of these smugglers, as drawn by Sir Walter Scott in his Dirck Hatteraik.

"Owing," says Mr. M'Kerlie, "to the proximity of the Isle of Man, then a free port, and therefore a depot for all kinds of articles, the extent to which smuggling was carried on throughout Galloway was very great. A large proportion of all classes took an interest in it, and much capital was employed. Many are the accounts we have heard of the daring way it was carried on. Even mercantile houses at a distance, and of high position, entered into it. It is only

justice to say, however, that not a few honourable men in the district were strongly opposed to this free trade. After a time, the more to facilitate the trade, the smugglers became farmers; and when vessels arrived on the coast, in an incredibly short time, hundreds of men and horses could be gathered together. It was related by the late Mr. James M'William, formerly excise-officer at Wigtown, that he remembered, in the year 1777, when a boy about twelve years of age, of counting two hundred and ten horses laden with tea, spirits, and tobacco, accompanied by about half that number of Linktownmen, passing within a mile of Wigtown, in open defiance of the supervisor, two excise-officers, and about thirty soldiers stationed there to assist in the suppression of smuggling. He recollected the circumstances the more particularly, from four of the smugglers' horses falling down dead, supposed from the heat of the day and the strong smell of the tobacco. Great ingenuity in the construction of cellars at farm-houses, under barn-floors, &c., was also shewn. When the Royal proclamation, dated 30th March, 1778, was published, granting a free pardon to all persons who had been convicted of smuggling, on their entering his Majesty's service, within six months upwards of five hundred surrendered, and were entered in the army and navy."

In an excellent lecture delivered in Wigtown several years ago, entitled "Wigtownshire in the Olden Times," Mr. Thomas MacLelland, North Balfern, says: "We have said that after the Union of Scotland with England in 1707, in conformity with the latter the former country had to cease importing wines, brandy, and other articles from France. This was *one* branch of her commerce destroyed. There was *one* resource left her, and that was smuggling. The County of Wigtown, from its peculiar position in relation to the sea, offered many and singular advantages for the landing

of smuggled goods, and smugglers were not slow in taking advantage of this. Indeed, we find whole villages sometimes inhabited by men who did little else. About the year 1774, a traveller called Wight, when he came to Creetown, made the following remark: 'I was led forward by a very good road to the village of Cree, inhabited by smugglers, I presume, because agriculture is quite neglected, though there is a command of both lime and sea shells.' A port below, Innerwell, still retains the name of 'Brandy Point,' where vessels used to land their cargoes."

Mr. MacLelland further observes, with reference to the foregoing proclamation of the Town Council anent smuggling: —"I see this act is signed 'Garlies.' Lord Galloway seems to have retained the Provostship of Wigtown during the greater part of the last century. And if his lordship's influence within the Burgh of Wigtown was at that time so great as to give him the complete command of the Council, it seems to have been still greater over the Burgh of Whithorn. It is wonderful the influence a good dinner and plenty to wash it down have with some people. We are told that Lord Galloway did not neglect to look after the capacities of the members of the Whithorn Town Council, particularly regarding the latter. On one occasion, Lord Galloway, returning late from one of these entertainments, was accosted by one of his friends, 'Where, my lord, have you been so late to-day?' 'O,' says Lord John, 'I have been away watering my asses.' The Royal Burghs considered themselves very potent during the former ages, and in sederunts of the Councils their transactions were spoken of as 'acts,' after the manner of the Acts of Parliament."

A Plague of Swine.
The Poor supplied with Pork Gratis.

"Act anent Swine.—At Wigtown, the 17th day of August,

1774 years, which day the Magistrates and Council, taking into their consideration the many complaints offered to them by the inhabitants on account of the damage done them by swine brought into the Burgh and allowed to go at liberty there, and considering that said complaints are just and well-founded, and that allowing swine to go at liberty without any restraint is contrair to the former acts of the Burgh, and ought not to be tolerated; therefore the said Magistrates and Council do strictly prohibite and discharge any of the inhabitants of this Burgh to keep any swine from the date hereof in all time coming, unless they be confined in a hog-house; and in case they be allowed to infest the streets, or the houses and yeards of the inhabitants, and they be killed or destroyed, the killers are hereby indemnified and warranted so to do; and to prevent all cause of complaint, these presents are ordered to be intimate through the town by tuck of drum, to the end the inhabitants that have swine may confine them in 8 days after this date; otherways the aforesaid act is to be put into fule and vigorous execution."

"Wigtown, 12th November, 1744, which day the Magistrates and Council, takeing into their serious consideration that whereas by their act of Councile dated the 17th of August last, the keeping of swine is strictly prohibited, and that said act has not been duly observed, therefore the said act is hereby ratified and renewed in the whole points thereof, with the following amendments, viz., the officers of the Burgh are hereby strictly charged, and upon their perile required, upon premonition being made to the proprietors of swine of 24 hours, and they after that time not removed out of the Burgh, or not closs confined, immediately after expiration of said 24 hours to seize, apprehend, and destroy such swine as yrafter they shall find going at freedom in the streets or yards of the Burgh; and upon their being so killed they are to be divided among the poor of the Parish, or rather of Burgh, at the sight of one of the elders in the same. And the Treasurer is hereby ordered to pay to each of the officers 1s. sterling for every swine so destroyed, if all the officers be concerned; and as much, being 3s. sterling to such of them as shall be at the said performance."

So that the "gintleman" that so often "pays the rint" in

Ireland was not to be allowed too much freedom here, conjenial although the state of the Main Street may have been to him in the vicinity of the "middens." Verily the nuisance must have been one of some importance, when it commanded the "serious" consideration of the municipal conclave, whose mandate could only be neglected by the town-officers at their "perile." "The poor of the Parish, or rather of the Burgh," who got the spoil gratuitously, and the officers who were paid for their trouble and "sport for nothing," might well have quoted the adage, "It's bad wind that blows nobody good." "I may perhaps mention," observes Mr. MacLelland, "that at the time this "act" refers to, the place now occupied by the beautiful Square was where the lieges chose to deposit all the household offal, and it was generally well filled with ash-heaps round and round, which formed not an unsuitable edging to the lake of liquid filth in the centre. So that the swine, which at that time seem to have been the personal enemies of the Council, had plenty of room to enjoy themselves to their heart's content in the middle of the town."

An Incorrigible.

"Wigtown, 3rd May, 1745, Court holden by the Provost and two Bailies, which day the Magistrates and Council hereto subscribing, taking into their consideration that Antony Dalzell, sometime smith, burgess of this Burgh, has for some months past resided in this Burgh, albeit he had formerly fled out of the country to escape punishment for coining, whereof he was alleged to be guilty, and under custody of constables thereanent, by order of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, from whom he escaped as above; and that duering the said time of his Residence here he lived a most scandalous, dissolute, and debauched life, such as drinking, swearing, borrowing people's goods and selling them, and yt it's even rumoured and surmised among the inhabitants that he supported himself by cheating, stealling, and others of the like nature; and a great many of our

number are convinced in their own minds of the bad conduct and Behaviour of the said Antony Dalzell; and as the said Antony Dalzell has absconded when the above practices were like to come to light, so that he cannot be legally try'd in the meantime for the same; therefore, the said Magistrates and Council, in testimony of their sense and judgement anent the premises, and for the satisfaction of the inhabitants and as a terror to others, Do hereby unanimously banish the said Antony Dalzell forth of this Burgh and the whole libertys thereof in all time comeing, hereby forbidding and discharging in the strongest manner all and every the inhabitants of this Burgh to entertain, harbour, or resett the said Antony Dalzell by night or day, certefying such as do in the contrary that they will be fined and decerned in One hundred pounds Scots, on conviction of their contravening the premises; and also be extirpate the Burgh, and otherways punished as their crime shall seem to the Magistrates and Council to require. And these presents are ordered to be intimate by tuck of drum, in the usual way."

This banishing "furth of the Burgh" of offenders was a very common practice in the times of which we treat. As to the mode of expulsion, a respected elderly residenter informs us that when he was a boy one John Gravy was one of these banished Tarquins. His crime was theft, and when judicially sentenced he was marched off in a sort of military order. He led the procession, the town's Drummer being behind him, playing very appropriately the beating of the tune of "The Rogue's March." A town's officer was on each side of him, and he was thus escorted to the foot of Wigtown hill, and left there, to pursue his journey thence, minus his motley attendants, many of whom consisted of the boys of the two schools in town.

Act anent Gypsies.

"Wigtown, 21st June, 1746, which day the Magistrates and Council, taking into their consideration the breach of

the peace committed by Sam. Walker and Jon. M'Millan yesterday the time of the Fair, to the great disturbance of the same, and for which they were committed to the prison by the Provost; They, the Magistrates and Council, after examining the said persons, find the breach of the peace proven by their own confession: Therefore they are ordained to remove themselves, and all concerned with them, immediately furth of the Burgh and libertys of the same, and not to be seen in the same for the space of 3 months after this date; with certification if they, or any of their company or gang, happen after the expiration of said space to come to the place and be guilty of any misdemeanor or offence of any kind, they shall be punished more exemplarly in their persons and effects, in further terror, and immediately after be incarcerate."

Would any of the above offenders belong to Meg Merrilees' gang over the water, who may have wandered to the neighbouring Fair of Wigtown, after old Ellangowan, intoxicated with his elevation to the J.P.ship, had given them their leave?

The Horse Nuisance and a Plague of Geese.

"Act anent Horses and Geese.—Wigton, 11th July, 1752. Court holden by the two Bailies, who taking into their consideration the laws and acts made by the Magistrates and council formerly agt. the owners of horses without proper mantainance; and also the application made this day by the Fiscale, concurred in by several of the inhabitants, complaining of the offences agt. these acts; they ordain the horses belonging to John Wither; Gaskene Dun, soldier; and Hugh Dounan—who after examination appear to have no fund of mantainance—for them to be disposed of betwixt and the 15th inst., with certification if they fail, the Magistrates will proceed agt. them, agreeably to former acts and practice; and they further ordain intimation to be made to all havers of Geese in the place to dispose of the same betwixt and the said day, under the above certification; and this act the Baillies ordain to be intimate to every offender, so as they may not pretend ignorance."

"Wigtown, 17th July, 1752, which day the Baillies and Council, takeing into their consideration the act on the oyr side wt. respect to Horses and Geese, they find, at least are informed that the acts as to the Horses are pretty much, if not altogether obtempered, but find that ye Geese still infest the streets; Therefore the Magistrates in Council ratifie the foregoing act, and all former acts made anent Geese, and strictly prohibite the same in time comeing; and as to ye havers of Geese at present in the Burgh, the Bailies and Council find they have contemned their former act and intimation; but, out of friendship and neighbourly good-will, they continue the execution of the preceding act till 12 o'clock on Monday next, being the 20th inst., betwixt and which time, if they are not disposed of and the town made ride of them (they always being advertised of this act), then the officers of the Burgh are required to destroy all the Geese afterwards found in the streets or oyr. open spaces of ye Burgh; all which are thereafter to be confiscated to the killers, whither officers or others; and they are further to receive from the Fiscal 2s. Scots for each Goose so killed; and ye officers are enjoined in the strongest terms to get this act executed; and it is recommended to the Fiscal to enquire as to the transgressors of the act anent horses not before mentioned, and to report at next meeting."

These were prompt and stringent measures, no doubt warranted by the emergency, and the proprietors of the horses wisely and timeously took the warning, and "obtempered," that is obeyed the municipal mandate to dispose of their animals, and not have them going at large, to the annoyance of the inhabitants. But the geese seemed more difficult to deal with successfully than the horses. What a striking illustration of the primative state of "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" do these minutes present to us.! Just fancy—horses, swine, geese, ducks, hens, all asserting their right to a "local habitation" in the Burgh, and that, too, mostly on the very main street, and with such a persistency that the civic rulers of the community meet and decide on the fate

of these usurpers, hasten to meet again on the same crises just six days thereafter, and then merely "out of friendship and neighbourly good-will" give those who ought to be the executioners of their sanguinary orders only three days grace; the alternative being that the happy town's officers will, should their owners themselves not clear out these pests, enjoy a rich harvest, having as their own inalienable property, rendered secure by the authority of the "powers that be," as many geese as they can slay, and 2s. a head into the bargain! How such profusion of fowl makes a modern Wigtonian's teeth water! If the gun was the instrument of destruction, verily the "shootings over the Burgh lands" were never let so low as on this occasion.

Dearths.

"Wigt., 24th March, 1757, which day convened the two Bailies and of the Councill subscribing, who taking into their consideration the present dearth and scarcity of victual in the country, partly occasioned by large quantities being bargained for to be exported furth of the Shire, and partly by the backwardness of the owners of victual to expose the same to publick Mercat; By which means the poor of the inhabitants are reduced to great hardships. To remedy which the Magistrates and Councill unanimously have resolved to purchase upon the credite of the community as much corn and Bear as when manufactured will make fifty bolls of meal. And Mr. David Agnew, one of their number, having condescended to take upon him that trouble, he is empowered to purchase the said grain from such persons, and at such price or prices as shall be agreed upon. For which prices the two Bailies and Treasurer are hereby authorised to grant security to the person or persons from whom the said victual shall be bought; of which the Burgh is to indemnify them; and which victual, when manufactured, is appointed to be sold weekly to the inhabitants of the Burgh and Parish by some discreet Person to be named by the Magistrates, and who is to be accountable to the Burgh for the prices arising

therefrom, to be applied towards payment of the original price; and in order to save expenses, and that the meal may be sold at the lowest price, the Magistrates are hereby empowered to require and compell the inhabitants of the Burgh and Parish who have horses, to carry the said grain, when bought, to Wigtown, and carefully to lodge the same where they shall be directed, and to furnish their own sacks."

"At Wigton, the 11th day of July, 1793. Which day the Magistrates and Town Council, considering that there is great scarcity of meal at present, and that a quantity of it is to be disposed of to-morrow at the Isle of Whithorn, they authorise and request Bailie John Hathorn to repair to that place, and purchase from three to four tons of said meal for the supply of the market of this place; and for defraying the expense the Treasurer is authorised to advance what money may be necessary, and Mr. John Hathorn, master of the Mason Lodge, and Mr. John Bruce, a member thereof, being present, have generously agreed to advance from the funds of the Lodge a third part of the expense of purchasing said meal and leading the same to the market, for the accommodation of the Public, and are willing to submit to a proportional expense and loss, if any should be incurred."

These minutes throw light upon the dissatisfaction felt by the country with those farmers and others who were in favour of exporting grain and other agricultural produce to other countries or districts. In his lecture, already referred to, Mr. MacLelland says: "The following letter, bearing date about 1740, has fallen into my hands, which will show the state of feeling among the people in these days regarding the export of grain. 'Sir,—The occasion of this letter is to inform you that a pretty considerable riot happened at the Isle of Whithorn on Saturday and Monday se'night, and that you are desired by the Justices that meet at Whithorn on that account to prosecute the rioters before the next Quarter Session. To give you some light on the affair, I shall let

you know what we could learn of it, and what we did as Justices of the Peace. One Ferries, from Irvine, had brought into the Isle of Whithorn a cargo of deals on board the *Robert Watts* vessel, belonging to ye port of Irvine, and she was intended to be loaded out again with grain, part of which had been brought in ye country by one Watson, and what more she would carry Ferries proposed to buy. The people of Whithorn, complaining that the farmers would not sell to them in small quantities, being sure of disposing of, and getting ready money for, their whole stock at ye ship's side, and fearing the then market price should rise, determined to put a stop to any further export. Accordingly on Saturday se'night above twenty of the lower sort of town's people repaired in a body to the Isle, and threatened the ship's master that if he offered to take in more than the ship's provisions they would turn him round the Pier and set him adrift—some said they would burn him. But *Aires* being accidently there and using his endeavours with them, they went off. However, not satisfied with this expedition, they set out again on Monday, their number being increased to upwards of forty, most of them carrying stones and some of them cutlasses, with a design of putting their threats into execution; but on coming there, finding the vessel aground, they renewed their menaces, and, in order to prepare her against the next tide, heaved a great quantity of stones on board, by way of ballast, which the master said he feared might greatly damage his vessel."

The following incident—which further illustrates the unpopularity among the people of exportation of produce—was told us by an old residenter:—Many years ago, what was called "The Potatoe Riot" occurred at Whithorn. It was brought about by the threatened exportation from the district of quantities of that useful article of food. The

"Riot" was considered so serious that a troop of cavalry was despatched to the scene of the disturbance from Wigtown. These valiant "sons of Mars" actually succeeded in capturing "twa auld wives," whom they brought to the County town in a cart surrounded by the soldiers with drawn sabres. Their prisoners were safely lodged in Wigtown jail.

A valued correspondent favours us with the following:— Some forty or fifty years ago the district was visited by a scarcity of potatoes, and Whithorn was no exception. A farmer in the neighbourhood of that town had a quantity of potatoes to ship for Liverpool at the Isle of Whithorn. While his carts, laden with potatoes, were proceeding through Whithorn, *en route* for "the Isle," a woman of iron nerve and gigantic stature assailed the drivers, demanding some of the precious and rare tubers. On being refused, she at once upset the carts, scattering the spuds in all directions, to the no small gratification of the lieges, who took advantage of the *fracas* by securing as many of the roots as possible. Tidings of Big Nancy's doings having been communicated to the town authorities, they at once proceeded to apprehend the delinquent; but they soon found that they had "caught a Tartar," for she successfully baffled all attempts to bring her to justice, and the Machars cavalry was called to the aid of the local officials. Notwithstanding the strong forces mustering against her, Nancy determined to hold her own, and secured the door of her domicile with all things available for forming a barricade. Meanwhile the cavalry arrived, and found all things secured against an attack; but one of the officers, more courageous than the rest, burst open the door with great difficulty, whereupon the enraged Amazon hurled a pitchfork, with which she was armed, at the intruder, with such precision that it pierced the collar of his coat. Luckily, the weapon

came in an oblique direction, but, nevertheless, it threw him down, and the prongs went several inches into the door. Having at length secured their prey, the cavalry proceeded to take her to prison. In the journey thither she was accosted by one of the bailies in a derisive manner, which caused her to stretch out her hand and secure him by the neck. She held her grip of the terrified bailie so firmly that it was not until they had reached the Tolbooth, and cut out the piece of his coat collar, that he was relieved from so firm a clutch.

About the beginning of the present century, it is rumoured, a vessel was about to load corn and leave Wigtown harbour, but the populace gathered in strong force to oppose the shipment of grain from the port, and it was only after the Sheriff had ordered the cavalry force in the burgh to scatter the enraged people that the vessel could load the grain and put off.

The amiability of the two preceding minutes of the Town Council cannot be overlooked, displaying as they do the charitable care of the Magistrates towards "the poor inhabitants who were reduced to great straits and hardships;" while the generosity of the "masons" is very conspicuous. Pity they should have inspired no gratitude in the breasts of those on whose behalf they were recorded, as the following excerpts show:—

High Wages of Day Labourers.

"Wigtown, 1st May, 1769, which day convened the two Bailies and these of the Council hereto subscribed, who taking into their consideration that by report and information there has been of late an illegal combination entered into by the day-labourers residing in this Burgh, by which they have agreed not to serve the inhabitants for less wages than eightpence per day, besides meat and drink,

albeit the common money wages is only sixpence, and that raised of late from fourpence, which was done without any legal authority, and principally owing to the good-will of the inhabitants, being unnoticed by the Magistrates at a time when the prices of provisions were much higher than at present. The Magistrates and Council therefore unanimously disapprove and condemn s^d^ illegal combination, decerne and ordain the day-labourers to work as usual for the daily wages of sixpence sterling per day, besides meat and drink, which they find to be the proper wages, and no more. And whoever of them shall ask more, or refuse to work for the same, or whoever shall presume to give more, shall, for every such offence and transgression of this, incur a fyne of ten shillings sterling for each transgression, to be levyed by the Fiscal of the Burgh out of the first and readiest of their goods, or on failyure of payment, the Bailies are hereby empowered forthwith to imprison the offenders till they make payment of the said fyne, and till they satisfy the Magistrates that they are to work at the wages fixed by this act, which fynes, when received, are to be applied to some public use, at the discretion of the Magistrates and Councill; and they cannot but observe that the above combination, considering the low price of victual, is ungrateful, in the first place, to the Giver of all Good, and, next, to the Burgh itself, and they have frequently paid out their publick funds in time of dearth and scarcity, even to their own loss, for supplying the said day-labourers and other poor people in the Burgh; and they appoint an extract hereof to be intimated by tuck of drum through the town this or to-morrow evening, that none concerned may pretend ignorance; and all concerned are hereby ordained to pay obedience to this act upon their perril."

In a later minute, dated 22nd January, 1776, we find:— "It is recommended to the Bailies for the future not to give any precepts to vagrants or poor people, and in general to avoid bestowing the town's funds but on the most pressing and necessary occasions. It is hereby expressly forbid that any of the town's funds be advanced in furnish-

ing meal to the inhabitants, the late great losses on that article, and the ingratitude of the persons intended to be benefited, rendering that method unprofitable and disagreeable."

These were pretty sharp measures with the day-labourers. What would the present generation of this useful class of the community say to having their "scale of charges" fixed by the Town Council?

The Public Bakehouse.

"Wigtown, 30th January, 1761, which day the Magistrates and Council taking into their consideration a petition this day presented to them by Thomas Slowan, baker in Wigtown, setting forth the ruinous state and condition of the bakehouse and oven occupied by him; they, by their deliverance on said petition, found it for the interest of the community, as well as for the petitioner, to have the said bakehouse and oven put into a proper state of repair. But as the petitioner would be the chief benefitter, as he has hitherto possessed the same without rent, and might happen to possess it so for some years to come, the said Magistrates and Council agreed to give the petitioner forty-five shillings sterling for putting and keeping the bakehouse in water-tight condition, and the oven in proper condition and bakeable order, and he leaving them so at his Rem^{al} therefrom; which sum they declare to be payable to him at two times—one moyety in hand, and the other at completion of the work, provided he find satisfying security to the Magistrates for what is incumbent on him by said deliverance. . . . In witness whereof this present enactment, wrote by James Reid, barber in Wigtown, is subscribed by both principal and cautioner."

Happy baker, who could sit rent free, and have his *modus operandi* gratuitously made water-tight and put into "bakeable order" by the Corporation! This individual

was then a *sine qua non*, who kneaded his dough and heated his oven *pro bono public.* Did he reap no personal advantage by plying his vocation?

In later times there was a Nanny Slowan—probably a daughter of the above Thomas Slowan—who was the principal or only baker in the town. Nanny's varieties of bread were very limited, being mostly of the small class. She was in the habit of taking out a basketful to some public part of the town, and there disposing of it—a penny or twopence being the usual price, and for that sum a long piece of bread was given. In these early times the inhabitants did not much indulge in wheaten bread—oatcakes, and scones made of oatmeal and potatoes, being very common on the table. Contrasted with the present times, what a revolution in this matter has been effected since the days of old Thomas Slowan! The town has two, and lately it had three, bakers, one of whom sends vans daily to the country and neighbouring towns and villages; while two vans invade the Royal Burgh from Newton-Stewart twice or thrice weekly; and all driving a good business. The use of oatmeal has thus in great measure given place to that of wheaten flour, with what result on the physical constitution of the inhabitants we will not venture to say.

We cannot quit this minute without congratulating the Burgh on possessing at that time a Barber who "wrote" the foregoing enactment.

About fifteen years subsequent to the date of the last minute quoted, we come across the following, with reference to the Bakehouse:—

"April, 1776, The Magistrates and Council under subscribing, taking it into their consideration that the present bakehouse or oven must of necessity be thrown down in

respect of the present Courthouse and Prisons being removed. They therefore think it proper and necessary for the accommodation of the inhabitants of the town that a new Bakehouse or oven should be built, and judge the properest place for building thereof should be at the back of the lower part of Telfour's tenement, and adjoining that part thereof next to George Hannay's tenement; and in order that the same be speedily execute, so as that the inhabitants may not be put to any inconvenience for bread, they hereby appoint John Hawthorn, mason in Wigtown, one of their number, immediately, or as soon as possible he can, to build the same in such manner, and of such size, as shall be suggested to him by John M'Culloch of Torhouse and John Liddle, one of their number. The said John Hawthorn hereby obliging himself to finish the same, and to charge only at the rate of one shilling and fourpence per day for each hand employed in finishing the said work. The said John Hawthorn being allowed a reasonable price for materials for finishing said work."

As we have previously said, the "Courthouse and Prisons," referred to above, were blown down, and others built, about a hundred years ago. It would appear that the Bakehouse closely adjoined, or was part of the Courthouse and Prisons, which stood on the site of the present County Buildings at the east end of the town.

The Custom and Deanery Disputed.

It would seem that, about a hundred years ago, the dues leviable by the Burgh at the river Cree were considered grievous, as the following minute shows:—

"Wigtown, 20th January, 1775. The Magistrates and Town Council, taking into consideration that Alexander Dalzell, the present tacksman of the Customs and Deanery of this Burgh, has seized and detained some quantity of bear from Mrs. M'Caa in Sloehabbert, and Mr. Matthew

Campbell in Burrowmoss, being part of a cargo exported by them furth of this County, without paying the proper custom thereof; and we being anxious to have that part of the town's privileges properly settled and cleared up, which for some years has lyen over in an uncertain state; therefore, to be satisfied of our right to these and other customs in the Burgh's charters, we appoint William M'Connell, our Clerk, to draw out a full, clear, and accurate memorial and queries of the matter, to be transmitted to Mr. William Campbell, the agent at Edinburgh, and by him to be laid before Mr. Lockhart and Mr. Robert M'Queen, advocates, for their opinion and advice how far these Customs are good and may be enforced by authority; and that the advocates may have the matter fully before them, the Clerk is desired to transmit to the agent the three following charters, viz., charter of ratification of the Burgage lands and privileges, dated 28th April, 1457, by King James II.; ratification by the Parliament of Scotland in favour of the Burgh, dated 3rd April, 1661; and charter of *novodamus* under the great seal (but the seal not at it) by King Charles II., dated 20th May, 1661."

Guarding Supposed Murderers.

"At Wigtown, the 24th day of February, 1774 years. Convened the Magistrates and those of the Council hereto subscribing, who taking into their consideration that John M'Knaight, miner at Blackcraig, was incarcerated within the Tolbooth of this Burgh upon the 31st day of December last, by virtue of a warrant from the Sheriff-Depute of this County, for the supposed murder of Sarah Daffady, his wife; and though there has hitherto been a guard fixed during the night upon said M'Knaight, yet considering the great hazard of said M'Knaight's being rescued, we do hereby decerne and ordain, and strongly enjoin the inhabitants of the Burgh to watch and ward the said John M'Knaight during all the nights which he shall remain in our Prison, or till we issue contrary orders, and that two by two, as they shall be warned by an officer for that purpose; and we hereby order that the said two persons shall begin to

guard at eight of clock at night, and shall not be found off their duty till seven of clock in the morning; and that under the highest pains of law to be inflicted on them and their employers. And this act we appoint to be intimated by tuck of drum to-morrow. In witness whereof the Magistrates and Council have subscribed this act, place and date above."

"At Wigtown, the 18th day of June, 1784. The Magistrates and those of the Council hitherto subscribing, taking into their consideration that Alexander Cochrane, Travelling Tinker, was lately incarcerated within the Tolbooth of this Burgh for the alleged murder of Peter Douglas, son of George Douglas, in Drumbuie, and that there is great hazard of the said Cochrane's being rescued, or that he break prison." The latter part of this minute makes provision for the "watching and warding" of the prison as in the preceding minute.

These minutes throw a good deal of light upon an old custom of the Burgh—that of the inhabitants watching the Prison in relays of pairs. An old friend, who himself had to act in the capacity of guard, informs us that on the night when a pair of watchers were on duty, they took up their quarters in one of the rooms of the Court-house or Prison, where a loaded carbine lay on the table. Every quarter of an hour, or half hour, one of the two would sally forth from the room, armed with the carbine, and walk round the Prison, carefully watching that there should be no indication of the incarcerated person or persons attempting to escape. Should any such indication appear, it was the duty of the guardsman to fire his gun, and thus alarm the inhabitants, who were expected to haste to the capture. The prisoners were shown to the watchers at night by the jailor, and the two guardsmen had to show their charge in turn to the jailor safe in the morning. They had also to provide themselves with fuel, taking peats with them when they entered on duty.

My respected and venerable informant was once on this loyal duty on the occasion of the locally memorable

Burning of the Barns of Carsegowan.

In the year 1817, a family of the name of Costly were suspected of abstracting some poultry from the farm of Carsegowan, two miles from Wigtown, tenanted by Mr. M'Keand. A person sent by the farmer to reconnoitre the house of the Costlys, which was at a little distance from Carsegowan, noticed some feathers lying scattered about the place, which indicated that poultry had been killed and used by the family. It would appear that Mrs. Costly vowed revenge for being suspected of the theft. A single woman of the name of Crossan lodged with the Costlys, and she was persuaded by her hostess to accompany her, in order to set fire to the barns of Carsegowan. Crossan and Mrs. Costly went to execute their diabolical purpose, and through the night set fire effectually to the ample range of barns, which contained at the time a great many cattle, a large number of which—nearly a score—were burned to death in the conflagration. The wicked incendiarism had been conducted so secretly that the guilty persons were unknown, and a reward of £100 was offered for such information as would lead to their apprehension and conviction. Then a dastardly act was committed by the Costlys—a fit sequel to the monstrous deed already perpetrated—for, although they themselves were the primary originators and instigators of the crime of the burning of the barns—the poor woman Crossan being, it would appear, rather a passive agent in the hands of her designing companions than an active accomplice—the temptation of obtaining the offered reward was too great for them to resist. They turned King's Evidence

against their dupe, and informed on Crossan as being the guilty person. She was accordingly apprehended, and imprisoned for a time at Wigtown, and then tried and executed at Ayr.

Two Men Hanged for Theft at Kirk of Mochrum.

At the time the woman Crossan, referred to in the preceding remarks, was confined in Wigtown jail, that place of "durance vile" also held the persons of two young men who were committed for breaking into a shop at Kirk of Mochrum, and stealing therefrom a piece of tobacco. For this offence, which now-a-days would probably be met with a few weeks' imprisonment, these two young men were hanged at Ayr.

It is matter of regret with people of the present day that a century or more ago persons were hanged for what would now be considered comparatively trifling offences. House-breaking, horse and sheep-stealing, &c., were frequently visited by capital punishment.

Execution at Wigtown.

"The union of Scotland with England in 1707," says Mr. MacLelland, "was a highly unpopular measure. Scotland had immediately to cease importing wines, brandy, and all things produced by France. We find that before the Union good French wine retailed at twenty pence per quart, and Burgundy at tenpence. The common kinds were much cheaper. But although many minor inconveniences had to be submitted to under this Treaty, very soon the effect of it was perceived in the advancement of civilization through the whole country. Hitherto the value of human life had not been much looked to by the free

barons, who were wont to assert their rights of 'pit and gallows,' and punish many trifling offences against the person or property with death. Hanging was now, however, becoming rarer in Galloway. The two last cases that took place in Wigtownshire were in 1708 and 1709. Patrick Clanachan, the last who suffered at Wigtown, was condemned for horse-stealing, and the doom pronounced upon him was 'that he be taken upon the 31st August, betwixt the hours of 12 and 2 in the afternoon, to the gyppet at Wigtown, and there to hang till he was dead.' Clanachan was carried from the prison to the gallows on a hurdle, and, as the people were hurrying on past him to see the execution, he is said to have remarked: 'Tak yer time, boys; there'll be nae fun till I gang.' This gyppet, or gallows, was long used as a foot-bridge over the burn between the Philip-hill and the Gallows-hill, and people of the present day have passed over it."

There is little doubt that the Gallows-hill above referred to, and which is a mile from Wigtown and near to Bladnoch village, was, as its name indicates, the ancient scene of public executions. The fact of the gibbet referred to being used subsequently as a bridge over a burn so near the Gallows-hill points to this conclusion. We have been informed by a very old inhabitant that the gallows was erected on the back of this eminence—not on the side facing the public road—perhaps with the view of keeping the dread article as much out of public view as possible. By the same old gentleman we have been told the following curious story, and on his authority we present it to our readers:—

How Wigtown Lost its Hangman.

It was the law that the Burgh's public executioner should

himself be a criminal, who should be hanged, but not till it was thought he was nearing the end of life's journey, and could be no longer useful in his odious calling. If the town, it was said, allowed its hangman to die by a natural death, it would lose the privilege of having a public executioner. The last person who acted in this capacity took ill; and his friends, hearing that it was rumoured that he was ill and must be hanged, if the Burgh would not lose such a public functionary, propped him up in bed, and, as he was a shoemaker by trade, placed a shoe and shoemaking apparatus before him, so that it might appear that he was able still to ply his ordinary avocation, and not likely soon to die. The public were thus deceived by this artifice, and Crispin and Calcraft, as personified by the Wigtown hangman, quietly died in bed, thus escaping a public violent death, and by his natural exit depriving the Burgh of the prospect of a successor.

But we have not done with the reflections and observations that are suggested by our last minute, that, namely, with reference to watching prisoners. Solid and thick although the stone and lime walls of the old Jail were, some astonishing escapes are said to have been effected from it.

Jamie Fisher, a tramp and half outlaw, was a frequent tenant of the Tolbooth. He was originally a schoolmaster in Ayrshire, but, falling into loose habits, he sank in the social scale. He ultimately lived about Wigtown, where he earned for himself a bad name on account of his many offences. He was consequently by no means a stranger to the lock-up, and is reported to have repeatedly effected his escape by scratching the lime from the stones by a stocking-wire, and then pulling out the loosened stones.

Jamie thus realised in measure Shakespeare's philosopher, who could

> "His releasement make
> With a bare bodkin."

On one occasion, after receiving his supper at the hands of the jailor, he told his keeper that he need not make any porridge for him in the morning, for he would be off, and he was as good as his word.

Jamie seems at length to have, by his irregular conduct, reduced himself to such straits that he was designed to be perpetually kept in one of the cells of the prison. He there passed the time and rendered some little service for his free board and lodging by knitting stockings.

One day he thought he would take a walk into the country and pay a visit to, and dine with, a farmer who had sometime before been a fellow-prisoner with him. The way in which he cleared out was as follows. With his usual ingenuity, he managed to escape from his cell, and walked into the Court-room, the table of which was covered with a loose green cloth. This cover Jamie seized and wrapped round his body. He picked up in his arms one of the jailor's (Johnny M'William) children, who had been toddling about, and sallied forth to the country, as if he had been a careful matron giving an airing to her tender child. After dining with his country friend, Jamie returned faithfully to his cell, he and his youthful charge, let us hope, greatly the better of their country scones and the fresh air.

With a view, we suppose, to prevent the frequency of his escapes from prison, Jamie was once chained by the foot to a big stone in his cell. The boys outside slipped him in a hammer, through a small crevice or window. He put his foot on the stone and was heard hammering away day and night. At length he freed himself from his shackle,

and then set himself to get out of the cell. As our informant expressed it, Jamie "hoked a hole in the floor, gaed through below the foondation o' the hoose, and cam' oot at the Square like a rat." He met Sheriff M'C—— outside, but nothing awed by this detection of his escape, he coolly bade his lordship "Good day," and made off.

Jamie, it would appear, visited the neighbouring town of Whithorn, as the following paragraph from an esteemed correspondent shows :—Another notable, though not a native character, during Clerk Milroy's tenure of office, was Jamie Fisher the Pikeman. The writer remembers seeing that worthy keeping sentry over the otherwise unprotected female, Margaret O'Neil, when she was seated on the pillory or cross that stood nearly opposite the site of the present Whithorn Town Hall, for theft—Jamie's self-imposed duties being the guarding of this delinquent from the insults of the boys and other ill-disposed persons. His sympathies in the case were greatly augmented by his personal dislike to the Clerk, who had often committed him to prison. The Pikeman was a sort of outlaw on his own account; one who perambulated the country as a wild and homeless vagrant, a source of terror to old and young, and to none more so than to the Clerk himself, as he had broken out of almost all the goals in the country. Neither bolts nor bars could hold him; and being an out and out desperado, the Clerk (like many others in authority at the time) and Jamie the Pikeman were exercised with a mutual dislike and dread of each other.

Jamie is reported to have been a strong, handsome man. He had a remarkably small hand, and could easily unsheath his wrists of any handcuffs that were put upon them.

He once called at the house of a woman in the neighbourhood of Wigtown, and asked her if she would wash his shirt for him. She agreed to do so, and the shirt turned

out to be a beautiful linen ruffled one, which he said he had "lifted" off a green thirty miles away, leaving in its place his own old dirty one, which was not much worth. He told the woman he never stole anything without leaving something in place of it.

But where were those who should "watch and ward?" Aye, where were they? Perhaps Jamie was of that class of offenders who were more boisterous than mischievous, and who were hardly worth the pomp and circumstance of a body-guard. Some of his offences consisted of pulling up gentlemen's trees by the roots, but, as he said, he did not *cut* them. As for the Turnkey, we fear his commission sat easy upon him.

Coming down to later times, we find some rather smart escapes from the prison. The Parish School was on the ground floor of the Courthouse and Prison, and an adventure school in the top story; and the various cells and debtors' rooms opened out into the inside winding stair that led up the building.

An elderly resident informs us that when a boy at school he met a prisoner on the stair, effecting his escape. He had been confined in the upper debtor's room, and had slipped out of it, substituting in his room the jailor's own mother-in-law, who probably had been giving him food, "snecking" her in, and making off. He was a farmer, and his descendants are on his farm to this day.

The same informant states that, about the same time, two tramps who had been confined for some offence in one of the cells below, were one evening brought up to the lower debtor's room—which communicated with the Court-room—for convenience, as they were to be tried the next day. During the night, however, the prisoners burned the door which opened from where they were into the

Court-room, and entered the latter. Here they tore up their blankets into strips, joined the strips together, and, after fastening one end of them within the room, opened the windows, which looked towards the street, slid down to the ground, and "yinst awa', aye awa'."

"Bilsher," as a resident blacksmith was termed, was once engaged sorting the lock of a cell in the Prison, in which one known as Paddy Moor was "incarcerat" for passing bad coin. Like an eel, Paddy, who doubtless was watching his chance, slid out of his cell, and hied up the street, where unfortunately he was met, recognised, and warmly received by the jailor, who insisted successfully that Paddy should go back and stay a few more days with him.

Speaking of escapes from prison, we daresay a good many of our readers are familiar, through Mr. Samuel Robinson's *Reminiscences of Wigtownshire*, with the story of the breaking out of the Wigtown prison of the brothers Crobin of Kirkinner parish. Their case was peculiar, and had a large share of dash in it. A sister of theirs was servant in a farm in Minnigaff, and the two young men, accompanied by another man, went from Kirkinner to pay a visit to their sister. Arrived at their destination, they conceived the bold idea of binding the inmates of the house, and plundering their property. They followed the bent of their evil heart, and succeeded, as they thought, in accomplishing their object. After they left the farm, the farmer's son managed to disengage himself from his bonds, and cautiously tracked the desperadoes to their home, keeping himself so far behind them as to escape their notice. He then went to Wigtown and informed the authorities of the matter, who apprehended the three robbers, and imprisoned them at Wigtown. But they managed to effect their escape. There lived in Wigtown at that time a Burgh-officer, barber, and publican,

named Bob Fleming, who was in the habit of trying his best to get would-be litigants to settle their differences in his public-house over the gill-stoup. In fact, he was considered quite an expert at this amicable kind of work. It was during this worthy's tenure of office as a town's officer that the Crobins escaped from prison, and it was believed that when the evil-doers got out of prison, and betook themselves to the Jeddarland at the foot of the town, their whereabouts was known to Bob, who, however, seeming to wink at their escape, managed to draw the pursuers off the scent. About a mile to the south-west of the Jeddarland the criminals squatted in a full-grown grain field, and one of the Crobins, popped up his head above the grain, as if anxious to know if his pursuers were still on their track, betrayed himself, and was captured. The other Crobin was also taken either then or soon after, but the third culprit managed to escape altogether. The unhappy brothers were taken to Dumfries, tried, condemned, and executed.

Assaulting a Bailie a Hundred Years Ago.

"At Wigtown, the 18th day of February, 1775 years.—Convened the two Bailies and those of the Council subscribing, when James Hunter, one of the present Bailies of the Burgh, represented that yesterday, being the Candlemas Fair-day of Wigtown, he, in the exercise of his office settling a dispute betwixt Alexander Dalzell, the present customer, and some chapmen, relating to the custom for their stands, he, the said Alexander Dalzell, repeatedly, and in presence of a considerable crowd, said the said Bailie Hunter was a d——d Irish Bailie, and used a great deal of scurrilous language to the same purpose, threatening and daring him to do so and so; and an officer being sent for to take

Dalzell into custody, and the Bailie accompanying him to prison, he struck Bailie Hunter and the officer both several times, and made his escape; that afterwards the Bailie caused search to be made for Dalzell, and put him in the debtor's prison, where he now remains; and the Bailie submits to the Magistrates and Council what ought further to be done. Bailie M'Carlie said that he was present and heard the above expressions, and a great deal of other abusive and insulting language. Thereafter the Magistrates and Council ordered the said Alexander Dalzell to be brought out of prison and placed at the bar, and he accordingly compearing, acknowledged that he had been in the wrong and committed a fault, but denied particulars; whereupon the Magistrates and Council examined two witnesses, whose depositions are marked by Bailie M'Carlie as relative hereto. And the Magistrates and Council having considered the foregoing representation, the said confession and proof, they decern and ordain the said Alexander Dalzell to make payment to the Burgh's Treasurer of the sum of £3 sterling of fine and amerciament for his insulting and outrageous behaviour, and for maltreating and abusing, and offering to strike, and cursing, and damning the said James Hunter, present Bailie. The said fine to be disposed of as shall afterwards be directed. The said Alexander Dalzell to be instantly committed to prison, therein to remain ay and until payment of the said sum, or until unexceptionable cautionry is lodged for the same."

Taking down the Ports of the Town.

We now transcribe a most important minute of the Town Council, affecting, as it did to a very great extent, the improvement of the town. It will speak for itself.

"Att Wigtown, the thirtyeth day of January, 1761 years, which day the Magistrates and Council subscribing, taking into their serious consideration that the East and West Ports of the said Burgh are hurtful to the place, in so far as they greatly incommode the carrying the corps of the deceast through the same, and that all carriages by wheels, whether employed in the merchant way, as well as the wheeled vehicles of noblemen and gentlemen comeing to the place, are, by said Ports, greatly obstructed and to some of them unenterable; and, besides, that the said West Port is a hinderance to the view and communication of the upper part of the town to the lower, and that the said two Ports are not of the smalest use to the place, but rather a nuisance; they therefore unanimously agree and resolve that the said two Ports should be pulled down to the foundation; and it is recommended to the Magistrates to employ proper hands for that purpose, and to draw on the Treasurer for the expense thereof; and in laying by and securing the stones of said two Ports in the most careful manner, so as they may answer the uses of the Burgh when they shall have occasion.

(Signed) PATT. M'KIE, PRO.
GALLOWAY.
GARLIES, &c., &c."

THE OLD CUSTOM OF CARRYING BEGGARS THROUGH THE TOWN.

How primitive and inconvenient the rules regarding the treatment of lame and blind Beggars were of yore! We daresay the following resolution will contain startling information to our more youthful readers, who are living in times whose poor-laws work so equitably, and without their being felt to be a grievance:—

"Wigtown, 21st March, 1808. The trouble occasioned to the inhabitants by the conveyance, &c., of stranger lame and blind beggars, being most intolerable, it is agreed they

shall be carried direct out of the town, without making the tour of it, and the Magistrates and Council are to give directions for taking them from their door to the Treasurer's, in order to be sent out of town, in the same way that they are at present exported after the burgesses have had the toil of carrying them, in all weathers, from door to door, through the whole town, before being taken to the Treasurer's house."

Lame beggars were generally provided with hand-barrows, on which they were placed and carried from door to door by the inhabitants of towns and villages, or they were put into carts by farmers, and thus transported from one farm to another. Blind beggars were led from house to house by the hand.

A story is told of a Bailie of a neighbouring Burgh in connection with this custom. A beggar, who pretended to be lame, was being carried his round, but the Bailie suspected his lameness. He gave orders that the mendicant should be carried on his barrow to the sea-shore, at a part which the flowing tide would soon cover. He was watched while his lameness was being thus tested; and, although he had all along protested that his infirmity was real, it was observed that as soon as the water touched his person, he bolted up, caught his barrow, and made off on an excellent pair of legs, to the great triumph of the Bailie's test.

The same worthy Magistrate did as cute a thing as the above on an audacious female tramp, who wanted it to appear from her manner of dressing that she was up in years, and also that she was afflicted with a cancer on her face. The wary Bailie was not to be duped, and he gave orders that the woman should be apprehended and minutely examined; and the result of the investigation was that she was found to be a strapping, healthy young woman of about

twenty-five years of age. The Bailie gave orders that the woman should be put into the Burgh jougs, labelled with a large poster, on which the words, in large letters, "Infamous Imposter" were conspicuous. She did penance in that manner probably an hour, after which she was released and marched round the town to the great amusement of old and young. After her merited punishment she was expelled "furth of the Burgh."

It is also said that on one occasion another "itinerant" entered the boundaries of the jurisdiction of the above Magistrate, the peculiarity of this tramp being, as he said himself, that he had swallowed a fish, which was alive in his intestines! He was put in prison for the purpose of being examined, but the sight of the knives with which it was proposed to make deep incisions to discover the fish, soon caused all complaints as to his disorder to cease.

Scholastic.

"At Wigtown, the 15th day of March, 1781, convened the two Bailies, and those of the Councill hereto suscribing, who having called a meeting of some of the principal inhabitants of the town to consult about some improvements respecting the School and the increase of the Schoolmaster's emoluments, it appearing that the number of schollars having of late increased so much that the present schoolroom, though not long since enlarged, is not able to contain them, but that the increase of schollars has not augmented the Schoolmaster's income, owing to the present low rate of wages and the additional assistance he is obliged to employ. The Magistrates and Councill, tho' disposed to contrybute to every improvement of the School and to give Mr. Cririe, the present Schoolmaster, every encurragement his abilitys and attention merit, yet they find that the exhausted state of the funds of the Town cannot at present afford the expense of building an addition to the Schoolroom—an emprovement they will be ready to countrybute to upon a

future occasion, provided that the necessity shall continue; but they have recommended it to Mr. Cririe to take a room in the neighbourhood as convenient as possible for a year or two to remedy the present inconveniences arising from the smallness of the Schoolroom; and as that Schoolroom would be sufficent for the accomodation of the Town and Parish schoollars, it is Judged reasonable that the rent of that other room ought to be defrayed by these stranger scholars, and that at any rate they ought to pay a little higher wages than the town and parish schollars, seeing that the Town and parish countrybute a large salary to the Schoolmaster; and as Mr. Cririe has engaged to procure a proper and well-accomplished English teacher (which will add greatly to the emprovement of the School), to whom he is to give a part of his salary and a proportion of the wages, it was resolved by the Magistrates and Councill, with the advice of some of the principall inhabitants, to fix and regulate the wages to be paid by the schollars to the Schoolmaster at the following rate, viz., by schoollars within the Town or parish of Wigtown for latin, 2s. 6d. per quarter, and when they are taught greek at the same time, 1s. per quarter additional: for English, with or without writing, 1s. 6d. per quarter, and for Arithmetic, 6d. per quarter additional; making for reading english, Writing, and arithmetic, 2s. per quarter: and to be paid by stranger scholars, whether boarded in the place or otherwise, 5s. per quarter for being taught latin, and 2s. and 6d. sterling additional per quarter when they read Greek at the same time; for reading English, with or without writing, 3s. per quarter, and for arithmetic, 1s. additional per quarter; making the reading English, writing, and arithmetic, 4s. per quarter. And the Magistrates and Councill, considering the loss and inconvenience the Schoolmaster suffers by the dilatory and bad payments of the wages in time past, they appoint and ordain in the strictest manner that the whole of the said wages be paid p. advance at the beginning of each quarter; beginning at the 1st day of April next to come. And they declare that they will find no fault with the Schoolmaster for turning such children out of the school, whose parents or guardians are so negligent as not to attend to the punctuall payment of the wages above."

"At Wigtown, the 12th day of September, 1781 years. Whereas Mr. James Cririe, present Schoolmaster of this Burgh, having some time ago intimated to the Magistrates and Councill his resolution of continuing in that office no longer than Martinmas next, they resolve in future that the school should be divided, so as that the master should teach Greek, Latin, Writing, and such Branches of the Mathematics as there may be a call for in one school; and that another master should teach English and Writing in a separate apartment. Endeavours were therefore used to find out proper persons to fill those offices; and severall candidates having offered themselves, it was judged right to give a preference to those who should be found best to deserve it. Upon a Public trial in the different Branches the masters were intended respectively to teach, and this day having been appointed for the Public trial, some respectible and learned Examinaters were called to the assistance of the Magistrates and Councill, who, after a deliberate and impartial investigation and trial, Mr. George Bell was preferred and found well qualified to teach the first School above-mentioned; and Mr. James Black was preferred to teach the English School. The Magistrates and Councill, therefore elect and make choice of them, the said Mr. George Bell and Mr. James Black for teaching the said respective Schools from the term of Martimmas next, when Mr Cririe removes, untill the term of Michaelmass thereafter; during which time, and yearly afterwards, if they shall be continued in office, they are to be paid at the rate of fifteen pounds Sterling each yearly of salary, and the School wages to continue as formerly fixed by the Magistrates and Councill."

"Wigtown, 28th September, 1781. The Magistrates and Councill of this Burgh, immediately after their election this day, unanimously elected and made choice of Miss Bell Paterson to be Mistress of the Sewing School of this Burgh untill Michaelmass next, with the usual salary, in place of Miss Peggy M'Dowall, who has become infirm."

Economical Measures.

"At Wigtown, the 13th day of April, 1781, the Magistrates

and Councill having this day made Compt and Reaconing with their Treasurer, had occasion particularly to consider the state of the Town's funds; and being disposed to adopt every measure for managing the same with the utmost frugality, find it necessary to make the following Regulations, viz., they ordain and appoint that in future the Expence upon the King's birth-day shall be confined to One Guinea, to be bestowed in punch at the Cross, and that any after-drinking shall be defrayed by individuals; that no interest shall be paid by the Treasurer to the poor, without a precept for that purpose; that a regular list shall be kept of the persons who get the morth Cloth, and that it shall not be given to any person without payment, unless they produce an order from the Magistrates; that no Cripples or Blind shall be conveyed out of the Town at the Public Expense, without an order from one of the Magistrates; and the repeated acts ordering the Town's funds not to be given to the poor are hereby retifyed and ordered to be strictly attended to."

A hundred years ago, and later, our municipal rulers did not believe in spending their strength for nought in the Burgh's service, consequently, in our searchings for old records, we have come across documents relating to this matter, of which the following are copies :—

ACCNT.

THE BURGH OF WIGTOUN TO JOHN LIDDELL.

April 10, 1778.

	£	s	d
The night of compt and Reconing Supper, ...	0	6	0
Before and at Supper Eleven bott: Porter, ...	0	4	7
To five bott: Spirits in Punch, ...	0	11	8
To two Gills Spirits the Customers (taxmen under the Burgh)	0	0	6
To the Toun Officers and Drummer Sup:	0	1	4
To drink to do., ...	0	3	0
June 4th The King's Birth night			
To Seven bott: wine and punch	1	0	0
20 when Setting a feu to Mr M'Millan	0	0	7
30 att another meeting	0	1	2
July 13 at a meeting when Feuing the Hou Accre to Kairnfield, two bott: wine and Punch	0	5	9
	£2	14	7

Wigtown, July 31, 1778

Treasr. Pay the Bearer the above accott, extending to Two pound, fourteen shill: and sevenpence Ster: money the same shall be Sustained in your Treasry accotts: by

(Signed) ALEXR. GULLINE, Ba.

To John Hawthorn, Treasr.
of the Burgh of Wigtoun.

THE TOUN OF WIGTON
To JAS. M'COLM.

1778				
Apr 20	To Punch at the selling John conan an addition to his house, ...	0	9	0
		0	9	0

JAS. HANNAH [Ba.].

Wigtoun, 11th Sept., 1778.

Treasr. Pay the bearer John Liddell eight Sh: Ster: money being Spent with the Clergy 25 August last when examining the School, the same shall be sustained in your Treasry accott: by

ALEXR. GULLIN, Ba.

To Mr. John Hawthorn Treasr.
of the Burgh of Wigtoun.

THE MAGASTRITES OF WIGTON
To JAS. M'COLM.

1779				
Jan 4	To four Gills of double rum Punch at the freeing of the toun from trouble of Wim M'Reonan, ...	£0	2	4
To Do.,	... ...	0	0	8
		0	3	0

Wigton, 18th Febr., 1779, Treasurer Pay the Within Contents which shall be aloued to you

by JAS. HUNTER, Ba.

To Mr. Jno. Hathorn
Town Treasurer.

One cannot but be struck with the exceedingly moderate charges for food and drink in the above accounts. Surely there could not have been a full muster of Council at the Count and Reckoning Supper when the charge was only 6s.; if there was, "mine host" Liddell was either moderate in his bills of fare, or, being himself a Councillor (as he

was), he was inclined to favour his brethren in office. "The night of Compt and Reconing" must have been a jolly occasion, for not only do we find the corporation regaling themselves after their public labours, but even the lessees of the Customs and the Officers and Drummer come in for a share of the good things going. As to the Officers and Drummer, it seems *their* supper must have contained an extra proportion of *salt*, for they seem immediately after having partaken of it to have been seized with so severe a thirst as to require a quantity of "drink" out of all proportion to the viands consumed. Their Supper cost 1s. and 4d., but their drink 3s. Of course the King's birthday was too imperial an occasion to be celebrated by any liquor inferior to wine. From one of the foregoing accounts we perceive that even the banishing "furth of the Burgh" of a ne'er-do-weel was the occasion of a wetting of the throats of the municipality overseers. The James M'Colm who rendered some of those accounts was a Bailie of the Burgh for some time. On one occasion he was very anxious that a man of his acquaintance, who was partaking of a refreshment in his inn, should marry one of his daughters; but the friend did not seem disposed to comply with the Bailie's desire. "What for no?" asked mine host; "I suppose ye think she has ower muckle o' the mither in her." The friend smiled assent. The "mither's" *temper* was—well, anything but mild.

Ancient Licensed Victuallers in the Burgh.

"Wigtown, 29th October, 1795. The Magistrates of this Borough having failed to assemble to grant ale licenses for the ensuing year, in terms of law, I, Town Clerk, issued licenses to the following persons:—

1st. Peter M'Guffag, innkeeper in Wigtown,
2nd. David Milligan, shopkeeper in Wigtown,

3rd. John M'Guffag at Bridge of Blaidnoch,
4th. John Black at do.
5th. Alexander Murray, Innkeeper in Wigtown,
6th. Hugh Hannay, Innkeeper do.
7th. James M'Colm, Innkeeper do.

Certified to Alexander Menzies, Esq., Head Distributer of Stamps at Edinburgh, 5th December, 1795."

Homicide at Milldriggan.

"At Wigtown, the 3rd day of June, 1791, which day Margaret Keachie, at Milldriggan, was incarcerated within the Toolboth of this Burgh by John Dun, Bailie, in virtue of a warrand of committment of the following tenor:—'By Matthew Campbell, Esq., Sheriff-Substitute of Wigtownshire. Whereas by a precognition led before me of this date, it appears that John Finlay, a boy of about 6 years of Age, has been put to a violent Death by Margaret Keachie, or M'Keachie, Aunt to the said John Finlay, who appears to be in a State of Insanity, and it is necessary that she be in some safe State of confinement, to guard against her further mischief, and until His Majesty's Advocate shall have time to consider how far the said Margaret Keachie is an Object for punishment."

Bounty to Seamen.

"At Wigtown, the 19th day of March, 1793, which day the Magistrates and Council, firmly attached to our most gracious Sovereign, King George, and to our Glorious constitution, considering that the nation is now engaged in a just and necessary war, have resolved to give, and hereby offer, a Bounty of Three Guineas to every able-bodied seaman, two guineas to every ordinary seaman, and one guinea to every landman belonging to this Town or the adjoining parishes of Penningham, Kirkinner, or Sorbie, including the town and port of Garliestown, or who have sailed from or resided in the said Town or parishes for twelve months past, who shall enter on board of any of His Majesty's ships of war betwixt and the 4th day of June next. The bounty to be paid by the

Town Clerk on Production of Certificate from any Regulating Officer in the Neighbourhood and on Attestation from a respectable Inhabitant that the Persons so entering belong to the said towns or parishes, or have sailed from, or resided within, the same for the time mentioned. And the Clerk is directed to cause the above resolution to be published in the *Edinburgh Evening Courant*, *Caledonian Mercury*, and *Dumfries Journal*, once in each of the three next weeks."

Letter from the Secretary of State and the Earl of Galloway as to the Bounty for Seamen.

"At Wigtown, the 3rd day of April, 1793. A copy of the Resolutions of the Magistrates and Council upon the 19th of March last, offering a Bounty to Seamen, having been transmitted to the Earl of Galloway at London, and he having laid the same before Mr. Dundas, His Majesty's Secretary of State, his Lordship received the following Answer, which the Magistrates and Council have appointed to be engrossed in the Town Court book, viz., 'Whitehall, 27th March, 1793. My Lord, I have received and laid before the King your letter to Mr. Nepean of the 23rd instant, accompanied by a copy of the Resolution of the Borough of Wigtown, offering a bounty for Seamen, and I have the satisfaction to assure you that his Majesty is well pleased with the Proofs of loyalty and Attachment to our Government which were shown by the Meeting on this occasion. I am, my Lord, your Lordship's humble servant (signed), Henry Dundas.' And the Magistrates and Council have also directed that the letter from the Earl of Galloway to Mr. M'Connell, the Town Clerk, accompanying the one from Mr. Dundas, and his Lordship's card to the Magistrates and Council on the subject, shall likewise be engrossed in the Town Court book, and are as follows viz., 'London, 27th March, 1793. Dear Sir, In consequence of your obliging communications of the Resolutions of the Burgh of Wigton, respecting their Bounty for Seamen, I thought they did them so much Honour that I sent them to Mr. Dundas, His Majesty's Secretary of State, that he might make them known to His Majesty, which he having accordingly done, I received just now the inclosed, which,

together with my Card, I shall esteem obliging in you to deliver to the Magistrates and Council. I am, with regard, dear Sir, your faithful friend and obedient servant (signed), Galloway.' 'Lord Galloway's compliments to the Magistrates and Council of Wigton, and having had the Honour of laying before His Majesty a copy of their Resolutions, he has received the inclosed Answer from Mr. Dundas, his Majesty's Secretary of State.'"

A new Jailer.

"At Wigtown, the 25th day of October, 1799, the Magistrates and Council, considering that the office of Jailer of this Burgh is presently vacant by the demission of James Guthrie for bad behaviour; and Alexander Stewart in Wigtown being recommended as a proper person to fill the said office and others after mentioned; the Magistrates and Councill therefore appoint him Jailor of this Burgh till Michalmass next, provided he behaves properly and complys with the conditions after-mentioned; for which he is to receive Thirty shillings of yearly sallary. He is also appointed to keep the meal market of this Burgh at Twenty shillings of yearly sallary; and an officer of the Burgh at the usual sallary of Fourteen shillings and fourpence. And he is during the time he holds the said offices to clean the streets so often as he shall be required by either of the Magistrates, and that by Moing the weeds and Gathering all dung and Robbish, which he is to sell for his own behoof; and, in particular, he is to sleep in some part of the Town-house when directed, and not to engage as a Shirriff officer or constable during the time he is in the Town's employ, and he has not only made oath de fideli, but Alexander Gulline, present Treasurer, and John Hathorn, late Treasurer, engage that the said Alexander Stewart shall perform the said offices faithfully and punctually."

The Public Market.

"At Wigtown, the 18th day of February, 1788. The Magistrates and Councill, taking into consideration the present state of some of the servants of this Borough, they

came to the following Resolutions, viz., to appoint John Rodgers the Drummer, one of the Officers in the room of William M'Candlish, deceased, until Michaelmass next, at the usual salary of Fourteen shillings and fourpence sterling per annum; to receive one half of the said salary at said term of Michaelmass; and the Treasurer is directed to provide him a red coat, hat, and cockade in common form. Secondly, that James Stewart, the Market Keeper, shall receive fifteen shillings, in addition to his present salary, making his whole forty shillings per annum, to commence at last Michaelmass. Thirdly, that from this date the Bellman shall have an addition to his salary of fifteen shillings, making his whole salary as Clock-keeper and Bellman £2 5s. per annum, the half of the said addition to be made at Michaelmass next; and in respect that John Kennedy hath now no longer the charge of the Bells, 10s. are to be deducted from his salary on that account, the other 10s. to remain with him, provided he keeps the streets pointed out to him by the Magistrates extremely clean; and the Magistrates and Council considering that it is injurious to the Public Market of the Burgh that any private person take in meal, malt, potatoes, barley, beans, pease, and other such articles, they in terms of former Acts of Council, hereby Prohibit and discharge any person within the Burgh or territories thereof selling such Articles otherways than in the Public Market, with certification that not only the sellers, but such Person as shall purchase in that manner, shall be proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Law. And this Act of Council is directed to be published to all the inhabitants by tuck of drum."

INSTRUCTIONS TO JOHN GILCHRIST, JAILER.

"Wigtown, November, 1794. You being re-instated in the office of this Borough, it behoves you to execute the same with the utmost care, attention, and punctuality. It is a trust of great importance, and by your neglect you may not only bring great reproach upon the Town, but much loss. You are upon no account to open the Prison-door before 9 o'clock in the morning, and the Debtor's Prison not after 9 o'clock at night, and Criminal Prison-door not

after sunset. You are not to allow strangers to go into the Prison to drink and riot with the prisoners, which has been too much the case. You are never to go to the Prison but have some person with you to lock the outer-door while you are within-side, as neglect of this has occasioned the escape of several prisoners, and particularly the last two, where you were to blame. When suspicious prisoners, such as criminals or smugglers, are confined, you are not to admit persons to them without having the authority of one of the Magistrates."

This minute shows in itself why John, the Jailer, was suspended. There were many smart escapes from prison effected in days of yore, when the arrangments for securing criminals and other "caged birds" were not so complete as they are now; and in addition to those illustrations already given on pages 58-64, in connection with Wigtown Jail, we give the following case reported from the neighbouring Burgh of Whithorn :—

An Emerald Islander, having been for some time the sole inmate of the Burgh Penitentiary, began to feel the loneliness of his position, and determined to exercise a little manœuvring skill, in order to effect his escape. The Jailer was one day serving his ward with one of his accustomed rations, when the latter immediately assumed one of the most tragic of attitudes, threw up both his hands, and with a mixture of terror and surprise embodied in his organs of vision, began to glare "like one possessed," at something which seemed to rivet his attention in a recess at the end of the cell farthest from the entrance; at the same time exclaiming, in a most alarmed manner, "Look here!" The unsuspecting keeper of the house of correction, whose curiosity was naturally excited to the utmost extent, rushed to the part of the room indicated by his prisoner's gesticulations, leaving, in the confusion of the moment, the key in the lock of the door. Dowlan (for that was the cognomen of the incarcerated man),

who was on the alert for carrying out his scheme of uniting absence of body with presence of mind, bolted past the astounded official to the outside of the door, which had hitherto obstructed his freedom, and turning the lock, succeeded in changing places with his quondam attendant. A moment more, and the fugitive was at the foot of the stairs; then out of the little door that led to the garden behind; next over the wall, and into the fields beyond, there to breathe the free air of heaven once more. An alarm was soon raised that the jail-bird had flown, and a number of persons joined in pursuit. They proved, however, to be either too slow of foot or too faint of heart to bring back the object of their chase, and so Dowlan made good his escape. He was, however, only "out of the frying-pan and into the fire," if report speaks truly, as it was said he afterwards suffered the extreme penalty of the law for murder.

As to the "drinking and rioting with the prisoners" referred to in the instructions to Gilchrist, we may mention that a respected old Whithornian informs us that "About the year 1816 the Whithorn jail was filled to its utmost capacity with debtors and bankrupts, who had altogether a jolly good time of it. It was said that more whisky and other inspiriting liquors were sold in the Jail (which was licensed for the benefit of its inmates) than in all the taverns in town put together."

The Jailer, Burgh Officers, and Scavengers.

"Directions by the Magistrates and Council of Wigtown to the Jailer, Burgh Officers, and Scavengers, 22nd October, 1810. The Magistrates and Council having frequently had under their consideration the necessity of placing the above Officers under proper regulation, and to increase their salary, do resolve as follows:—

Jailer's Duty.

1st. From the 11th November next, the Jailer, who must never be out of town after daylight, shall have the sole charge of the Town-house, with the exception of the Market place and Schoolhouse, and be responsible that the whole apartments and stair are kept clean and in good order. He shall also attend to the clock and ringing of the bell, except on Sundays, when the Parish beadle is permitted to ring the bell for divine service; but the Jailer is also then to be accountable that no injury be done to the clock, stair, or house, &c., and shall give information of any improper conduct.

2nd. The Jailer shall also be obliged, at least once every week, to clean the whole Prisons, that the prisoners may be kept as free from stench and bad air as possible; and he is likewise to keep the ball-room clean and in good condition, receiving such recompense for his trouble in doing so as the Magistrates and Council may occasionally fix.

3rd. The Jailer must incarcerate no person without the order of a Magistrate, either by his own authority, or upon a warrand from another judge, and only in the particular prison the Magistrates shall appoint. He shall not change the place of any prisoner's confinement, or allow him to go furth thereof, or leave the door of the apartment, where a prisoner is confined, open, without the special direction of a Magistrate. He is never to have the doors of two apartments in which prisoners are open at the same time, but always lock up the one before opening the other, so that prisoners confined in different rooms may never have access to one another.

4th. The Jailer shall never enter the prisoners' apartments after sunset, or before sun-rising, without another person being with him to lock the outer door while the Jailer is inside; and he is at no time to open the debtor's prison doors before 7 in the morning, or after 8 at night, without the special authority of a Magistrate; and he is never to allow more than one person at one time during sunlight to go into the Prison to visit a prisoner, and no person shall be permitted to go in at any time to see a

prisoner committed for a capital crime, or under cloud of night to get access to the Prison either to debtors or prisoners, without the written authority of a Magistrate. But upon no account shall the Jailer allow any strangers or others going into the Prison to carry in spirits to the prisoners, nor to allow any drinking or rioting in the Prison, which he is bound to prevent, and to report offenders to the Magistrates.

5th. The Jailer is every evening, at locking up the Prison, to look thro' the rooms in which prisoners are confined, that nothing be therein which may be used as an instrument wherewith to break the Prison; and if anything suspicious appears, he is immediately to acquaint the Magistrates thereof; and he is not to suffer a prisoner to get anything in by the windows, or slits of the Prison, but everything must come in by the doors at his sight; and all persons who go in to see prisoners for crimes must be searched that they have nothing about them which may assist the prisoner to make his escape.

John M'William is to continue Jailer at a salary of £9, including house-rent; and £2 18s. for taking charge of the clock and bell and ball-room. And he is peremptorily enjoined to follow in all points the above-written regulations, on pain of forfeiting his salary and being otherwise punished in case of contravention.

Town Officers.

John M'William and Thomas Crawford are appointed Burgh Officers.

1st. Their duty is to execute all summonses, precepts of warning, acts of warding, or others, upon the employ of the burgesses, at a moderate charge.

2nd. One of the Officers at least must remain constantly in town or the immediate neighbourhood, that his instant assistance may be had on emergency; but before either of them leave the town he is to settle with the other to remain, taking the duty in turn.

3rd. They are to be active and attentive to prevent all riots, tumults, and disorders upon the streets, or in any

part of the Burgh, or its territory; and when such happen, give true and speedy information thereof to a Magistrate; and they must at all times pay ready and willing obedience to the orders of the Magistrates and Council, or any one of them. They are also particularly charged and directed to take up all beggars, vagrants, strollers, and vagabonds, which appear within the royalty, and turn them furth of the liberties of the town; and if they refuse, the officers are to carry them before a Magistrate and follow his directions.

4th. The officers, dressed in uniform, with their halberts, are to walk the streets on Fairs and other public days, in order to preserve peace and good order; and upon Sundays they are to attend the Magistrates to church also in their uniform, which upon other occasions they are to take particular care of.

Scavengers.

1st. From the 11th November next, John M'William and Thomas Crawford, who are appointed Scavengers, are directed to gather up all dung, fulzie, land-stones, lime left in heaps for more than six days, or other articles or nuisances which may be laid or left on the streets, pavements, syvors, or vennels of the Burgh, or on the roads within the jurisdiction of the royalty; and to carry the same away, except that any person has occasion to lay down materials for building or repairing houses, when they must procure liberty to do so in writing from a Magistrate.

2nd. They are to give information upon all persons throwing or leaving ashes, dung, rubbish, dirty water, or other nuisances upon the streets and roads, or into the syvors and side-drains, that they may be punished for acting in defiance of the orders of the Magistrates and Council, issued with the sole view of keeping the town clean, and thereby contributing to the health and comfort of the inhabitants.

3rd. The Scavengers are particularly to keep down all grasses and weeds upon the main streets, keep the syvors sunk, runners and iron hecks thereon always clear and

clean; and on Saturday they are to make a general sweep of all nuisances off the streets, vennels, and roads, so as everything may be clean and neat upon Sunday.

4th. The Scavengers are to have right to sell all the dung, &c., which they may gather for their own advantage; and they are to keep in complete order and repair, at their own expense, the wheelbarrow which they have now received from the Magistrates to assist them in cleaning the streets for the first time.

The salary of Town-Officer is fixed at £5 5s. each, and of Scavenger at £3 3s. each, to be paid to the said John M'William and Thomas Crawford quarterly, in case they duly and faithfully discharge their offices as above directed.

N.B.—No alteration is proposed to be made in the other Town Officer—John Rodger's—situation, it being intended that he shall continue to act and die out of office, on his present footing."

We suppose that the beadle of the Parish Church is still only "permitted" to ring the town bell for divine service on Sundays, &c. There is neither bell nor belfry attached to the present Parish Church.

We should think that the whole of the prisons would have been more freed than they were of "stench and bad air" if they had been cleaned out oftener than "once a week at least."

If no man can serve *two* masters, how could poor Johnny M'William and Tam Crawford serve *eighteen*, for from the foregoing "Directions" to them it appears that they must "pay ready and willing obedience to the orders of the Magistrates and Council, or any one of them!"

And yet, what imposing and awe-inspiring personages must Johnny and Tam have been, when, on "Fairs and other public days, in order to preserve peace and good order," they strutted in their gay "uniform," grasping their official halberds, on the public streets of the Burgh! Nor

were they less attractive looking when they preceded the Magistrates and Council to the Parish Church on the first Sunday after their election, to be "kirked."

But, alas! for the glory and honours of earth. Poor Johnny and Tam seem to have been "dressed in a little brief authority," for in the last department of the above "Directions" we learn that they were degraded to the level of humble scavengers! *Sic gloria transit mundi!*

The Wigtown Drummer.

"Wigtown, 1st October, 1814. Convened the Magistrates and Councillors, who, taking into consideration that the Burgh has been without a Drummer for some years, for the want of any person qualified accepting the office, and it being useful and ancient, John Muir has for some days been put upon trial, and giving satisfaction, he is hereby appointed Drummer of the Burgh for one year from Michaelmas, at the salary of £4, to be paid quarterly, and which he agrees to accept of, and to beat at such hours in the morning and evening through the town as the Magistrates shall direct. He is to have the exclusive privilege of publishing all advertisements in the town, for which he is to be paid at least sixpence each time, and to have the right, as the Drummer formerly had, of going to the inhabitants' houses at Christmas and receiving such Christmas gifts as they may be pleased to give him."

"Wigtown, 14th October, 1816. The Magistrates and Council appoint John Muir, Drummer of this town, with a salary of thirty shillings annually, commencing from Martinmass next, on condition that he beats regularly every night, except Sunday, at 9 o'clock, from Martinmas till the 1st of May, and for the remainder of the year both at 9 o'clock and at 5 o'clock in the morning. He is to keep the drum in good order, and have the privilege of collecting at Christmas from the inhabitants, according to ancient custom. He is to have the exclusive privilege of publishing all advertisements through the town, and to charge a groat for

going round the Square, and up the vennels, and inlets into the town. But except to publish sales, he is always first to obtain the sanction of one of the Magistrates."

This John Muir, whom many of us well remember, had been a drummer in the army, and was considered a "good hand." Old John Rodgers—a Highlandman—was his predecessor.

About thirty years ago, when Johnny Muir died, the office of Drummer, although "useful and ancient"—a capital term for true conservatism—died with him. But since then a Bell has been substituted for a Drum, and the present charge for this method of advertising is about the same as it was in Johnny's days. It is a mercy that that part of the "ancient and useful" custom which had reference to alarming, by the clatter of a drum, the inhabitants at 5 o'clock in the morning, is now obsolete. The object of the "morning entertainment" was to waken labourers to their work.

The town officers, at the time when these rules were issued, were men of a very lenient official disposition. They seemed to feel the disagreeable nature of some of the duties they had to perform. When Johnny Muir was crossing the threshold of any house in which he had to perform anything disagreeable to the occupants and himself, he was heard saying, "Dog-a-bit! it's no my fau't: dinna blame me." Old Tom Crawford, who, on account of his impetuous and explosive temper, earned the sobriquet of "Powder," was nevertheless a very sympathetic member of the human family. When he was aware of a "warrand" being written for the apprehension of some unfortunate, he would have made his way quietly to the house of the person "wanted" and forewarned him, saying, "For ony sake rin, and don't say that A telt ye."

EXTRACTS FROM SYMSON,

1684.

The southern part of the Presbytry of Wigton, from the Kirk of Penygham to the sea, contains much arable land, especially in the Machirrs, which, as I said formerly, imports white land. It consists generally of a thin gravelly ground; but, towards the sea-coast, it is deeper, and more inclining to a clay. The Park of Baldone, for the most part, is a plain even ground, consisting of a very rich clay, bearing excellent grass fit for the syth. In this Park of Baldone, the snow uses to melt shortly after it falls; yea, throughout the whole shire, except in the northern moors thereof, snow lyes not long, but melts within a day or two, unless it be accompanied with violent frosts. The southern part of the Rinns (the Presbytry of Stranrawer lying westward of the water of Glenluce, being commonly called the Rinns or Rinds of Galloway) is also arable and level, and the land is more sandie than in the Presbytry of Wigton.

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Under this head, I think that it will not be amiss to inform you, that although we have mice good store, yet we have no rats (in this [Wigtown] Presbytrie I meane, but whither they are in the Rhinns I know not). Whither this proceeds from the nature of the country, I cannot determine; or whither they will live here or not. However, there is a gentleman in this parish of Kirkinner, who assures me that, above thirty years since, he saw an innumerable multitude of rats in his barne, which overspread most of his corne there; but they only stayed a day or two, and then evanished; he not knowing whence they came, or whither they went.

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In the Shire of Wigton, we have neither coal, nor lime-stone, nor free-stone, nor any wood considerable, except planting about gentlemen's houses; and yet there are very few parishes but have one or two good stone houses, very well built, wherein a gentleman of a good quality and estate may conveniently dwell. When they build, they furnish themselves with free-stone from England; as for lime, they are supplyed from the Shellbank of Kirkinner, and with timber for building from the wood of Cree, in Monnygaffe parish, which yeelds abundance of good strong oak. Those that live near the coast side, may, if they please, furnish themselves with coals from England; but, for the most part, the country, except towards the sea, is well furnished with mosses, from whence, in the summer time, they provide themselves with peits, which are so plentifull, that, in the parishes of Glenluce and Kirkmaiden, they sometimes have salt-panns, and with peits, instead of coals, make salt. In the parish of Whithern, because severall of them are a considerable distance from the peit-moss, they have a fewell, which they call baked peits, which they take out of a stiff black marish ground in the summer time, work them with their hands, and making them like very thick round cakes, they expose them to the sun, and after they be thoroughly dry, they yield a hot and durable fire.

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About two miles beneath the meeting [of the two waters, Tarff and Bladnoch], the Laird of Grainge hath a salmon-fishing, beneath which, at several places in the said river, the Laird of Dereagill, on Kirkinner side, and the Laird of Torhouse, on Wigton side, have severall places where they take salmon by nets, both which Lairds have an equal interest therein; and some yeares, by mutual agreement, they fish day about; some yeares again, they fish together, and divide their fish equally. . . . . .

The river of Blaidnoch is stored with excellent salmon; the Earl of Galloway possessing the whole benefit thereof, from the mouth of the said river to the lands of Torhouse, in the parish of Wigton. The salmon-fishing of this river is not very good in a dry year, especially from Torhouse and upwards, because the salmon cannot swim up for want of water; but in wet years it commonly affords good store.

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I remember to have seen a fish, which the fishers took in their nets, in the salt water of this river beside Wigton; they call'd it to me a young whale; it was about three or four foot long, smooth all over without scales, and of a blackish colour, if I remember right; however, sure I am it had no gills, but ane open upon the crowne of the head, instead of gills. It was a female, and they made oyl of it, of which I got a pint from them, and it was very clear and good, and burnt very well in a lamp. I also once saw a sturgeon, which some one or other of Wigton had found dead on the sands there; it had large boney scales one it, one of which I have.

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About the year 1674, there was a pretty large whale, which came up this river of Blaidnoch, and was kill'd upon the sands. I did not see it, but saw several peeces of it; for the country people ran upon it, and cut as much as they could bring away, and made oyle of it, which many persons got good of; but I am told, if it had been manag'd right, and not cut so in pieces as it was, it might have been improved to a far greater advantage. The oyl that I saw and made use of was very good and clear, and burnt very well in my lamp.

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The seas have plenty of fish, such as salmon, fleuks, sole-

fleuks, turbots, sea-eeles, whitings, &c.; these are taken betwixt Wigton and the Ferrieton; some in the halfe-net; some in cups fixt on the sands, neer to the chanel of the river of Cree. On the sands of Kirkinner, are great multitudes of cockles, which, in the year 1674, preserved many poor people from starving. Farther down the sands, neer the sea, they take keilling and skait, by hooks baited and laid upon the sands, which they get at low water. At Polton, in the months of July, August, and September, are sometimes great quantities of herring and makreels taken with nets.

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Their marriages are commonly celebrated only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. I myselfe have married neer 450 of the inhabitants of this country; all of which, except seaven, were married upon a Tuesday or Thursday. And it is look'd upon as a strange thing to see a marriage upon any other days; yea, and for the most part also, their marriages are all celebrated *crescente luna.*

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As for their burials, I have not observed any peculiarity in them save this, which I have frequently observed at the burialls of the common people, viz., as soon as ever the dead corp is taken out of the house, in order to its carrying to the churchyard, some persons left behind take out the bed-straw, on which the person died, and burne the same at a little distance from the house. There may be perhaps some reason for the burning thereof to prevent infection; but why it should be done just at that time, I know not well, unless it be to give advertisement to any of the people who dwell in the way betwixt and the churchyard, to come and attend the buriall.

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The common people are, for the most part, great chewers of tobacco, and are so much addicted to it, that they will ask a peece thereof even from a stranger, as he is riding on the way; and therefore let not a traveller want an ounce or two of roll tobacco in his pocket, and for an inch or two thereof, he need not fear the want of a guide either by night or day.

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Some of the countrey people, especialy those of the elder sort, do very often omit the letter *h* after *t*, as *ting* for *thing; tree* for *three; tacht* for *thatch; wit* for *with; fait* for *faith; mout* for *mouth.* So also, quite contrary to some north country people (who pronounce *v* for *w*, as *voe* for *woe; volves* for *wolves*), they oftentimes pronounce *w* for *v*, as *serwant* for *servant; wery* for *very;* and so they call the months of February, March, and April, the *ware* quarter, *w* for *v*, from *ver.* Hence their common proverb, speaking of the storms in February, *Winter never comes till ware comes;* and this is almost to the same purpose with the English saying, *When the days beginne to lengthen, the cold beginnes to strengthen.*

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The weight, by which they sell butter, cheese, tallow, wool, and flax of their owne growth, is by the stone of Wigton, which consists exactly of twentie-two pound and an halfe Trois, and of this they will give you down weight.

The measure by which they sell their beir, malt, and oates, is their half peck, eight whereof make their boll, four their furlet, two their peck. This measure should be burnt and seal'd by the Magistrates of Wigton, and is call'd in bargains and written transactions, Met and measure of Wigton. The quantity of this measure is not exactly knowne, at least it is not always exactly the same; for it is hard in this

countrey to get two measures exactly alike, the sides thereof being not made of hoops and staves, as the Linlithgow measures are, but of one entire thin piece of ash, bended and nailed together, like the rim of a wool-wheel, and so is apt to cling, and sometimes to alter and change its exact circular frame; and therefore the countrey people, bargaining among themselves, do usually condescend upon such a particular measure that such a neighbour makes use of, to buy and sell with.

The reason of this equality seems to be a debate betwixt the towne and countrey; the towne alledging, that the halfe peck should containe sixteen pints; the countrey that it should containe only fourteen pints and a chopin; and then again, suppose they were agreed about the number of pints, yet they disagree about the measure of the pint; the town alledging, that it should be jugg measure, and some of the countrey alledging that it should be only pluck measure. However, they sell their beir, malt, and oates by heap, and the vessell is so broad, that the heap will be more than one third part of the whole. The halfe of this vessell they call an auchlet, qu. an eightlet, or little eight part; for it is the halfe of that measure, eight whereof make their boll; so that their boll contains sixteen auchlets; the furlet eight auchlets; the peck four auchlets; and the halfe peck two auchlets. By this auchlet they sell meale, salt, and pease, all straked measure.

The Two Wigtown Crosses.

A hundred years ago the Market Cross stood at the foot of the present Square, in front of the old Courthouse. When the latter was blown up (or down), or when the Square was in course of construction, the Cross seems to have been laid aside for a good many years. It was a prisoner in the cells of the new Courthouse and Prison,

erected at the time we speak of. It was subsequently brought out of its indefinite imprisonment and reinstated immediately to the west of its youthful, and pretentious brother, the large New Cross. Of late years it has been cleaned and painted, and placed east of the New Cross. "It is," remarks Mr. M'Ilwraith, "a fine specimen of the pillar crosses with which many of our Scottish Burghs were adorned. A columnar monolith, about 10 feet long and 18 inches diameter, rests perpendicularly on a square base, and is surmounted by a square stone, on which dials are carefully sculptured. For finial it has a pomegranate carved in stone."

The general opinion is that the new and larger Cross was erected to commemorate the battle of Waterloo, which was fought in June 1815. This is quite a mistake. Not that we mean to hint that the people of Wigtown are wanting in loyalty or cannot appreciate the significance of so decisive an event as that of the battle of Waterloo, crushing, as it did, the ambitious disturber of the peace of Europe. But what reason was there that the people of Wigtown alone should erect a memorial of so national an event. The fact is, the Cross was erected for purely local purposes, as the following minute will show. There is not the slightest allusion to Waterloo in the minute:—

"At Wigtown, the 13th day of July, 1816 years. The Magistrates and Council having taken into consideration that for a number of years past there has been no Market Cross in this Burgh, nor any fixed place for publishing proclamations and other legal intimations to the lieges, and the same having been put upon the outer door of the Courthouse and other places; but the Magistrates and Council, with the assistance of liberal subscriptions from the Heritors of the County and other respectable individuals, who contributed the full half of the expense, having erected an elegant octagon Column or Pillar of granite terminating in a cross,

at the head of the Square, in the centre of the town, to answer the purpose of a Market Cross, which was finished this week; they, therefore, enact, ordain and declare that the said Pillar or Cross shall in all time coming be held and considered as the Market Cross of the Burgh, and that all proclamations, publications, and intimations, shall be made thereat; and they are declared to be as legal and formal as at the former old Cross of the Burgh, which was taken down many years ago: and to commence the said publications, it is directed that a copy of this minute shall be extracted from the town Court-book, and published this day and affixed to the said Pillar, to be henceforth called The Cross."

It will be observed that the Cross was erected nearly a year after the date of the battle of Waterloo. Its handsome appearance strikes strangers who visit the town. Its height is fully twenty feet, and it presents floriated sculpturings, resting on an octagonal base. A good number of years ago, what was known as the Small Square stood in its locality. The Cross was at its head, or west end, and its foot or east end formed, with the head of the Large Square, a street of rather narrow dimensions for the traffic that passed through it. A tall railing ran round the Small Square, and in the centre there was no attempt at ornamentation—the space being occupied by rough grass and stones. A considerable improvement was effected when this non-ornamental enclosure was done away with. Part of the railing now encircles the New Cross, and the rest guards the front of the Burgh and Parochial School in New Road. There is thus a fine open expanse of street opposite the Post-office and the principal hotel.

It would appear that Dr. Couper, a gentleman connected with the town, was the first to originate the idea of the New Cross, and the town authorities seem to have approved of the suggestion and carried it out. Mention is made in the minute regarding the Cross, just transcribed, that "the

Heritors of the County and other respectable individuals contributed the full half of the expense," and among the subscribers we notice the following, together with their very handsome sums:—The Earl of Galloway £21, with an additional subscription of £5 5s.; Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart., £10 10s.; Sir Andrew Agnew of Lochnaw, Bart., £10 10s. The Burgh of Wigtown gave £150 for this worthy undertaking, and a large list of "respectable individuals" also generously and liberally helped. Among those of the municipal authorities who took an active part in the movement the late able Provost of the Burgh—Mr. George M'Haffie—deserves honourable mention. He was convener of the Committee for the erection of the Granite Cross, which cost about £300.

There was a grand Masonic Procession on the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone of the New Cross, for it was very properly considered that such an important local event should not pass off without some suitable and fitting demonstration. If the regalia or uniform of the local Lodge of Freemasons then was as gaudy as Freemasons' uniform is now-a-days, their procession would be no small contribution to the day's pageant. The masons mustered in the Parish Church, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Peter Young, minister of the Parish, R.W.P.G.C. The ceremony took place in winter, and on that day a very heavy fall of snow occurred, which was much against the success of the proceedings. Notwithstanding, the procession formed in order and left the Church for the site of the New Cross. Arrived there, the Chaplain of the Masons offered up a prayer. The narrator was informed by Capt Denniston of Creetown, who performed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone, that he had never either heard or read any address to the Deity that could at all compare with Mr. Young's prayer on this occasion in point of sublimity of lan-

guage. Captain Denniston then delivered an oration, and probably with the view of giving even a national importance to the ceremony, and also to embellish his speech, he made patriotic allusion to the recent Waterloo victory as the event which had been the occasion of the present memorial. Report says that an important and impulsive local ruler rudely disturbed the orator's figure of speech and dreams of Waterloo, by stoutly declaring there and then that the Cross would commemorate nothing of the kind. However, a general impression got hold of the people that the Cross was to be erected to remind folks of Wellington and Buonaparte; but we have seen from the Town Council's minute, and the public disclaimer given by one of the members of Council to the theory when expressed by Captain Denniston, that such was not the design of the Pillar. The erection of the new Cross caused the removal of an old relic in its vicinity, which many of the older inhabitants regretted. That was a large stone, called "Johnny's Stane," from the fact that an old worthy named Johnny Something sold berries on that stone on the Fair-days. Johnny, in proclaiming his limited merchandise, used to call out "The foo i' jug an' far mair for a ha'penny."

The Square.

Undoubtedly the chief ornament and characteristic feature of the town is the handsome Square, with the Bowling green in its centre. It gives the Burgh an attractive and continental appearance, which is quite unusual, or at least very rare in this country. In "the leafy month of June," when the trees lining the inner side of its walls are in full foliage —the chestnuts sparkling with their fragrant blossoms, which entice the "busy bee"—when the walks are in trim condition, and the bowling-green well cut and rolled—when the lovers of the game are engaged in their favourite sport, the eye of

an ordinary beholder, not to speak of that of a poet (if such there be at hand) rests with pleasure and delight upon a scene so charming. Moreover, as we write, we are reminded by the rude caws of a now celebrated species of birds busied with the care and concern incident to the upbringing of their families on the branches of the trees of the adjacent Square, that we are treating of a historical spot! But more of the Crows anon.

We have already seen that for a long period the Main Street of Wigtown, after leaving the hands of the Dumfries street-paver, who had made a Causeway down the centre of it, was left to the domination of horses, pigs, geese, ducks, hens, grass, a peat-stalk, water, gutters, and middens. But this state of matters could only have its time; consequently we fall in with the following expression of municipal opinion on this matter in the Town Council records :—

"At Wigtown, the 13th day of March, 1809. The Council, satisfied that the street of Wigtown is not only capable of much improvement, but that the same may be ornamented at moderate expense, resolve to lift the present pavement, and make a gravel road round each side of the street, the outter edge being 44 feet from the houses, and to plant the vacant space betwixt the two streets—a middle passage of 50 feet to run across the street in the centre of the town, in a direct line. Parapet walls to be laid round the plantation of about 3 feet high, and on the top an iron railing. The Council are of opinion that previous to making these roads it will be necessary to level the street, and for that purpose Mr. Smith is requested to employ Mr. Dunbar to make a survey and plan of the street; and the Council are to get notice of the time convenient for Mr. Dunbar to be in Wigtown, that they may be present and assist him."

Under date 22nd September, 1809, we read :—

"Having adverted to the scheme proposed last Spring for improving and beautifying the street of the Burgh by

planting the centre, and enclosing the same with a stone and lime wall of 3 feet high, surmounted by an iron railing of the same height, and making a broad gravel road round the same and the sides of the houses, the suggestion was warmly approved of; and in order to carry the plan into effect, the Council name and appoint Bailie James Smith, and George M'Haffie, and Robert Murray, councillors, to give the necessary directions for furthering the work, and with authority to employ a surveyor to level the street, and make a draft of the same and improvements suggested, and thereafter to take all necessary steps for procuring estimates and finding workmen to execute the work; and the said Committee are to report progress to the Magistrates and Council at their next meeting."

It would thus appear that the foot-path along the sides of the houses in Main Street must have been in a very untidy and unsafe condition when the gravelling of it was proposed. But such an unsatisfactory state of the path was in keeping with the very unsightly and repulsive condition of the open space which was the site of the projected Square.

A week later, namely on the 29th September, the Town Council again met, and we are informed from the minute-book that, "in consequence of the appointment made by the Council on the 22nd inst., the Committee named to procure estimates for improving the street of the Burgh produced a report, with a plan, of the improvement suggested, and estimates of the expense of the execution; all of which having been maturely considered by the Magistrates and Council, the report and plan were approved of, and they authorise the same Committee and convener to contract for levelling and gravelling the street, building and coping the parapet walls in the manner stated, and planting trees which they may consider proper, at an expense to the Burgh not exceeding £200 sterling, which it is agreed shall be paid from their funds, in addition to such voluntary subscriptions as may be procured—the Earl of Galloway, late Provost,

having munificently subscribed 25 guineas to the work. The Committee always reporting from time to time their progress to the Magistrates and Council; and, when the funds of the Burgh can admit, afterwards the iron railing proposed will be procured."

On reflection one cannot but be struck by the liberality and public spirit of the Town Council in resolving to effect this improvement at such a large cost; for it is to be borne in mind that the value of money in the early days of which we are treating was much higher than it is at present. As we shall presently see, the Council's liberality exceeded the £200 mentioned in the preceding minute. They evidently felt the gigantic nature of the undertaking, and their responsibility in connection with it, when they considered it necessary to minute that it was only after "maturely considering" the matter that they brought their minds to a point, and determined to go on with the work. Money value being so high at the time, we think the word "munificent," applied to Lord Galloway's subscription, is very just. The plan submitted to the Council must have been made by a surveyor of superior taste and judgment; for the proportions of the Square, which is of nearly octagonal shape, though ample, leave spacious streets outside the enclosure. The ground occupied is fully an acre in extent.

We find the following minute recorded under date 23rd October, 1810:—"The Council, having seen a specimen of the proposed malleable iron railing for the enclosure of the street, they approve thereof, and of Mr. Smith's offer to make the same; and appoint the two Bailies and Mr. M'Haffie, and the Town-Clerk, a committee to contract with him to put up the same, and also to complete the improvement of the street; and the Council do hereby make an appropriation from this and next year's Burgh funds of the sum of £150 to be expended by the committee in the said work as the same proceeds."

We have now come to the matter of the railing—a most important item; for it is not difficult to conceive that a stone and lime wall, even with a suitable coping, in the centre of the Burgh, must be rather ungainly to the eye. The pattern of the railing reflects great credit upon the taste of Mr. Smith, its designer, for though not gaudy, it is both ornamental and strong, being at this distance of time almost as firmly fixed in the coping at its base as when it first left its manufacturer's hands. It has eight lamp-posts at regular distances round it, and is well supported by numerous main balustrades.

At the meeting of Town Council on 23rd May, 1811, "the Magistrates and Council having examined the accounts relative to the expense laid out upon the Square and gravelling the street, find from the state of accounts rendered by the committee that the subscriptions made for this purpose amount to £458 1s. 7d., and that the disbursements hitherto amount to £474 16s. 10d.; leaving a balance due to Mr. George M'Haffie of £16 15s. 3d., which the Burgh engages to make good to him; and authorise the committee to proceed in gravelling the side of the Square—the gates of the Square, the lamp-posts and main balustrades to be painted green, and the remaining bullustres to be white—all to get three coats."

We shall here give a few details as to the progress of this most important improvement effected on the Burgh:—

Subscriptions.

Two Subscriptions by the Burgh of Wigtown, ...	£350	0	0
The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Galloway, ...	26	5	0
Col. William Maxwell, yr. of Monreith, M.P., ...	10	10	0
Sir William Maxwell of Monreith, Bart., ...	5	5	0
Peter Johnson, Esq. of Barnsalloch, ...	5	5	0
George M'Haffie, Wigtown, ...	5	5	0
Robert Murray, ,, ...	5	5	0
John Hawthorn, ,, ...	5	5	0
James Tweedale, ,, ...	5	5	0
Robert Cumming, Balcray, ...	5	5	0
Robert Hawthorn Stewart, Esq. of Physgill, ...	5	5	0

William M'Connell, Esq., ...	7	7	0
James Nish, Garliestown, ...	3	3	0
Capt. M'Donald, Wigtown, ...	2	2	0
James Smith, ,, ...	2	2	0
John Beddie, ,, ...	2	2	0
Thomas Gordon, of Dumfries, ...	2	2	0
William M'Keand, Pulwhilly, ...	1	1	0
Alexander M'Neil, Stranraer, ...	1	1	0
Rev. Peter Young, Wigtown, ...	1	1	0
Dr. Alexander Minnoch, Wigtown, ...	1	1	0
Andrew Hannay, Barwhirran, ...	1	1	0
J. B. Maitland, Esq., Advocate, Sheriff Depute,	1	1	0
Capt. Thomas Bowker, ...	1	1	0

The following shows the practical part of the work:—

James Stewart, for making streets, ...	£58	3	0
William M'Connell, enclosure wall, ...	140	0	0
James Smith, iron railing, ...	150	0	0
John Gilmour, lifting part of street, ...	1	17	0
Hugh Brough, paving, ...	20	0	0
John Gilmour, cleaning rubbish, ...	1	8	0
,, cutting drain, ...	1	6	10
,, lifting pavement, ...	0	9	0
Thomas Neilson, making pens, ...	3	3	0
Jas. Whatton and Thos. Logan, levelling street,	0	5	0
Thos. Smith, levelling and trenching enclosure,	41	8	8
,, cutting out rock, making green, and levelling walks, ...	26	5	0
,, extra work, ...	0	10	0
Wm. M'William and other carters, leading turf,	10	10	0
Gravel, ...	7	6	3
John Mitchell, for trees and carriage, ...	2	5	6
Iron hecks, ...	2	0	7

The Council's Committee reported an account of the expenditure (£466 17s. 10d.) in the undertaking of the improvement of the street of Wigtown by Mr. M'Haffie, one of their number, with the vouchers, showing a balance due him of £8 13s. 9d., which they hope the Council will direct the Treasurer to pay, and debit the Burgh funds therewith. The Committee had only to notice that in procuring the execution of the work they advertised for estimates, and contracted with the person who agreed to perform the same for the least money, avoiding as much as possible incurring any charge by days' wages, &c. It was

hoped that the exertions of the Committee would meet with the approbation of their brethren; and, as the work was almost finished, the two Magistrates would be equal to the task of completing any further improvement in the street; but before quitting that subject the Committee begged to recommend the erection of a handsome Cross and Pump-well at the head of the octagon, as soon as funds can be spared for the purpose.

The Committee's recommendation as to the Cross and Pump was soon thereafter carried into effect. The Pump, however, had but a short duration, we suppose on account of the water obtained from it being very bad. It was soon shut up, but its site is still visible immediately to the east of the Cross.

The Wigtown Bowling Club is one of the oldest organisations of its kind in Scotland, having been formed in the year 1830. The fine open space in the centre of the Square was soon perceived to be a suitable spot for a green whereon to practise the game. But the space was not entirely sacred to the game of bowls, for until a comparatively recent period the loyal inhabitants manifested their attachment to the Throne by meeting there annually to drink, with great enthusiasm, out of the Burgh's capacious punch-bowl (a royal gift of Queen Anne to the Burgh), to the health of the reigning sovereign.

It would appear that the practice of children entering the Square and doing mischief there is a somewhat old one, for we find in the Council minutes repeated complaints thereanent, and repeated instructions given by the Council to have it prevented.

In a Council minute of date 27th September, 1830, we read that "the Council, having had many complaints made of neglect in keeping the Square, Mr. Tait has undertaken to have the weeds picked out and the ground properly

cleaned; and Mr. Agnew and Mr. M'Kelvie undertake, for an allowance of £2, to keep the Square clear of weeds, and in good order, for the year from Michaelmas first. The Council authorise and appoint William Harvey, one of the Burgh officers, to be Square-keeper, and to prevent children and ill-disposed persons from passing along the wall, or over the iron railing, or trespassing on the bowling-green and walks; and the Magistrates declare their determination to punish trespassers by fine and imprisonment."

Three years after this the municipal authorities appointed a man to take charge of and keep clean the Square and walks, and to sow annual flowers, all for the allowance of £2 12s. sterling per annum—the bowlers being told to keep the green in order themselves.

"The principal street [of Wigtown]," says *Chambers* (1832), "is a parallelogram, of which the internal space is laid out in shrubberies, and enclosed by a rail. At the upper end of the innermost space, which is used as a bowling-green, the ground has been formed into the shape of a circular stair, upon the verdant steps of which the citizens recline, in the fine summer evenings, to witness the sports of the bowl-players below. At the lower extremity there is a very fine and very intricate dial. All round the bowling-green there are shady walks, which the contemplative may traverse without being seen from without. This is altogether a wonderfully fine thing, and quite unexampled in Scotland."

Another writer on the same subject remarks: "At the upper end of the Square is an artificial circular bank, cut into a series of terraces, or concentric sward seats, whence the burghers, rising one above another as on the section of a galleried pyramid, may look down on the sport of the bowl-players below. Round the whole of the enclosure, between the inner objects and the roadways, are umbrageous gravel walks, planted along the sides with shrubs, and evergreens, and forest trees, and almost completely hid by them from the intrusive gaze of peerers on the streets. So fine and judicious a burghal ornament as this enclosure, with its contents, is quite unique of its kind, indicates much good

taste, and ought to provoke imitation; and, while it pleases and delights a stranger simply by its intrinsic properties, how much is he surprised, how greatly is he charmed, when he learns that it occupies the *quondam* site of a large common dung-hill of the Burgh, and thus stands before him the type of transformation from moral turpitude to the sweets and the odoriferousness of moral beauty!"

The "circular stair" with its "verdant steps" has long since entirely disappeared, leaving no traces visible. But the grassy mound still remains, on whose summit stands a sylvan Heather house erected for the purpose of holding bowls, and occasionally a meeting or two of the bowling fraternity. The dial at the eastern extremity of the bowling-green is certainly an elaborate and ornamental one. It bears the name of John MacMurray, Stranraer, and the date upon it is 13th October, 1807. As to the "shady walks, which the contemplative may traverse without being seen from without," we are afraid we could not now advise any of Goldsmith's "whispering lovers" to enter the precincts of the Square under the belief that their presence there would escape detection from without, the shrubbery having got very sparse and the trees much thinned, those left being full-grown, with their foliage correspondingly elevated. Fine, broad, gravelled, shady walks there are indeed under umbrageous trees, but there is no secrecy connected with the Square now-a-days.

GLIMPSES OF THE ANCIENT BURGH FROM THE KIRK SESSION RECORDS.

Disorganised Condition of Wigtown Church One Hundred and Seventy-six Years Ago.

When the bitter intolerance of the government of the Restoration attempted to force Episcopacy upon the people of Scotland, the Presbyterian ministers were compelled to vacate their pulpits, which were immediately occupied by curates of the English Church. The Presbyterian minister of Wigtown—Rev. Archibald Hamilton—had to make way for the Episcopalian incumbent—Mr. James Cooper. Mr. Hamilton, after ministering in Ireland and other places, came back to his old charge at Wigtown, after the Persecution, and died there in June, 1695. It appears there was a vacancy in the Wigtown Church extending over about six years—from the time of Mr. Hamilton's death till the appointment of his successor, Rev. Thomas Karr, or Kerr, who was settled as minister of Wigtown in the year 1701. He came to Wigtown from Dumfries, and his incumbency at Wigtown extended over 28 years. He seems to have been a man of excellent parts, and to have acted as moderator of his Session with great faithfulness, assiduity, and tact. When he was settled at Wigtown, he found matters much disorganised, as the following excerpt from the old Kirk Session books will show.

At the meeting of the Kirk Session held 4th March, 1701, being the first after he was ordained, among a number of queries submitted by Mr. Kerr are the following :—

"Whitherorno they had a Session Clerk? It was answered, They had none, but their schoolmaster, when they had one, performed that work for ordinary, for which he had the allowance of twentie merks out off the penalties of de-

linquents, in caice they extend to so much yearly, and for his presenting in ye congrega[n] the usuall casualties.

"Whitherorno they had any mortifications? Answered, They had none.

"Whitherorno they had any Church utensils, communion-cups, tables, and table-cloths? Answered, They had none.

"Whitherorno they had a Church bible? Answered, They remembered to have seen one here some considerable time ago, but what has become of it now, or in whose hands it is, they know not. It was recommended to them to enquire about it.

"Whitherorno they were wont to have stated meetings for prayer and privie censures? Answered, Not.

"The minister recommended to the severall members of the Session to bring in a full account from yr. severall quarters of persons yr. are lying under scandall, and not as yet processed and censured, which they promised to do against the next [meeting].

"The Session, considering that the neglect of stated meetings for prayer and privie censures hath been a great defect in times past, therefore they unanimously resolve, through the Lord's assistance, to have stated meetings for prayer and privie censures at least twice in the year for the time to come."

A useful man the schoolmaster must have been, uniting, as he seems to have done, in his person the qualifications necessary to render him fit not only to train the tender thought of the young in the district, but to keep the Session books, and lead the singing of the congregation. In those times we may well suppose that few people, even of the better class, could wield the pen, and fewer still wield it to any purpose. But the various Session Clerks who kept the Session's books were excellent penmen, their caligraphy being much superior to that of the Clerks of the Town Council of the same period.

A Separated Husband and Wife, and Sunday Drinking.

In accordance with their promise to act upon the minister's suggestion that they should report persons under scandal, at next meeting, held on 20th March, several cases were reported by the Session, among which we find it set forth that "Tho. Robieson and his wife, Janet Wilson, have not lived together as man and wife, but in separation one from another, without any known cause." It is also stated "yt Archibald Fullertown and his wife did drink in an ale-house near to the Kirk of Penningham during the whole time of sermon, upon a Sabbath-day lately, for qh he and she were cited to the Session of Penningham, but remitted by them to this Session. The Session appoints the minister and William Coltrane of Drummorall to conveen, if they can, the foresaid Thomas Robieson and his wife, Janet Wilson, and to deal with them in order to yr. regularity as man and wife; and to report yr. diligence against the nixt. It being sufficiently made evident befor this Session that the Session of Penningham did remitt Arch. Fullertone and his wife to this Session to be proceeded against for yr. scandal of Sabbath breaking by drinking during the whole time of sermon near to the Church of Penningham, and the foresaid scandal being very flagrant in this place, they appoint that they be cited to the nixt."

"3rd April. The minister reports yt. Provost Coltrane and he, according to appointment of the Session, conveened Tho. Robieson and his wife severall times, and after much dealing wt the said Thomas, they prevailed with him to take home his wife."

"May 13th. Arch Fullertone and his wife, Mary Gill, being cited, called, and compearing, they were interrogate whitherorno upon a Sabbath they did drink together in an ale-house at the Church of Penningham during the whole time of sermon, they both of them confessed the samine; and being seriously dealt with, and sharply rebuked and exhorted by the minister, they were appointed to withdraw a little, and they should hear the Session their mind anent

them. The Session, considering the hainous nature and aggravating circumstances of this scandal, by their unanimous vote they appoint the foresaid Arch. Fullertone and his wife, Mary Gill, to appear befor the congregation Sabbath come eight-days, and there to receive rebuke by the minister from the pulpite at the close of the forenoon service, for their sin of Sabbath breaking."

It was the custom at the time of which we are treating, and for a good while subsequently, to rebuke offenders such as the preceding from the pulpit, in presence of the congregation, especially breakers of the Seventh commandment, some of whom had to stand open rebuke on several Sabbaths, as we shall presently see. There was a part of the Church known as "the place of repentance," where these delinquents stood, clad in sackcloth. This mode of publicly administering church discipline has long ago ceased.

Delinquents had also to pay a penalty, which was 5s. in the case of poor people, and a higher sum for better-class folks.

Twa Drouthy Brithers.

At this same meeting, we read that "the session being informed that Alexr. Reid, yor., and Jo. Cowan, being employed by some of the merchants in the town to bring up some casks of brandy from the shoar to the town, the foresaid Alexr. Reid and Jo. Cowan did pierce one of the said casks, and drink to that degree of excess that they were not able to speak or walk, they are appointed to be cited to our nixt." Having appeared before the Session, these swillers were ordered to be rebuked publicly from the pulpit for their gross drunkenness and unfaithfulness to their masters.

In April a female under scandal "appeared before the Session in sackcloth upon the public place, and was rebuked;" and at a meeting of Session in May, a delinquent is

"admonished, and ordered to appear three severall Sabbath-days befor the congregation, and to be rebuked by the minister from the pulpite each day." He is also appointed to "pay his penalty to the thesaurer."

The Schoolmaster made Session Clerk and Precentor.

"At Wigtown, 14th August, 1701. The Session, considering that Mr. Robert Blan is now settled schoolmaster in this place, having produced sufficient testimonialls of his good behaviour elsewhere to the presby., and understanding that he is qualified to be a Precentor and Session-Clerk; they therefore by yr. unanimous vote admitt him to be yr. Clerk and Precentor; and appoints that for his encouragement he have yearly twenty merks out of the penalties exacted from delinquents, in case they extend to so much, and also appoints yt. he have the ordinary casualties yt. attend the baptismes and marriages. He being called in, this was intimated to him, and he promised to be faithful and diligent in the performance of what was laid before him by the minr., as his duty, according to the appointment of the Session."

Town and Parish Divided into Districts for Sessional Inspection.

"At Wigtown, October 16th, 1701. The Session proceeds to divide the town and parish, yt each member may have a speciall inspection of a part; and, first, they appoint Baillie Lafries to take special notice of the families betwixt the town-head and his own house on the north side of the street, and appoints Bailie M'Keand for his part the families from Bailie Lafries his house to provost Clugstone's Vennel, and appoints Drummorall to oversee from the Vennel down to the East Port on the north side, and from the East Port to Bailie Softlays' on the south side of the town; and appoints Baillie Softlays to observe the families yt are between his own house and the West Port, on the south side of the street; and Thomas M'Cluir from the West Port to the

town-head, on the south side of the street. In regard there is no elder in the landward Parish but Tho. M'Clelland, they appoint him to inspect the same as far as he can."

The above excerpt is of some value as throwing light upon the appearance of the town at the early time to which it refers. What strikes one is the apparent inequality of the various districts. That meted out to Bailie Lafries must have been a very small one, supposing "his house" to have been situated between the town-head and "Clugstone's" or High Vennel. (We have not been able to ascertain why High Vennel was then designated "Clugstone's Vennel," unless it was because the Provost of that name resided, or was principal proprietor, there.) Bailie M'Keand's district was also diminutive; but that assigned to "Drummorall," that is, Provost Coltrane, was of large dimensions, being from High Vennel down the North Main Street to the foot of the town (inclusive, we presume, of Low, or as it was anciently called, Friar's Vennel), and then up Bank Street and part of the south side of Main Street (no Harbour Road then) to the domicile of Bailie Softays. This latter elder had but a small district to superintend, being probably from the foot of the present Square to the houses opposite the mouth of High Vennel. The last district, which was assigned to Thomas M'Cluir, was of moderate size, being from the West Port to town-head, on the south side of the street. There was no "Agnew Crescent" then.

Care of the Poor.

The care taken by the Session of the necessitous and deserving poor, in those days when there was no systematic provision for their support, is beyond all praise. The minute of the last meeting referred to farther states that "the Deacons are always appointed to bring an accompt of the

state of the poor in those severall quarters wherein they reside, yt they may be supplied according to yr severall exigences, as far as the Session can."

The following may be taken as a specimen of the application of the practical charity of the Wigtown Church and congregation :—

"Wigtown, January 17th, 1712. The sd day, the Session, taking to consideration the case of the poor of the Paroch, they appoint Wm. Gibson the first day of every Quarter to supply out of the poor's money the persons after-named, as follows :—

Helen M'Keand, £1; James Walker, £1; Mary M'Whae, £1; Janet Cowan, 12s.; Janet M'Cormick, 10s.; Janet Houston, 12s.; Alexr. M'Crobin, 10s.; Elspeth M'il-Nae, 8s. scots; Christian Cutcheon, 12s."

"Wigtown, August 16th, 1713. The Session think fit for the future to meet at the end of every quarter to distribute to the poor of the paroch what shall be collected and found in the Treasurer's hands, and their next meeting to be on Friday next for that effect, and allows it to be proceeded in though no more than two of their members be present with the Treasurer."

In keeping with the kindly charge of the poor are the deeds embodied in the three following minutes :—

"January 17th, 1723. Helen Kinnier being in great poverty, and living in a Room in the Town that wants a Chimney, they order William Gibson to give her six shillings to help to build a chimney in the sd. Room."

"Wigtown, February 7th, 1723. James M'Crobin in Wigtown, being in the church on Sabbath last, his house fell, and he, being in great poverty, applied to the Session for a testimonial and likewise some supply from the Session. He being removed, and the Session considering the affair, order a testimonial to be given him, declaring him to be an object of charity. They appoint him likewise four pund Scots"—[6s. 8d.].

"Wigtown, April 18th, 1725. Janet M'Dowel having made her address to the Presbry for a public collection from all the parishes within the Presbry (as is informed this day by the Minr.), who in consideration that she has been obliged to pay ten pounds sterling to a chirurgeon for cutting her husband of the stone, who soon after deceased, and she being reduced to poverty by paying the sd summ, and having two small children; have appointed a day's collection in all the Parishes within their bounds for her; and the Session are fully satisfied that she is an object of Charity: but in regard there have been so many publick collections, and there are several others to be desired; and to prevent the people's murmuring as much as possible, the Sess: order five pund Scots [8s. 4d.] to be given to the sd Janet out of their box."

GIFT TO THE POOR OF WIGTOWN.

"Wigtown, November 12th, 1701. Provost Coltrane informs that Mr. Hugh Frazer, merchant at London, wrote to him 1698, to know the state of the poor within the Burgh and Parish of Wigtown, and that he (the said Provost) wrote back to him yt the darth of victuals had redacted many to hardships. After which, Mr. Frazer wrote again that he had bestowed ten pound sterline for the use of the poor of the parish of Wigtown, and ordered him to uplift the same from Baillie Blackwood, the one-half in money, the other in books. Whereupon he (the said provost) addressed himself to Baillie Blackwood, merchant in Edr., for the said money and books, qh was immmediately delivered to him and is now in his custody, and he offers the same to the Session upon demand. The Session, in the first place, appoint the minr. to write a letter of thanksgiving for the said gift to the foresaid Mr. Hugh Frazer, and they resolve to distribute a part of the books among the poor of the Parish, and to sell another part, and put the whole of the money gifted by Mr. Frazer, viz., the five pounds sterline, with the price of the books to be sold, into a solvent man's hand, if such an one can be had, who will receive it and the use yrof, to come in for the behove of the poor of the parish of Wigtoun."

Let us charitably hope that more than one solvent man could then be found in the Burgh!

"At Wigtown, 26th November, 1701. The minr. reports that he had written a letter of thanksgiving to Mr. Frazer for his gift to the poor of this town and parish, but hath not as yet had occasion to send it."

"At Wigtown, January 5th, 1702. The minr. reports yt he hath sent away Mr. Frazer's letter."

"At Wigtown, January 14th, 1702. The qlk day Drummorall [Provost Coltrane] gave account to the Session yt he had delivered to the minr. the Bibles and Catechisms qh were appointed by Mr. Frazer, mercht. at London, for the use of the poor of this Parish, being to the value of sixtie pounds Scots, and yt he had payd to Adam M'Murran three pounds Scots for carrying the same from Edr. to Wigtoun. Also yt he hath given in fifty-seven pounds Scots to the Session, qh is the whole of Mr. Frazer's gift to the poor of this Parish. The Session have immediately depositate the forsd. fifty-seven pounds Scots in the minr's. hands, and yy resolve to distribute a part of the Bibles and Catechisms among the poor in the town and parish, and to sell another part, and to secure the money yrof, with the former fifty-seven pounds Scots, in a fond for the use of the poor, and the severall members of the Session are appointed to enquire for a solvent hand (!) who will receive it and pay for the use yrof."

The Place of Repentance and the Sackcloth.

"Wigtown, March 5th, 1702. The Session appoints Mich. Shank to desire Pat. Garroch, mason, to repair the Place of Public Repentance, for qh he is to be payd by the Thesaurer. Also they appoint yr officer to buy five or six ells of sackcloth, and to cause make it in a gown, for qh he is to receive money from the Thesaurer.

Alleged Riot at Moss of Cree.

"Wigtown, January 27th, 1702. This day tabled a letter from Mr. Robert Rowand, minister at Penningham, informing yt. Andrew Taggart in this town, out off his drunkenness, left the town and came down to the Moss of Cree in company with Gilbert Herroun, in the Parish of Penningham,

who was also supposed to be drunk, yt. the said Andrew did cry and make a noise through the houses of the said Moss during a great part of the night, affrighting many with his loud cries and prophane language, and the said Mr. Rowand recommending it to the Session to call the foresaid Andrew Taggart to an account, the officer is appointed to cite him to the nixt." The boisterous Andrew was accordingly called, but he "positively denied drunkenness, but acknowledges yt he was not so suitable and sober in his carriage yt night as he ought to have been, for which he was sorry." He was "rebuked, with certificaⁿ, and dismissed."

Sessional Guarding of the Town against Night Drinking.

"Wigtown, January 27th, 1702. The Session this day taking to yr serious considraⁿ the frequent unseasonable night-drinking that is practised in this town, and the great abuses occasioned yrby, and particularly the great dishonour yt. is done to God, and contempt put upon religion; they unanimously appoint the minister in yr name to address the Magistrates and Town Council yt they would pass an act discharging all drinking in ale-houses after ten of the clock at night, with certificaⁿ of fynning the contraveners, and yt yy would appoint yr Officer to attend and accompany one of the members of this Session, to see how the foresaid act is observed and regarded."

On 12th, February the minister reported, "yt according to the Sessions appointment, he had addressed the Magistrates and Town Councill for the passing of an act discharging unseasonable drinking in ale-houses after ten of the clock at night: qh act is passed by the said Magistrates and Councill in the terms proposed to ym by the Session."

Provost Coltrane on the Temperance Beat.

"November 7th, 1703. The Session, for preventing of unseasonable drinking, and ye usual abuses yt follow yrupon, do appoint Drummorall [Provost Coltrane] to perambulate the town this week, every oyer night at least, after the ring-

ing of the ten hour bell; and William Gibson the next week in like manner; Bailie M'Keand the third; Maidland the fourth; Baillie Lafries the fifth; and Thomas M'Cluir the sixth; and to report yr diligence yrin."

"Wigtown, November 14th, 1704. Bailie M'Keand reports yt he perambulated the town the last week, but found none unsuitable in yr carriage."

"Wigtown, November 21st, 1705. The Session, considering that the winter season is now begun, and that severall people in this place are ready to sitt drinking after ten o'clock at night; the Session therefore appoint the Elders and Deacons residing within the Toun to go round the Toun after the ringing of the Ten hour Bell, to prevent unseasonable drinking."

"January 4th, 1706. The severall Elders and Deacons residing within the Toun did perambulate the Toun after the ringing of the Ten hour Bell, but discovered nothing unsuitable. They are appointed to continue, and to report to the next meeting of the Session."

These regulations on the side of sobriety are in advance of the Forbes Mackenzie Act.

Regulations against Sabbath Drinking.

May 29th, 1715. The Session "appoint William Gibson to go through the Town in time of serving the tables [on a sacrament Sabbath] to see there be no abuse; and the Provost promises to appoint an Officer to go along with him."

"Wigtown, June 7th, 1724. The Sacrament being fixed to be observed on the 14th June, John Kevvan, one of the Elders, was 'appointed to go through the town upon Sabbath, in time of Divine service, about 2 of the clock in the afternoon, to see if any be drinking in ale-houses, or going about wandering.'"

A Rioter.

"Wigtown, July 26th, 1702. The minister informs the Session that John Keaven was one night lately by past,

guilty of very outrageous and unchristian carriage, particularly of horrid swearing, and reviling, and reproaching of his neighbours in the sight of many witnesses, and dealt with the said John in private, but with little or no success; yrfor he caused cited the said John to this meeting of the Session. William Gibson also informs yt the sd. Jo. Keaven the foresaid night abused him in a very unaccountable manner, calling him "Judas yt carried the bag." (William Gibson was probably Treasurer of the Church.) John denied, and witnesses were ordered to appear at another meeting. On August 9th, John appeared before the Session, "and being seriously dealt with, he acknowledged his frequent profanation of God's name, his unchristian carriage in reviling and reproaching his neighbours." The Session unanimously "appoint him to appear befor the congregation this day fourteen days, upon the public place of repentance, to be rebuked for his gross swearing and reproaching of his neighbours."

A Bacchanalian Boatman, and Speaking to "an Excommunicated Person."

At a meeting of the Session on 11th April, 1703, one of the members of the Session informed his brother members that Alexander Milmyne, boatman, and his son, were seen drunk upon the streets "to that degree yt they could scarcely walk." The same day, the Session was also informed "yt James M'Crobine had conversed with James Carruthers, an excommunicated person qn lately in this place, notwithstanding yt the whole congregatn were warned of the said James Carruthers. He was appointed to be cited to the nixt."

At next meeting, "Alexr and Jo. Milmyne being interrogate whitherorno they had been drunk about three weeks ago in this place to yt degree yt they could scarce walk upon the streets without hazard of falling, they owned, both of ym, yt they were drunk, and expressed yr sorrow for the same." At a subsequent meeting they were "dismissed with a Sessional rebuke and certificaⁿ yt if yy fall into this sin again, they will be censured with a public rebuke from the pulpite."

"James M'Crobine acknowledged yt he had conversed with James Carruthers, an excommunicate man, but rashly and inconsiderately." He was exhorted, ordered to be more cautious for the future, and dismissed.

Arrangements for Celebrating the Communion.

"July 6th, 1704. The sacrament being to be celebrated here Sabbath next, the Session recommends it to the minister to borrow communion cups where yy may be had; and Bailie Lafries to provide tokens, for qh he is to be payd. Tables and table cloths are provided already, and to be payd for afterwards. Appoints Bailie M'Keand and Jo. Carson to collect on Sunday next at the Meikle Style; and Maidland and J. Keaven at the Little Style. The Session likewise appoint Bailie Lafries and Thomas M'Clelland to collect on the communion Sabbath at the Meikle Style; and Thomas M'Clur and William Gibson to collect at the Little Style. Upon Monday of the communion, Bailie M'Keand and Jo. Carson are to collect at the Meikle Style; and Achleand and Michael Shank to collect at the Little Style."

We have already pointed out the disorganised condition of Wigtown Church at the beginning of Mr. Kerr's incumbency. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that even at the date of the preceding minute the Church utensils should still be incomplete.

Alleged Gross Immorality on the part of Provost Coltrane.

"Wigtown, October 26th, 1704.—A member of the Session informing yt Drummorall desired him to acquaint the Session yt he could not attend yr dyets till some things laid to his charge should be cleared, qh the Session thought fit and reasonable, especially on this account yt yy certainly understand the Session of Minnigaff intented a process agst him for alleadged gross immorality committed by him in yt Parish."

Old Coltrane "Giving Himself to the Devill."

"May 19th, 1706.—This day the minister represents to the Session that a member of the Session having informed him fryday last, after nyne o'clock at night, that Drummorall, elder, was drinking in Patt. Kincaid's to great excess; whereupon he (the minister) after ten o'clock at night did circumambulate the Toun, and from the middle of the street he overheard the said Drummorall prophaning the sacred name of God, in swearing frequently by it, and frequently giving himself to the Devill, in presence of severall within the house, Patt. Kincaid and his wife and maiden, and from the streets severall heard him (many people being gathered together by reason of the noise), particularly Mr. William Laffries and John M'Naught. About half ane hour after ten o'clock at night, the said Drummorall left patrick Kincaid's house and went to John Telfair's house, where he did drink and swear in the like maner. Whereupon he (the minister) went and knocked at the door, and John Telfair coming to the door he desyred him to acquaint Drummorall that he would speak with him without, with a design to advise him to go home quietly and peacably; but he (Drummorall) refused to come to the door, and desyred that the minister might come in, which accordingly he did, and advised Drummorall earnestly to go home in regard it was near to twelve o'clock at night, whereat he raged and was in great fury, taking instruments in Maidland's hands that the minister desyred him to go home who was Sheriff Deput and judge of the place. Upon which the minister left him. The Session, considering what is above, they appoint the minister to deal privately with Drummorall, and to advise with some of the ministers of the Synod anent it; the said Drummorall being in the station of ane elder."

"Wigtown, May 29th.—The minister reported that he had dealt with Provost Coltrane with respect to the scandal of gross swearing and unseasonable drinking, but without success. He also sought advise of some of the ministers of the Synod, whose judgment was that he should be dealt with and processed before the Session with all prudence. The Session appoints Bailie Lafries, Tho. M'Clellan, and Sam.

M'Naught, to converse with the said Drummorall, and appoints the minister to cite him to the next."

On June 2nd, the Bailie and his brethren reported that they had conversed with Drummorall, "with but little satisfaction." Being at that meeting, Drummorall confessed that "he was guilty of swearing in Patt. Kincaid's, for which he was sorry, but denyed that he was guilty of swearing in John Telfart's." He being removed, and the Session "considering what Drummorall hath now confessed, and that not long since he was convicted of swearing by the Session of Monigaff, and that being in the station of ane elder there was much scandal and offence given by his unwatchfulness; and it being put to the vote, it was carried unanimously that the said Drummorall should be laid aside from his office for some time, ay and while he should give such suitable evidence of holy, tender, and spiritual walk and conversation as should clear them to invite him to sitt with them again; and that he be immediately rebuked."

Alas! "Drummorall," we fear you stand in too much need of Sheriff Napier's patent polish!

Local Sirens.

"March 17th, 1706. The Session, this day considering that there are severall singing young weomen that do live privatly in houses in the Toun, and that thereby hath been formerly so much sin and leudness, and occasioned tentation to others. The Session, therefore think it fitt that the Magistrates and Toun Councill be applyd, if not for the extruding, yet for the discharging of such to live in houses their alone: as also to discharge all families within the Burgh to receive servants that want sufficient testimonialls; and likewayes that the parents of children be obliged to keep their children from extravaging and committing abuses on the Sabbath-days. The minister is appointed to represent these things to the Magistrates and Councill, and to report."

"March 24th. The minister reports that he addressed the Magistrates and Council, according to appointment of last session, and they promise to observe what was recommended."

The Knife and Gun.

"Wigtown, 30th January, 1707. This day a member of the Session informs that Sam. M'Connell in town was excessively drunk on Sunday was eight days, and as an evidence thereof he drew a knife to stab Alexr. Gulline. The knife being taken from him, he went home to his own house to bring a gun to shoot him." At a subsequent meeting "Sam" denied the knife, but confessed that he threatened to bring a gun to shoot Gulline, but "did it not." He received a Sessional rebuke, and was dismissed.

A Slanderer.

On April 28th, 1706, Mary M'Comb was charged with defaming Elizabeth Coltrane, but denied that she had done so, or imprecated curses upon her; but she confessed that she had wished that Elizabeth Coltrane might "bear a bairn in disgrace."

This case came also before the civil magistrate, and Mary was convicted and sentenced. This, however, did not meet with the approval of the Session, as the following shows:— At a *pro-re-nata* meeting of Session on the 5th May, the minister said "he thought himself obliged to call the Session together, because he understood that the Commisar of Wigtown hath passed a decreit appoynting Mary M'Comb (now under process before this Session), who is convicted of slandering Elis. Coltrane and others judicially before him, to appear at the Kirk-door of Wigtown Sabbath next, from nyne of the clock to the beginning of Divine worship, with a paper upon her breast bearing that she hath maliciously slandered Eliz. Coltrane and others; and at the mercat cross on Monday thereafter, and make satisfaction for the samen; and he (the minister) is of the opinion that the decreit foresaid is a manifest encroachment upon the Church's Liberty and Discipline." The Session endorsed the minister's views, and "for the exoneration of their consciences, and for a Testimony against such encroachments," appointed a committee to repair to the first meeting of the Commissar Court, and protest against the first part of the decreit; which they emphatically did. It appears that Mary M'Comb came to the Kirk-door of her own accord to fulfil

the sentence of the "Commissar;" but none of his officers being present to fix the paper upon her, she went into the Church. She had, however, by orders of the Session, to stand rebuke on the place of repentance, at the close of the sermon, for slander.

Prayer and Humiliation.

"May 29th, 1715. Appoynts a meeting of the Session Friday next, at 12 o'clock, for prayer and humiliation on account of the continued tempestuousness of the weather, threatening the fruits of the earth."

Proposed Extrusion of Scandalous Persons.

"Wigtown, 15th September, 1815.

The minr. represents yt he addressed the Magistrates for the extruding of Agnes Stewart and other scandalous persons, unworthy to be entertained in an incorporation; but that he met with nothing but delays. Therefore he, in the name of the Session, left the Sin and Scandal of it at their doors. The Session approves of what the Minister hath done, and sists proceeding any further as to this."

Pulling off a Wooer's Wig.

"Wigtown, 13th September, 1719. This day the minr., having called the Session *pro re-nata*, David M'Kie of Maidland gave in a paper to the Session containing the representation and Complaint of Jean M'Kie, his daughter, the tenor whereof follows:—'On Thursday night last, being the 10th of this instant, Rachael M'Kie, spouse to William M'Kie, came to my father's Kitchen door, betwixt 8 & 9 o'clock at night, and knocked at the door, desiring I might speak to her. So I came out to her, and we went to the streets, and I asked what she would do with me, and she said she was desirous to speak with me a little, and bade me go down the way and take a walk this good night. So I went along towards her own house, and when that length she desired me to walk down to the Liggat, and all this time was speaking anent Provost Gulline's courtship; so went on the length of the new Schoolhouse, where we stood a little,

but she pressed me to walk further; so by persuasion went with her to the foot of the Yards, and when there a little she made a host, looking round about her; so I said to her, It seems some one is to meet you here, but she said not; at which time I began to Jealouse some evil design towards me, thinking in my own mind what her brother James had expressed to some folks what he would do to me; so I would stay no longer, and then we were come but the length of Alexr. Stewart's barn-end, when we met the sd. James alone, and going hastily, and he asked where we had been. I told him we were taking a walk, and he bids me go back again. I positively refused, and immediately he takes me by the two Shoulders, saying, ye shall go back: then I said I would cry at Mr Kerr [the minister] and Prov. Gulline, that were walking at the Tolbooth, but he still bade me hold my tongue and go back; so, being fully persuaded of their evil designs toward me. I pulled off his wig, and got myself out of his hands, calling him an imperious Villain; he should not get his designs against me fulfilled, which he bregged of to others. [From the next part of the "Representation and Complaint" it appears that the "imperious villain" thought if he could secure Maidland's daughter's heart he would secure Maidland farm too]. Then his sister says when we parted, "D——l tak' you and the Maidland baith!" By all which actings and speeches evidently appears their base and wicked designs toward me. Therefore it is hoped the Session will take course with and punish such persons to the terror of others to comit the like in time coming, the like not being heard of in this country." The Session ordering James and Rachael M'Kie to appear, they partly confessed what had been done, but denied "evil designs."

An Exposure.

"Wigtown, 3rd May, 1719. The Session having considered the affair [a case of uncleanness], appoint Janet M'Clean to begin for public compearance on Sabbath come eight days: to put on the sackcloth at the ringing of the second Bell, and to stand at the Church door till the ringing of the third, and to continue in her compearance in all respects, according to the discipline of this Church."

Sharp Practice.

"3rd May, 1719. Thomas M'Clellan, an Elder of this Session, having fallen under scandal by taking his neighbour's ground over his head, the Session took notice of it. They dealt with his conscience in order to conviction. He owned and acknowledged his sin in that matter, declared he was sorry for it, and promised to the Session that tho' he had the tack of his neighbour's ground, yet he would not take possession of it. Whereupon it was put to the vote of the Session, Rebuke him Sessionally, or inflict a more public censure; and it was carried unanimously that he should be rebuked judicially before the Session, if the said Thomas would promise judicially before them not to make use of the said Tack to the detriment of John M'Clellan his present possession of the half of Caslae. Whereupon the said Thomas was called in, and gave his solemn promise that, thro' the grace of God, he would not make use of the tack obtained from Phisgill to the Detriment of John M'Clellan his present possession of the one-half of Caslae; and thereupon the Session unanimously appoint the minr. to rebuke him for his above-mentioned scandal, and to exort him to more Caution and tenderness for the future, which accordingly was done." It would appear, however, that Thomas appealed to the Presbytery against the judgment of the Session, and that the Presbytery disapproved of the harshness of the Session towards "the said Thomas."

The Minister and the Beadle.

"Wigtown, 19th June, 1721. This day the minr. gave in a paper to the Session, the Tenor whereof follows:—'The Session may remember that when they admitted Alexr. Reid to be their officer, it was only for the space of one year, that they might take a Tryal of him, and tho' his management in that station has not been what it ought, yet I delayed to make any Representation about him, after the year was elapsed, still hoping to have brought him the length of a careful performance, according to the promise he gave to the Session to be faithful. I will neither take up the Session's time, nor trouble my Self to give a detail of several instances wherein he has acted contrary to his

promise to be faithful. Only, there is one thing so notour, and which hath given so great Offence to the Burgh and Paroch, that the Session is obliged necessarily to take it under consideration, and that is, concerning his making of the Graves, which he makes ofttimes so shallow that the upper part of the Coffin comes frequently within a foot, or less than a foot, of the Superfice of the Earth. Frequent Complaints have been made to me upon this head, and I have spoken to him very often, both in private and at public interments, still hoping to prevail with him to do his Duty, but without any effect. For upon Thursday last, when I was at the burial of a poor man that died in the Town, and who was buried at the expense of the public, I observed the grave that in some place it had scarce 2 foot of deepness. Whereupon I was obliged to cause lay down the corpse until the grave should be made deeper. Whereupon the said Alexr. Reid uttered all the approbrious, reproachful, and Scurrilous Language that his corrupt heart could contrive, or his poisonous tongue could express against me publicly, to the Surprise of all that were present, and several then declared that they were persuaded that if there had been a Magistrate present he would have caused the said Alexr. to have been incarcerate. I was obliged to withdraw, after he had declared to me, 'You are in a great fear about your life, that must have the graves made this deep and that deep. I lived better (said he) before I got your Beddalship than since, for by waiting on the duties of it I have lost ten pund wages. However,' says he, 'I defy you to put me out of my Office,' with a great deal worse Language, which I will not allow my Self to come over. Some of the members of the Session will declare that I have only mentioned the softest part of his language. The Session will, I hope, consider that as I have the charge of the Souls of this people, so I am to testifie likewise all the regard to the natural life and health of my people. And if my life and health were only in danger, and no other person's in the Congregation, I could rest the more content, tho' I have a principle of self-preservation common to me with others. I have laboured in weakness among this people for twenty years past, and have never met with any such abuse from any of them as from this Beddel. Tho' I

know assuredly that the magistrate would readily grant his concurrence for punishment of him, yet I resolve to make no such application, and all that I desire the Session to do in this matter is to see if they can have such an Officer as will obey them and me with respect to the duties of this office, which, considering how great work we have upon our hands, is very necessary. When a Servant tells his Constituents that though they put him in the Office, yet it is not in their power to put him out of this Office, no more service is to be expected, for he does not reckon himself accountable to his constituents.

"The Session having considered the affair, and particularly the affront and contumelious language he gave the Minr., in such a public way, they agree to suspend him both from Office and Benefice as Kirk Officer and Beddal for the space of half-a-year, and then, upon better behaviour, is to be reponed. The said Alexr. Reid being called in, and the sentence intimate to him, declared it was not in the Session's power to put him from his Office, and thereupon took instruments in the Clerk's hands."

"Wigtown, 26th June, 1721. The Minr. represents that because he does not incline on personal injuries, he is willing that the sentence of suspension be taken off the former Officer, and he restored to his Office, providing he acknowledge his fault before the Session, and engage to be faithfull for the future; which the said Alexr. Reid did accordingly. The Session having considered the affair, repone him to his Office and Benefice till Martinmas next, for a further Tryal, and to be continued upon his good behaviour. The Session further enjoyns that all graves be made four foot deep, and those for children three foot deep at least; and that, where the ground is very hard, his Employers allow him somewhat above the Ordinary; and that a Pick be provided for that end, and kept allanerly for that use."

The Christian forbearance of the "minr.," displayed in the preceding "paper," is as remarkable as the impertinence of the "Beddall" which called it forth.

The Contumelious Beadle Again.

Wigtown, 29th November, 1731. The Magistrates were present at this meeting. "Whereas it is represented by the Rev. Mr. Boyd, our minr., that Alexr. Reid, Beddal, had upon Thursday night last come into his Room on his own accord, and given him, viz., the sd. Mr. Boyd very opprobrious language; the Sess. and Magistrates do declear themselves very dissatisfied with Alexr. Reid for this conduct; and considering that the said Alexr. Reid had several years ago used the Rev. Mr. Thomas Karr, their late minr., in the like manner (as appears by the Session book now read), upon which account he was then suspended, but afterwards reponed and continued in office and Benefice, only for tryal of his good behaviour, and seeing he has been guilty of such misbehaviour again, contrary to his promise *de fideli* when chosen, do therefore think it proper, and hereby do remove him from his office of being Beddal and Kirk-Officer in this Parish."

Three days afterwards, "in consideration that the place cannot be long without a Beddal and Kirk-Officer," Robert Beath, "a indweller in the Town," was chosen for the vacant offices.

On 9th February, 1738, a Beadle was wanted, and "the Session having talked about one to be Kirk-Officer and Beadle, do delay fixing of any untill they have opportunity of meeting with the Magistrates to know who they shall think fitt to give their hand-bell and making of the graves unto, seeing these and Kirk-Officer are always in one person; and Mr. Boyd is to take trial of David M'Kie, after conversing them, if they consent."

Scandalous Shooters.

"Wigtown, 17th January, 1723. The minr. informs that upon the first day of January last, being a Presbry day, which was intimate from the pulpit Sabbath before, and sermon to be that day, yet, notwithstanding, and in contempt of the ordinances of God, a considerable number of

Persons, inhabitants of this place, went forth of the town to a public Shooting, and ordered the Drum to go thro' the Town as the last bell was ringing in order to sermon; which was very displeasing to the Presbry when meeting, being a remarkable contempt of the ordinances of God. The minister informs he had caused cite John Milhench, the person who put forth the prize to be shot for that day, and likewise Samuel Keand, Drummer, who confidently beat the Drum during the ringing of the last Bell. The sd. John Milhench being called, compeared, and being expostulated with for his putting contempt on the ordinances the foresd. day, and doing all that was capable to make an interruption and give disturbance to the minrs. and God's people in the worship of God, and appeared to have little sense of any offence given that way, and being required to give down the names of the persons his confederates in the foresd. contempt, he only named Quintin Kennady, James Keachy, Mr. James Chrystie, and James Maxwel, and says he forgot the rest. Samuel Keand called, compeared, and being interrogate why he beat the Drum dureing the ringing of the last bell, when ye Minrs. and People were going to attend the ordinances, he answers he had orders from Provost Boyd; being interrogate, second, if he had orders to beat the Drum at the precise time when Minrs. and people were going to the church, answered, not; but that John Milhench gave him orders for that. He being expostulated with for his contempt of ordinances and his endeavour to obstruct the dispensation of them, he said he behove to beat the Drum when he was commanded, and appeared to have very little sense of the scandal he had given. He being removed, and the Session considering the atrociousness of his Crime and that he hath frequently in times past been allowed the privilege of Sealing ordinances, they did by their unanimous vote suspend him from sealing ordinances, and to be continued under process to further sentence. He was called in, and this intimate to him, and he cited to the next."

Jo. Milhench and the shooters given down by him were appointed to be cited to the next likewise. At subsequent meetings the offending "Shooters" appeared before the

Session, but the most of them could not say that they were guilty of the contempt laid to their charge. Some of them, however, did admit their guilt, among whom was the Drummer, and they were suitably reproved.

The Tent.

"Wigtown, 17th February, 1726. The Session having before the Sacrament appointed Michael Henderson to make up a Tent for preaching in without, whereof they gave him the plan, the Tent is accordingly made, and he hath given in his Accott. of Deals, nails, and workmanship, he is payd in part out of the penalties, and the Remainder is to be payed him out of the penalties at the next Stated Accott., the Particulars whereof to be insert in the next Stated Accott."

Precentor's Complaint.

"Wigtown, 13th October, 1728. This day, Mr. William Softlaw, Precentor and Session-Clerk, representing that a great many both in Town and Parish that have their children baptised, and yet acknowledge him nothing for recording their children's names in the Session-book, and that this, if duly paid, is the most considerable emolument that he has as Precentor and Session-Clark, and that it is a very great discouragement to him, especially when his Circumstances obliges him to provide a Precentor and likewise one to write for him when the Sess. is sitting: Therefore the Sess. in all times coming appoint the Officer to collect from every Parent that has a Child Baptised four pence sterling, with certification to the said Officer that if the Parent refuse payment, and yet he Set up the water, he himself shall be lyable; but the Sess. discharge him, in case of the refusal of payment, to put up the water; and further, the Session appoints the Precentor to satisfie the Officer for collecting the same, and also appoints the said Mr. Softlaw to give in a List of those Deficient in payment for times past at the next meeting of the Session, in order to their being citted to the Sess: and it being a matter of importance to Parents and children to have

their names put in the records of the Session, and having, and continuing to be, the Laudable practice of the Church of Scotland, the Sess. finds themselves under indispensable necessity to join with the Church in this matter; otherways they cannot be answerable to superior judicatories; and that none may pretend ignorance in this Burgh and Parish, the Sess. appoints intimation of this act to be made in the Congregation the Sabbath next."

The Session-Clerk's Salary.

"Wigtown, 26th March, 1731. The Session, taking into consideration that the Session-book is not filled up for several years, and the reason of it being alleged to be the precariousness of the Clark's Sallery, do now hereby fix it to be in time coming twenty merks Scots"—[£1, 2s. 3d.].

Vagrant Beggars.

"Wigtown, 25th May, 1735. It being intimate to the Session that the Magistrates had taken a method to restrain vagrant, stranger, and sturdy beggars (that abound this season of the year) from molesting the place, and for that end had appointed Finlaw Crakan, Officer, to banish them out of the Town, as soon as they appeared; the sd. Magistrates desiring the Session's concurance in the sd. affair, and to interpose their authority; likewise they hereby declare themselves satisfied, to join with the sd. method, and that in order that our own poor may be better provided, and do appoint Two pence sterling per week to be given out of the poor's money to the sd. Finlaw for some months hence, as the Session shall judge necessary, while diligent in the matter."

We hope "the sd. Finlaw" did approve himself "diligent in the matter" for his munificent allowance of Twopence per week.

A "Fundline Child."

"Wigtown, 1st June, 1740. The Session considering that there was a child exposed at the Kirkland Liggat upon

Thursday last, and there found, after all proper search for the mother, and none found, the burden will ly upon the Parish, the Session appoint Mr. Boyd, Mr. M'Knaight, and John Carson, as a Quorum of their number, to meet to-morrow, in order to make agreement with a person to nurse and take care of sd. child."

Collection for the "Fundline."

"Wigtown, 14th February, 1742. The Session, considering the great charge of paying for the nursing and boarding of the Fundline Child straitens the poor, do therefore appoint two day's Collection for the support of sd. Fundline, and to be intimated the Lord's-day before the collection to be made, and people to be exorted to give for that end. The intimation to be made next Lord's-day, and the collection the two following Lord's days."

"August 3rd, 1743. The Session Acc^{ts} with John White for his keeping the Fundling Child, and have given him a Drawght upon Elizabeth Milroy, Relict of John M'Clellan in Auchland, who is indebted to the Session for Two pound, sixteen shillings, and sixpence half-penny, sterling money, which, with what is formerly given, pays all that is due untill the 29th of August Instant, being 3 years and one quarter."

THE CHURCHYARD.

We will now enter the Churchyard—that thickly peopled City of the Dead—for the purpose of gleaning some interesting information therefrom. We obtain access by mounting a few stones which form a stair over the wall at its south-east corner. Striking off a little in a westerly direction among the gravestones, we alight upon a plain erect one bearing the following inscription, which is not

remarkable for its perspicuity and grammatical accuracy :—

"This Stone
is erected by James
M'Crackan, Linen Manufacturer, and Janet Skimming Spouses, who is the son of John M'Crackan, Weaver, and Elizabeth Stewart Spouses, died 1761 aged 78. Which was the son of James M'Crackan, Weaver, and Catherine Hannay Spouses, died 1731 aged 82, who was the son of John M'Crackan, Farmer, and Janet Fraser Spouses, died 1680 aged 75 years."

On the back of this stone we deciphered, with some difficulty, the following verse :—

"Frazers, M'Crackans near this stone here lys,
Twelve generations, many familys ;
Those antient Clans Each age to dust did com
May teach that here is not our fixed home."

It is worthy of remark that the persons mentioned as being interred in this spot were very long-lived—75, 78, and 82 respectively.

Not far from this stone stands one similar in size, to the memory of "Gilbert Heron, Burgess in Wigtoun, who died 15th May, 1730, aged 40 years." On the back we read: "This was erected at the expences of Patk and Andr Herons, his sons, linen drapers in London." Then come the following lines :—

"Farewell vain world I've had enough of the,
And now I'm careless what thow sayst of me,
Thy smiles I court not nor thy frowns I fear,
My days are past my head lies quiet here.
Vain worldly pomp and grandeur shun,
My glass is done, and yours far run."

Two skulls, with a sandglass between, are appropriately carved below these lines.

Moving a little in a north-easterly direction, and close beside the ruins of the old Church, we come upon another

small erect stone, which, from the quaintness of the poetical lines upon it, has attracted much attention. Upon it we find the following inscription :—

"Here lies the corpse of Andrew Cowan of Croft Angry, who died June the 6th, 1776, aged 70 years. And his son William lies beside him who died Feby. the 21st, 1778, aged 17 years—

> And his Son John of honest fame.
> Of stature small and a leg lame.
> Content he was with portion small.
> Keeped shop in Wigtown and that's all.

Who died August the 21st, 1779, aged 32 years."

Several years ago, the Rev. Dr. Alex. Wallace of Glasgow delivered a temperance address in the Assembly Rooms, Wigtown. He told his hearers that, having visited the Churchyard, he was struck by the lines engraved upon this stone of the Cowans. He stated that in the course of his travels in the Holy Land, he arrived one day at a spot near Joppa, where a number of women were seated on the ground round a well, celebrating, even at that distant period of time, the praises of Dorcas, mentioned in Scripture as having been "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." The rev. Dr. took occasion to contrast the noble testimony which these females bore to departed worth with the announcement made on this gravestone regarding the person who merely "Keeped shop in Wigtown and that's all." The Doctor's remarks were perfectly good in one sense; but we think there is much to be commended in the character which "John of honest fame" bore, according to this inscription. To be contented with "portion small" is a virtue which we seldom meet with now-a-days, when men haste to be rich, and allow themselves very little time or opportunity quietly to enjoy

the blessings which Providence may have, in moderate measure, meted out to them.

At this part of "God's Acre" we notice a long thin stone leaning against the wall of the old ruined church. It was excavated from the burying-ground of the M'Culloch's of Torhouse several years ago. In *Lands and their Owners*, Mr. M'Kerlie says, in noticing the M'Culloch family of Torhouse: "James was slaughtered by George Murray of Brochtoun in November, 1607, and in visiting the churchyard at Wigtown in 1873, the sexton pointed out to us a headstone which he had dug out of the Torhouse burial ground, on which was cut a straight-bladed sword, with handle and guard of the Roman pattern. We also made out A.D. 1608, with the initials I M C. There is a slight discrepancy as to date, but that the stone was erected to the memory of James M'Culloch seems beyond doubt." The stone is about five feet long, and one broad; and the sword runs down nearly the entire length.

The ruins of the old Parish Church, beside which we now stand, are apt to mislead strangers as to their age. They look picturesque to a degree, with their broken ivy-mantled walls. But the fact is, the old Church was worshipped in till about only a quarter of a century ago, and the present parish Church, a little to the east of the old one, was opened on 1st May, 1853.

Let us, in our ramble through the Auld Kirkyard, so thickly studded with memorial stones, turn our steps now in a westerly direction until we arrive at a flat stone resting upon four props, and bearing the following inscription:—

HIS LABOVR IN SEVERAL PIARTS IN THE

ARCHIBALD, AND HENRY, WHICH THREE ARE NOW MINISTERS IN THE PRESBETYTRY OF EDINBRUGH. HE HAD A MILD, BLEST READY WIT AND ART; IN TROUBLES HAD A PATIENT, CHEERFUL HEART; AMBITION FROM HIS BREAST WAS FAR REMOVD, HIS FACE FAIR WEATHER SPAKE, TRUE PEACE HE LOVED; EASIE OF ACCESS, GRAVE YET AFFABLE FOR SPEECH; HIS PAINS VNWEAIRED TO HIS DEATH DID REACH: CHRIST'S CONSTANT SERVANT, PASTOR DILIGENT; A PREACHER CLEAR, MUCH TIME IN PRAYER HE SPENT; HE LIVED AS TO DIE EACH PRESENT DAY, AND DIED IN FAITH OF LIFE AND JOYS FOR AY.

CHRONOSTICUM.

1695 JVNE THE TWENTIE NYNTH
SEAVENTIE FIVE OVTRUN
WHERE I WITH JOY DID PAS ABOVE THE SUN ANAGER
ARCHBALD HAMILTOVN: I'M A NOBL MILD HEART;
53 YEARS HE PASTOR HAVING BEEN, AS IN SORBIE,
WIETOVN, AND BANGER HATH BEEN SEEN.

I		I
E		I
H	[In this vacant space there seems to have ori-	HE
B	ginally been a continuation of the inscription, as	D
C	some stray letters are observable at the sides.	E
C	The middle appears to have been ground down,	S
C	as it is slightly hollow.]	E
S		E

AT WIGTOWN, WHO WAS AGED 75, AND A MINR. ABOVE 52 YEARS, WHO AFTER CALED MARY, AND THREE SONS CALED JOHN,

MR. ARCHIBALD HAMILTOUNE, MINR. OF THE GOSPEL BEHIND HIM ON DAVGHTER

HERE SLEEPETH IN JESVS, IN HOP OF A GLORIVS RESUVRECTION, THE BODY OF LORD'S VINEYARD, CAME TO HIS REST JVNE 29, 1695, LEAVING

The above is a typographical *fac simile* of the inscripition on this stone. The 'Chronosticum' has been thought to record the different places of Mr. Hamilton's ministration. The 'Anager,' or Anagram, is the formation of the words, 'I'm a noble mild hart,' by the transposed letters of the minister's name. A good anagram is formed by the following transposition of the letters of the word *Presbyterians*—

Best in prayers. This latter anagram is a *pure* one : the one formed by Mr. Hamilton's name is *impure*, or not strictly correct. A latin anagram is formed by the transposition of the letters forming the words of the question asked of our blessed Saviour by Pilate : *Quid est veritas?—What is Truth? Est vir qui adest.—It is the Man who is present.* Although Pilate did not wait for a reply to the important question he had flippantly put, we know Who said on another occasion, "*I am* the Way, and *the Truth*, and the Life."

Mr. Hamilton's epitaph seems to have been renewed, as the letters are deeply cut. The obliteration of the lettering at the foot of the stone may be accounted for by the fact that as that part of the stone is very near what was the main entrance to the old church, people would be in the habit of sitting upon it while the congregation was gathering.

This Mr. Hamilton was the "outed" minister of Wigtown at the time when under the cruel and profligate reign of the Second Charles hireling Episcopalian curates were forced into the churches of the faithful Presbyterian ministers of the Church of Scotland. Mr. Hamilton, as the gravestone before us shows, survived the troublesome times of the Persecution, and returned to his former charge at Wigtown, where he came to a peaceful end seven years after the glorious Revolution had terminated the fearful ravages of the "Killing times" which had so terribly desolated Covenanting Scotland.

A little to the south of Mr. Hamilton's tablet, we fall in with the gravestone of Peterick Coltrone, Provost of Wigtown. It is a flat stone resting upon four short columns, but recently it has been broken through the middle. We are afraid none of the inhabitants of Wigtown or district will feel inclined to act the part of "Old Mortality" with reference to it, and try to re-instate it by repairing and setting it in its original

position, as it gets the name of being the spot where rest the remains of Provost Coltrane of persecuting fame. This stone is inscribed to the memory of Peterick Coltrone, who died 1674. This Peterick was not the Provost Coltrane of the bad fame, whose christian name was William, and who died 8th November, 1708; but it is highly probable that Peterick was William's father, and that the son's remains were interred in the grave of his sire, though the son is not mentioned on the stone.

THE WIGTOWN MARTYRS.

Though "not fortified either with the courage, or the grey mare of Tam o' Shanter,"* we are not afraid to draw near reverently to the objects which possess by far the greatest interest in the Churchyard, namely the Martyr's gravestones. They stand a little to the north of the old ruined Church. Formerly they were placed close to the north wall of the old Church—the bodies of the Martyrs having probably been interred there as indicating that they were considered *criminals*—but when the Church was in course of being taken down, the tombstones were removed, for their safety, a few yards in a northerly direction, where they now stand. The first thing that strikes the visitor is the antiquated style of lettering on these stones, being most undoubtedly that of the period of the Revolution, as is evident by a comparison with other stones of the same era. All the letters are capitals, and in the antique connected method.

The largest of the stones is that which commemorates the martyrdom of Margaret Wilson. It is a thin flat stone resting upon four pillars about a foot high. The exact orthography and position of the words inscribed are as follow :—

* Sheriff Napier's "Case for the Crown," page 139.

HERE LYES MARGRAT
WILLSON DOUGHTER
TO GILBERT WILLSON
IN GLENVERNOCH
WHO WAS DROUND
ANNO 1685 AGED 18.

LET EARTH AND STONE STILL WITNESS BEARE
THEIR LYES A VIRGINE MARTYRE HERE
MURTHER'D FOR OUNING CHRIST SUPREAME
HEAD OF HIS CHURCH AND NO MORE CRIME
BUT NOT ABJURING PRESBYTRY,
AND HER NOT OUNING PRELACY,
THEY HER CONDEM'D BY UNJUST LAW;
OF HEAVEN NOR HELL THEY STOOD NO AW.
WITHIN THE SEA TY'D TO A STAKE,
SHE SUFFERED FOR CHRIST JESUS SAKE;
THE ACTORS OF THIS CRUEL CRIME
WAS LAGG. STRACHAN. WINRAM. AND GRHAME.
NEITHER YOUNG YEARES NOR YET OLD AGE
COULD STOP THE FURY OF THERE RAGE.

Near to Margaret Wilson's stone is that erected to the memory of her aged fellow-sufferer—Margaret Lauchlane. It is of small size, upright, and rests upon a socket of stone. The top edge is waved, and at one corner is a terminating scroll, the scroll at the other corner having apparently been broken off. On this waved top the words ME MENTO MORI are engraved. On one side of the stone we read:—

HERE LYSE
MARGRAT LACHLANE
WHO WAS BY UN
JUST LAW SENTENC
ED TO DIE BY LAGG
STRACHANE WIN
RAME AND GRHAME
AND TYED TO A
STAKE WITHIN THE
FLOOD FOR HER

SURNAMED GRIER

On the other side, below a sketch of two bones and a skull, the inscription is continued thus :—

ADHERENCE
TO SCOTLAND'S RE
FORMATION COVE
NANTS NATIONAL
AND SOLEMN LEAGUE
AGED 63 1685.

The third of the Martyrs' grave-stones, which completes the group, is one a little larger than Margaret M'Lauchlane's, and, like hers, having a waved top edge with the words ME MENTO MORI running along it. The inscription on this stone is as follows :—

N
HERE LYSE WILLIAM JOHNSTO
JOHN MILROY GEORGE WALKER
WHO WAS WITHOUT SENTE
NCE OF LAW HANGED BY MA
JOR WINRAM FOR THEIR ADHER
ENCE TO SCOTLAND'S REFOR
MATION COVENANTS NATIO
NAL AND SOLAM LEAGWE
1685.

The above inscription is all on one side of the stone.

The following is the account of the martyrdom of these individuals, as given by Wodrow in his *History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, and based upon the records of the local Church Courts :—

"Upon the 11th of May we meet with the barbarous and wicked execution of two excellent women near Wigton, Margaret M'Lauchlan and Margaret Wilson. History scarce affords a parallel to this in all its circumstances, and therefore I shall give it at the greater length, and the rather, because the Advocates for the cruelty of this period, and our jacobites, have the impudence, some of them to deny, and others to extenuate this matter of fact, which can be fully evinced by many living witnesses. And I shall mostly

give my narrative of it, from an account I have from the forementioned Mr. Rowan, now with the Lord, late minister of Penningham, where Margaret Wilson lived, who was at pains to have its circumstances fully vouched by witnesses, whose attestations are in my hand; and I shall add, to make the account more full, the sufferings of the said Margaret's relations, though not unto death, as coming in natively enough here, and what will hand me in to what I have most in view.

"Gilbert Wilson, father to the said Margaret, lived in Glenvernock, belonging to the laird of Castlestewart, in the Parish of Penningham, and shire of Wigtown, and was every way conform to episcopacy; and his wife, without anything to be objected against her, as to her regularity. They were in good circumstances as to the world, and had a great stock upon a good ground, and therefore were the fitter prey for the persecutors, if they could reach them. Their children, to be sure, not from their education, but a better principle, would by no means conform, or hear the episcopal incumbent. This was a good handle to the persecutors; so they were searched for, but fled to the hills, bogs, and caves, though they were yet scarce of the age that made them obnoxious to the law. Meanwhile their parents are charged at the highest peril not to harbour them, supply them, or speak to them, or see them without informing against them, that they might be taken; and their father was fined for his children's alleged irregularities and opinions, which he had no share in, and harassed by frequent quarterings of the soldiers, sometimes an hundred of them upon him at once, who lived at discretion, upon anything in the house or field belonging to him. Those troubles continuing upon him for some years together, with his attendance upon courts at Wigton almost once a week, thirteen miles distant from his house, his going to Edinburgh, and other harassings, brought him under exceeding great losses. At a modest calculation, they were about five thousand merks, and all for no action or principle of his own, for he was entirely conformist. He died some six or eight years ago in great poverty, though one of the most substantial countrymen in that country. And his wife (1711) lives, a very aged widow, upon the charity of friends. His son Thomas

Wilson, a youth of sixteen years of age, this February 1685, was forced to the mountains, and continued wandering, till the revolution, at which time he went to the army, and bore arms under King William in Flanders, and after that in the castle of Edinburgh. He never had a farthing from his parents to enter that ground which they possessed, but having got together somewhat by his own industry, lives now in his father's room, and is ready to attest all I am writing.

"It is Gilbert's two daughters, who fell into the hands of the persecutors, Margaret Wilson of eighteen years of age, and Agnes Wilson a child not thirteen years, that have led me to this account. Agnes the youngest was condemned with her sister by those merciless judges, but her father obtained a liberation from prison, under a bond of 100 pounds sterling to present her when called. However Gilbert had to go to Edinburgh before she was let out; but to all onlookers and posterity, it will remain an unaccountable thing to sentence a child of thirteen years to death, for not hearing and not swearing. In the beginning of this year, those two sisters for some time were obliged to abscond and wander through Carrick, Galloway, and Nithsdale, with their brothers, and some others. After the universal severities slackened a little at king Charles' death, the two sisters ventured to go to Wigton, to see some of their suffering acquaintances there, particularly Margaret M'Lauchlan, of whom just now. When they came to Wigton, there was an acquaintance of theirs, Patrick Stuart, whom they took to be a friend and well-wisher, but he was really not so, and betrayed them; being in their company, and seeking an occasion against them, he proposed drinking the king's health; this they modestly declined; upon which he went out, informed against them, and brought in a party of soldiers, and seized them. As if they had been great malefactors, they were put in the thieves' hole, and after they had been there some time, they were removed to the prison where Margaret M'Lauchlan was, whom I come next to give some account of.

"This woman was about sixty-three years of age, relict of John Mulligen carpenter, a tenant in the parish of Kirkinner, in the shire of Galloway, in the farm of Drumjargan, belonging to colonel Vans of Barnbarroch; she was a

countrywoman of more than ordinary knowledge, discretion, and prudence, and for many years of singular piety and devotion: she would take none of the oaths now pressed upon women as well as men; neither would she desist from the duties she took to be incumbent upon her, hearing presbyterian ministers when providence gave opportunity, and joining with her Christian friends and acquaintances in prayer, and supplying her relations and acquaintances when in straits, though persecuted. It is a jest to suppose her guilty of rising in arms and rebellion, though indeed it was a part of her indictment which she got in common form now used. For those great crimes, and no other, she was seized some while ago upon the Lord's day, when at family worship in her own house; which was now an ordinary season for apprehending honest people. She was imprisoned, after she had suffered much in her goods and crop before she was apprehended. In prison she was very roughly dealt with, and had neither fire, nor bed to lie upon, and had very little allowed her to live on.

Jointly with Margaret M'Lauchlan, or M'Lauchlison, these two young sisters, after many methods were taken to corrupt them, and make them swear the oath now imposed, which they steadily refused, were brought to their trial before the laird of Lagg, colonel David Graham sheriff, major Windram, captain Strachan, and provost Cultrain, who gave all the three an indictment for rebellion, Bothwell-bridge, Ayr's Moss, and being present at twenty field-conventicles. No matter now how false and calumnious poor people's indictments were. None of the pannels had ever been within many miles of Bothwell or Ayr's Moss: Agnes Wilson could be but eight years of age at Ayr's Moss, and her sister but about twelve or thirteen; and it was impossible they could have any access to those risings: Margaret M'Lauchlan was as free as they were. All the three refused the abjuration oath, and it was unaccountable it should be put to one of them. The assize bring them in guilty, and the judges pronounce their sentence; that upon the 11th instant, all the three should be tied to stakes fixed within the flood-mark in the water of Blednoch near Wigton, where the sea flows at high water, there to be drowned. We have seen that Agnes Wilson was got out by her father

upon a bond of an hundred pounds sterling, which, I hear, upon her non-production, was likewise exacted. Margaret Wilson's friends used all means to prevail with her to take the abjuration oath, and to engage to hear the curate, but she stood fast in her integrity, and would not be shaken. They received their sentence with a great deal of composure, and cheerful countenances, reckoning it their honour to suffer for Christ and his truth. During her imprisonment Margaret Wilson wrote a large letter to her relations full of a deep and affecting sense of God's love to her soul, and an entire resignation to the Lord's disposal. She likewise added a vindication of her refusing to save her life by taking the abjuration, and engaging to conformity; against both she gives arguments with a solidity and judgment far above one of her years and education.

"This barbarous sentence was executed the foresaid day, May 11th, and the two women were brought from Wigton, with a numerous crowd of spectators to so extraordinary an execution. Major Windram with some soldiers guarded them to the place of execution. The old woman's stake was a good way in beyond the other, and she was first despatched, in order to terrify the other to a compliance with such oaths and conditions as they required. But in vain; for she adhered to her principles with an unshaken steadfastness. When the water was overflowing her fellow-martyr, some about Margaret Wilson asked her, what she thought of the other now struggling with the pangs of death. She answered, What do I see but Christ (in one of his members) wrestling there. Think you that we are the sufferers? No, it is Christ in us, for he sends none a warfare upon their own charges. When Margaret Wilson was at the stake, she sang the 25th Psalm from verse 7th, downward a good way, and read the 8th Chapter to the Romans with a great deal of Cheerfulness, and then prayed. While at prayer, the water covered her: but before she was quite dead, they pulled her up, and held her out of the water till she was recovered, and able to speak, and then by major Windram's orders she was asked, if she would pray for the King. She answered, 'She wished the salvation of all men, and the damnation of none.' One deeply affected with the death of the other and her case, said, 'Dear

Margaret, say God save the King. Say God save the King!' She answered in the greatest steadiness and composure, 'God save him, if he will, for it is his salvation I desire.' Whereupon some of her relations near by, desirous to have her life spared, if possible, called out to major Windram, 'Sir, she hath said it, she hath said it.' Whereupon the major came near, and offered her the abjuration, charging her instantly to swear it, otherwise return to the water. Most deliberately she refused, and said, 'I will not, I am one of Christ's children, let me go.' Upon which she was thrust down again into the water, where she finished her course with joy. She died a virgin-martyr about eighteen years of age, and both of them suffered precisely upon refusing conformity, and the abjuration oath, and were evidently innocent of anything worthy of death; and since properly they suffered upon refusing the abjuration, for refusing of which such multitudes were cut off in the fields with less ceremony, and at the time when these murders were so common, I have brought them in here. It is of more importance to observe, that in the council-registers, since I wrote what is above, I find what follows: 'April last, Margaret Wilson, and Margaret M'Lauchlison, under sentence of death pronounced by the justices, are continued till and the lords of his Majesty's privy council recommend it to the secretaries to procure their remission.' The day to which they are reprieved is blank in the records; but I may safely suppose it would be for a longer day than the 11th of May, there being scarcely time betwixt the 30th of April and that, to get a return from the secretaries. Indeed at this time, a recommendation from the council for a remission, was looked on as a material pardon; and if I may conjecture, Gilbert Wilson, when he, as we heard, after the sentence upon all the three made application at Edinburgh, seems to have prevailed as to all the three, and the case was extremely favourable. If matters stand thus the people at Wigton are deeply guilty, and had no powers for what they did; and the death of these persons was what the council ought to have prosecuted them for.

"Some time this year [1685], there were three men in the Parish of Penningham taken and executed very sum-

marily, William Johnston, gardener to the laird of Fintilloch, George Walker, servant at Kirkauly, and John Milroy, chapman, living in Fintilloch. The first of them had been abundantly conform, yea, had taken the test some time before; but after he had swallowed that oath he fell under deep remorse, and became seriously thoughtful about his sins, soul's state and spiritual things, about which he had no concern before. Whereupon he deserted hearing the curate, who soon informed against him, and he was forced to leave his house, and wander. For some time he, with the other two, kept close in their hiding places; but after many remarkable escapes, they were at last taken by a party sent out by Major Windram, and brought in prisoners to Wigton, where the Major examined them, and they declining to answer some of his interrogatories, and peremptorily refusing to join in hearing the episcopal minister, without the trouble of an assize, or trial, caused hang them all at Wigton the very day after they were apprehended."

Many of our readers will be aware that in pamphlets published some years ago, Sheriff Napier stoutly denied the truth of the martyrdom of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlane, stating that they had been reprieved and were liberated—no martyrdom ensuing. This bold assertion took everybody in general, and the people of Wigtown in particular, by surprise; for up till then no doubt had been raised as to the truth of the tragic event. But a champion soon appeared to do battle on behalf of the hitherto accepted story of the martyrdom, and the way in which the Rev. Dr. Stewart of Glasserton has calmly met and vanquished his learned opponent, leaves nothing to be done by any who would desire to break a lance on the side taken up by the rev. Doctor.

One afternoon, when taking a walk in the suburbs of Wigtown, we noticed a number of little boys, at a short distance from us, throwing stones at some animal resembling a cat, which hung by the hinder legs from a nail fastened

in an adjoining wall. Every stone that struck the butt made it dangle in the air, and fearing that the performance was one of the many phases of cruelty to animals, we loudly called to the boys, inquiring what they were doing, when they disconcerted our gravity by replying, "We're *killing* a *dead* cat."

We cannot but mentally revert to the above incident when we think of Sheriff Napier and the martyr question, believing that to try to meet his arguments after their able refutation by his reverend opponent, is but killing a *dead* cat.

And while personally too humble to presume to measure swords with the learned and valiant gentleman who has risen to the task of demolishing "Wodrow and Lord Macaulay, Patrick the Pedlar and Principal Tulloch," yet having been born and brought up at the very scene of the martyrdom, being descended from a long-lived ancestry who also resided in the district, and having had constant intercourse with young and old in the locality (among whom there has always been cherished the most enlightened and loving conviction of the truth of the event of which we are speaking), we claim the right of repudiating the stupid credulity with which the learned Sheriff has virtually twitted the community of Wigtown and district, and of standing up in humble vindication of that intelligent belief which the people of Wigtown have for generations cherished in the death by martyrdom of Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlane.

In the pamphlets alluded to there is but meagre material to found a denial of the martyrdom upon, and the *Case for the Crown* is made out by a certain process of pleading which is fully much for the plain, practical logic of common-sense men. The learned author is evidently one who can

"Distinguish and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south west side."

Moreover, all throughout the pamphlets there is an undignified forgetfulness of the courtesies of argumentation—a persistent imitation of the Billingsgate of a fish market, in the use of opprobrious epithets, such as "rogues" (applied to Wodrow and the author of the *Cloud of Witnesses*); "old Meg and young Meg" (applied to the Martyrs themselves); "they lived, and lied, and died" (applied to the Kirk Session of Penningham and Kirkinner), &c., &c. We are compelled to think that the pamphlets were written by one who had the inner consciousness of championing an indefensible cause.

No, no, my lord! It will require arguments stronger than you have yet produced, and conclusions more sound, to shake our faith in the grand and glorious old story of the martyrdom so heroically suffered by "these women."

As a choice specimen of much of our author's style, we give the following, which refers to the drowning scene. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

"Imagine an obstinate old Galloway *Mause*, very heavy to handle, say about twelve stone [*sic*], and a well-grown lass of the same *thrawn* Westland-whig breed, by courtesy of Wodrow and Macaulay a 'virgin of eighteen,' but called in the *Cloud of Witnesses* 'about twenty-three,' and probably not under ten stone, imagine this sort of lumbering and ill-to-drive cattle, attended by a multitudinous herd of their own kind, all greatly excited, and confronted only by a single troop of dragoons, who are '*weeping*' (at which their horses must have laughed), imagine, we say, such martyrs as these undergoing the terrible and aggravating process of being tethered to stakes, placed high above the rushing tide, by ropes long enough to admit of their being 'thrown' bodily into the deep channel below, not to sink or swim, but brought up with a jerk, there to '*stand* till the deepening waters overwhelmed them,' unless '*pulled up* on the *first cry* indicating a *change of mind!*'

"Were they *acrobats*, to land on their feet when tossed over the brae? Might not the virgin have landed on

her head? How could they be made to *stand*, especially seeing matters had been so ordered, that even the 'executioners' should not wet their feet? But what a sight to see must the 'pulling up' of that lusty lass have been! Would we were gifted with your powers of vision, reverend Vindicator [Rev. Dr. Stewart]. Sir Andrew Agnew assures us that the Provost's man pressed their heads down with his halbert, crying with savage glee, '*There*, tak' another drink o't, *my hearties*.' This seems to be nonsense. But it is 'easy to conceive'—as the virgin was being hastily pulled up by the tow that tethered her sonsy person to the bank above, and while exhibiting, doubtless, some involuntary summersaults as 'disorderly' as her kirk habits —that the devil's-buckie Winram would indulge in some such facetiousness as the famous exclamation which startled the devil himself at his erotic orgies in the ruins of Alloway Kirk. Indeed, the marvel is, how Winram the cruel, whose soft-eyed soldiers would have been but a mouthful for that '*multitude* of doolful beholders,' contrived to escape, without losing a hair of his horse's tail!"

We leave our readers to judge whether the above is language at all becoming the subject under discussion. Well might Principal Tulloch write:—"His" [Mr. Napier's] "industry may be *laudable*, as his ingenuity is *fertile;* but sense, impartiality, and critical sagacity, are not only *lacking*—the writer has *no perception* of such qualities. The very atmosphere of his volumes is loaded with suspicion. His prejudices and *personalities* might provoke indignation, if they did not rather excite ridicule."

The *History Vindicated*, on the contrary, written by Dr. Stewart in reply to the *Case for the Crown*, is dispassionate and impartial, and gives a clear statement of the facts of the case.

There is no doubt that a reprieve was granted to the two women by the Privy Council at Edinburgh, but the date to which the reprieve was to extend was left blank until the Royal sanction would be obtained. At the time

of which we treat, the modes of communication were very slow, as compared with the means of communication we possess now-a-days in railways and the telegraph; and it seems to have been the fact that before the Royal assent to the reprieve was obtained, and the reprieve in its complete form transmitted to Wigtown, the Government officials there —lawless, cruel, bloodthirsty as they were—precipitated the execution of the barbarous sentence of the Commission, pronounced after a mock trial at Wigtown on the 13th April, and thus the martyrdom became a fact. If Provost Coltrane was absent at Edinburgh on Parliamentary duty, this would favour the hurried execution of the Commission's sentence, as in the absence of the chief civic authority of the Burgh, in whose charge the women were for the time being, the lawless persecutors, in their greed for blood, might abstract them from prison and carry them off to the waters of death. Does the state of the times at that period not fully warrant us in arriving at this conclusion? Men were then, on the spur of the moment, shot down, like partridges upon the mountains, by a lawless military, who rode upon their commission, and performed their bloody work with the least possible compunction. At such atrocities the Government of the time winked, and we do not believe that the ruffians who perpetrated the "deed of shame" at Wigtown would ever be called to account for their conduct by their masters. Nay, the wild and sanguinary character of the times would lead us rather to suppose that their frenzied zeal in a bad cause would be commended and approved of. But, forsooth, the *Case for the Crown* and *History Rescued* would have us to believe that the times of the martyrdom were times of national regularity and even-handed distribution of justice!

Everything, in fact, connected with the way in which

Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlane were treated, tends to confirm the truth of their martyrdom. One of the instructions by which the Commissioners were to be regulated in trying the "disorderly" was to the effect that the panels were to get a libel, the names of the inquest, and witnesses, and after being found guilty, *men* were to be immediately *hanged; women* were to be *drowned*; but the word "immediately" is not used with reference to women. Now we know that the two Wigtown female martyrs were held over for a time, thus carrying out the process connected with their fate; and if, as we hold, they were ultimately taken and drowned by the military, the soldiery were thus acting in the belief that they were only lawfully *completing* what the Commissioners had *begun*. The women could not be supposed to be held *in retentis* in order to give them time to petition for a reprieve; at least there is no such reason given in the instructions to the Commission for the non-immediate execution of the sentence passed upon females. The military were, as a rule, unaccustomed to having their prey snatched from their teeth by a reprieve, and, consequently, after having allowed the two Wigtown women a short breathing-space after the terrors and mockery of a trumped-up trial and show of justice, they hailed them away to their doom.

The advocates of the Government of the "killing times" in Scotland, would oblige by explaining how it happened that in the face of such an "instruction" to Commissions as that which specifies that persons accused of non-conformity were to have the privilege of "a libel, the names of the inquest, and witnesses," John Brown's brains were blown out on the spot, without libel, inquest, or witnesses, by the "great Dundee;" and how William Johnston, George Walker, and John Milroy, without trial, were ordered to be hanged right off-hand by the fiendish Winram?

Who is there that candidly and without prejudice reads the following extract from the old Wigtown Kirk Session book but will believe that its tendency is all to corroborate the fact of the martyrdom?—

"At Wigtown, July 8th, 1704. Sederunt the minister, all ye Elders, and Deacons.

"This day the tokens were distributed to those in the congregan, according to the mind of the Session the former day.

"This day Baillie M'Keand, elder, in Wigtown, addressed this Session for ye priviledge of the Sacrament, declaring the grief of his heart yt he should have sitten on ye Sieze of these women who were sentenced to die in this place in the year 1685, and yt it had been frequently his petition to God for true repentance and forgaveness for yt sin. He being removed, and the Session inquiring into this affair, and the carriage of the sd Baillie since yt time, and being satisfied with his conversan since, and the present evidences of repentance now, they granted him the priviledge. He was called in, admonished, and exhorted to deliberation due tenderness in such a solemn address unto God."

It is perfectly clear, as the Rev. Dr. Stewart observes, that Bailie M'Keand's tenderness of conscience would not have been shown, or perhaps not even felt, had the women been merely tried and not drowned. And yet there are one or two people who think that the tendency of the forgoing excerpt from the Session book is in favour of the theory that the women were not drowned, strengthened as it is by the fact that Provost Coltrane, who was an elder, and present on the occasion, did not show tenderness of conscience also, for his having taken a share either in the preliminary apprehension of the women, their detention in the town prison, their trial, or their martyrdom. But Provost Coltrane's silence can prove nothing. The confession of Bailie M'Keand being perfectly voluntary, we can conceive that unless Provost Coltrane himself discharged his mind of

its load, the Session apparently would not lead the way for him to do so. The immediately preceding times had been stormy and troublesome, and the Session may have left its individual members and others to the exercise of their own consciences as to their course of conduct during the fearful period. That Provost Coltrane's conscience, judging from what can be learnt of him even out of the old Session book, was of a tender type, we can hardly believe; and his reticence at the meeting when Bailie M'Keand disburdened his mind need not excite surprise, for the Devil himself can appear at times as an angel of light, and the traitor Judas was for years a nominal disciple of the Lord, although all the while he was a thief, and bore away (or stole) what was put into the general bag. But whatever Provost Coltrane's specific character and conduct may have been, this is certain, that he has left behind him a name at which the town turns pale, and, rightly or wrongly, tradition assigns him a part, and a very prominent part, too, in the transactions which commenced with the apprehension and ended with the drowning of these two women.

As we have seen, a younger sister of Margaret Wilson, aged about thirteen, was tried and condemned with the other two females, but her father succeeded in bringing her out of the hands of her captors for the sum of £100 sterling. It would appear that Margaret Lauchlane, while in prison, petitioned the Privy Council for a recall of the sentence of death passed upon her, and that Margaret Wilson's father exerted himself to obtain a like reversal of the sentence against his daughter. These means succeeded so far as to obtain from the Lords of the Privy Council a reprieve in the following terms :—

"Edinburgh, April 30th, 1685. The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council do hereby reprieve the execution of the sentence of death, pronounced by the Justices against

Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlison, until the ..... day of ..... and discharge the magistrates of Edinburgh from putting of the said sentence to execution against them until the foresaid day; and recommend the said Margaret Wilson and Margaret Lauchlison to the Lords Secretaries of State, to interpose with his most sacred Majesty for the royal remission to them."

From the fact that the above reprieve mentions that the magistrates of *Edinburgh* were discharged from executing the sentence against the two women, Sheriff Napier concludes that the women must have been removed to Edinburgh. It is more reasonable to suppose, as do Dr. Stewart and others, that the inserting of the word *Edinburgh* in the document was a clerical error, and that the word *Wigtown* was intended, and should have been written. There is another very probable—perhaps the most probable—explanation of this little difficulty, and it is this, the word *Edinburgh* may have been written with the design of frustrating the reprieve—of killing time, and allowing, by the confusion it may be supposed to have caused, the original sentence of the Commissioners at Wigtown on the 13th April to be carried out. What did the Privy Council, or any other tools of the despotic, tyrannical, and persecuting Government of the time, care for the lives of two obscure females immured in the prison of Wigtown? No more than they cared for the preservation of the records of their bloody doings; for it is note-worthy that scarcely a shred of the documents of their sanguinary transactions has come down to us. Instead of the advocates of the non-martyrdom, and of the Government of the times, boasting of the meagre nature of documentary evidence supporting the drowning of the two women, they ought rather to be ashamed to buttress up a Government which itself seemed so ashamed of its transactions in the persecution times that it took scrupulous

care that no record of their misdeeds should survive the time of their enaction.

The following, which appeared in the *Dumfries Courier* of 20th March, 1861, is interesting :—

"I, Margaret Wilson, residing in Wigtown, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare, that the late Mr. William M'Adam, of Woodside, called upon me soon after I came to Wigtown, and read over the annexed paper, and said that *his grandfather* gave it to him, saying that it was *a copy* of the petition written by himself, signed by him and others, and *forwarded to Parliament*, against Sir Robert Grierson of Lagg, as stated therein, and that his grandfather was married to one of the Wilsons of Glenvernock.

"(Signed), MARGARET WILSON."

"Declared before me at Wigtown this 14th day of March 1861.

(Signed) THOMAS MURRAY,
Sheriff-Substitute of Wigtownshire."

The following is the paper referred to in the above declaration :—

"*Memorandum anent ane Petition to be presented to the Parliament against Sir Robert Grierson of Lagge.*

"Sir Robert having in the late evill times the command of several troops of dragoons, and being Steuart of the Steuartry of Kirkcudbright does, *without any process or sentance of law*, cause comite severall barbrous and inhuman murders, and that upon no other account but upon church irregularities, and does execute his fury against this poor people in such a manner as cannot well be expressed. A particular account of all his barbarities is not designed in this place, but only such of them as are most notour and deserve best the consideration of the honourable states of Parliament, which are as follows ;—

"1st. Sir Robert, after he had apprehended two women to wit, Margaret Lauchlison and Margaret Wilson—upon no other account but for *alleged nonconformity*, did, *without any conviction or sentence*, cause bind them to a stake within the sea-mark at Wigtoune till the flood returning drowned them

both, and that without any consideration of the age of the one or the youth of the other, and the said Margaret Lauchlison being above 63 years of age, and the other 18 years old. This was done in the month of May 1685."

"Close research," says the learned Sheriff, "has led me to the conviction that not a single individual was unjustly put to death for rebellion or high treason in Scotland by the Governments of the Restoration." We fear intelligent and dispassionate students of the history of the times of the Restoration will be inclined to venture to think that Mr. Napier made his "close research" with nose bestrid by coloured glasses. Talk of rebellion and high treason, forsooth! as vices of the noble band of martyrs, who to

> "Stem the current of a downward age
> To slavery prone,"

hesitated not to pour out their dearest hearts'-blood on the purple heath of Scotland, or, as in the case under consideration, to finish their course amid the waters of death! Their aims were pure and lofty—to secure the glorious privileges and blessings of civil and religious liberty, and for these ends they nobly contended and heroically suffered and died. Let the odious words *rebellion* and *treason* never be mentioned in connection with the Martyrs of Scotland. The excesses committed by a few of them were quite exceptional, and unsanctioned by the great body of the Covenanters; and there was this extenuation of these excesses, that the men who committed them were cruelly ground to the earth by such lawless, harassing, fiendish intolerance and persecution by their rulers as occasionally maddened and rendered them desperate. God save the Christian people of Scotland from a repetition of the times in which monsters like the "bloody Clavers" and Co., were allowed to desolate the country!

INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE MARTYRDOM.

The following are from Sir Andrew Agnew's admirable "History of the Hereditary Sheriffs of Galloway:"—*Cleppie Bell.*—"Tradition is strong, clear, and unvarying upon the chief points of the martyrdom [of the two women]. There are many episodes attaching to the tale, which no doubt are very absurd, yet the fact of their being firmly believed in an age when *miraculous judgments were expected to follow crime*, is an additional proof of the *notoriety of the drowning scene.* Of such are the following:—One of the constables who fastened the women to the stakes was called 'Bell;' he had shown himself very unfeeling, and when asked afterwards how the poor creatures behaved in the awful struggle when the sea roared and foamed about them, answered jocularly, "O, they just clepped roun' the stobs, like partons, and aye prayed." Soon after, Bell's wife was brought to bed, when the howdie exclaimed, "The bairnie's clepped!"—that is, the fingers grew firmly together. Another child was born, and yet another, and another, and as each little wretch in turn was *clepped*, the most incredulous became convinced of the reality of the judgment. There are persons in Wigtown still alive, who will assure the inquirer that they have seen descendants of this family afflicted with the hereditary deformity. And more, we have been gravely assured that a distant female relative in the County, in whom the curse appeared to have worn out—she not being clepped herself—removed to a distant parish, and there not long ago, giving birth to a child, was greeted by the same unwelcome cry, "The bairnie's clepped!" [We have a female relative, aged 92 years, who assures us that she has seen three of "Cleppie Bell's" descendants in the district, who were all afflicted with this deformity in the fingers or toes. One of them, who was a ploughman, clutched the handle of his plough

with his welded fingers on the one side, and his thumb on the other.]

The Town Officer's Punishment.—A similar tradition tells that another Town Officer, a sergeant, who was an active party at the execution, helped to raise up the half-drowned women to receive a useless offer of the test, and that on their refusal he pressed their heads down again with his halbert, crying, with savage glee, "There, tak' anither drink o't, my hearties!" He returned safe from the murderous job, but troubled by an extraordinary thirst; he drank, but his thirst was unquenchable. If going an errand, his unnatural craving obliged him to carry a huge pitcher on his back; if he crossed a stream, even before ribald companions, he was irresistibly impelled to kneel down, and, like the men chosen by Gideon, to lap water like a dog. Medicine was tried, but with no effect. As the wretch wandered about the country, bearing his retributive burden; now turning to curse a group of urchins who would follow to mock his sufferings; now sprawling to moisten his swollen tongue in the filthy gutter; even his old associates shrank from him with horror, while the people, who had sympathised with his poor victims, pointed him out as the example of a man who had directly dared the vengeance of Providence, and whose eternal sufferings had begun.

Fate of the Informer on the Martyrs.—The name of the man [Patrick Stuart] by whose information the women were arrested is remembered, and his memory execrated still; his descendants are reduced to poverty; not long since, one of them, getting into an altercation with a person in Wigtown, was thus taunted publicly—"I wudna like tae hae had a forbear who betrayed the Martyrs; I wudna be com'd o' sic folk!"

In an interesting work by Dr. Longmuir, entitled *Burns and the Covenanters*, we find the following:—

"Among the remarkable sayings ascribed to Peden is one respecting this execution [that of the three men from Penningham]. When he was praying at Craigmyre, many miles distant, he cried out:—'There is a bloody sacrifice put up this day at Wigton; these are the lads of Kirkelly.' Those who lived near knew not of it till it was past."

How the Martyrs were apprehended.—The following (an ampler account than that of Wodrow,) is from the Rev. Mr. Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant*:—

"Margaret Wilson, and her sister, Agnes, who was then only about thirteen years of age, at length fell into the hands of the persecutors. In the beginning of the year 1685, these two girls, to secure their safety, were obliged to leave for some time their father's house, and, in company with their brother, a youth of not more than sixteen years of age, and other persecuted wanderers, to seek shelter in the mosses, mountains, and caves of Carrick, Nithsdale, and Galloway. On the death of Charles II., when the persecution was for a brief period relaxed, the two sisters, leaving their hiding places, ventured to come secretly to Wigton to visit some of their fellow-sufferers in the same cause, and particularly the aged Margaret M'Lauchlan, whom they greatly loved, and who was well qualified to minister comfort and counsel to them under their troubles. Here both of them were discovered and made prisoners, through the treachery of a man named Patrick Stuart, with whom they were personally acquainted, and who professed to take a deep and friendly interest in their welfare. This base fellow, from what motive it is not said, but doubtless either from pure malignity of disposition, or from the love of the paltry wages given to informers, purposed to betray these friendless and unsuspecting girls. To find some plausible ground of complaint against them, he, with much apparent kindness, invited them to go with him and partake of some refreshment, which being brought, he proposed that they should drink the King's health. This, as he probably anticipated from what he knew of their character, they modestly

declined to do; upon which he left them, and immediately proceeded to the authorities of Wigton, to lodge information against them. A party of soldiers was forthwith dispatched to apprehend them. The two girls were cast into that abominable place called 'the thieves' hole,' and, after lying there for some time, were removed to the prison in which their beloved friend, Margaret M'Lauchlan, who had been apprehended about the same time, or very shortly after, was confined, and of whom we now proceed to give some account.

"Margaret M'Lauchlan, was the widow of John Mulligen or Millikin, carpenter, a tenant in the parish of Kirkinner, in the shire of Galloway, in the farm of Drumjargan, belonging to Colonel Vans of Barnbarroch; and she had now nearly reached the venerable age of seventy. She was a plain country woman, but superior to most women of her station in religious knowledge; blameless in her deportment, and a pattern of virtue and piety. Being strictly Presbyterian in her principles, she had regularly absented herself from hearing the curate of the parish of Kirkinner; she had also attended the sermons of the proscribed ministers, and had afforded shelter and relief to her persecuted non-conforming relations and acquaintances in their wanderings and distresses. Honourable as was all this to her character, it was in those days of oppression regarded as highly criminal; and, on this account, she suffered much in her property, and at last was apprehended on the Sabbath-day, when engaged in the exercise of family worship in her own dwelling, the day of rest being now the season when the persecutors were most active in searching for 'the fanatics,' and often most successful in discovering them. She was immediately carried to prison, in which she lay for a long time, and was treated with great harshness, not being allowed a fire to warm her, nor a bed upon which to lie, nor even an adequate supply of food to satisfy the cravings of nature."

Singular Dream of Margaret Lauchlane's Daughter.—"Another singular anecdote," observes Rev. Mr. Anderson, "connected with the drowning of these women, has been preserved by the industrious Wodrow. Between nineteen

and twenty years after the Revolution, a daughter of Margaret M'Lauchlan dreamed, it would seem, that her mother appeared to her and bade her go and tell Provost Cultrain of Wigtown, who was a very active instrument in her death, and who was then alive, that he must soon stand before the bar of the great God, to give in his account. Within a few months or a few weeks after this dream the Provost died. Having gone, in the beginning of November 1708, to hold a justice court at Stranraer, he no sooner stood up to make a speech when the court assembled, than his tongue faltered, and he fell back. He was immediately carried to his lodgings, at which he died within a few days. Wodrow had received some hints of this matter from Mr. Henry Davidson, minister of Galashiels, who had informed the historian, in a letter dated August 29th, 1717, that 'Provost Cultrane was acquainted with the dream some months before his death, but he jested at it;' but from his extreme care in authenticating, as far as possible, the information communicated to him, he wrote a letter to Mr. William Campbell, minister of Kirkinner, requesting him to examine Margaret M'Lauchlan's daughter, who was then alive, in reference to her dream; and the answer which Mr. Campbell returned, dated April 11th 1718, is as follows:—

"'Rev. Dear Brother,—In compliance with your desire anent Elizabeth Millikin's dream, know that I went and discoursed her this day, in order to give you the genuine account of it. The said Elizabeth dreamed, some weeks or months before the quarter sessions that met in November 1708, that her mother Margaret Lauchlison, came to her, at the cross of Wigton, with garb, gesture, and countenance that she had five minutes before she was drowned in Blednoch, and said to her, 'Elizabeth, go and warn Provost Cultrain that he must shortly compear before the tribunal of the great God to answer for his ways;' and immediately her sleep was broken, and it made such an impression upon her, that she resolved, for her own exoneration, and the Provost's edification, prudently and meekly to communicate the said dream to the said William Cultrain of Drummorral, with the first convenience; but not finding or expecting that, she told the dream to Bailie Lafries, Drummorral's friend, being married to Lady Drummorral's sister, a man of age, gravity,

and experience, and an elder in Wigton ; and solemnly desired and engaged him to signify the said dream to the said Drummorral ; and she doubted not but the said Bailie Lafries did tell the said Drummorral. And, accordingly, in the beginning of November 1708, he rode from Wigton to the quarter session of the justices of the Shire, that met that time at Stranraer, and there, on the Wednesday, at the court table, was suddenly struck with a lethargy, was carried to his quarters, and continued speechless till Saturday, the 8th of November, and then died.' Mr. Campbell adds :—' The said Elizabeth is poor but pious ; a widow indeed, the worthy daughter of such an honoured martyred mother. It had pleased God lately to afflict her by a sore fall in her walking home from this church ; and having a large Bible under her arm, and falling with a great deal of violence upon that side where her Bible was, it has broken some of her ribs, and disables her for business. I have been her acquaintance these sixteen years. I know she is poor and straitened ; but I never heard her say she wanted anything. If ye please, procure and send Mr. Martin, bookseller at Edinburgh, some supply.' "

On this dream of Margaret Lauchlan's daughter and its communication to the minister of the parish and Wodrow, Sir Andrew Agnew observes :—" But what does this prove? asks the modern sceptic. It appears at least thus—that neither Mr. Campbell himself, nor Wodrow, well versed in Galloway tales, nor the daughter, *entertained any doubt whatever as to the drowning* having occurred. The circumstance was a matter of fact, as well established at the time as the history of the Revolution of 1688, although suddenly to find *legal* proof of it is a difficult matter. Such doubts might be raised about anything at a distance of time of 200 years, by persons unacquainted with the locality. A valued correspondent [Mr. Broadfoot, Westmains, Kirkinner], deeply versed in traditionary lore, and well read in Galloway history, thus writes :—" Mr. Napier having raised doubts as to whether these two women were drowned or not, I was in-

duced to make inquiries of old people, whether they had ever heard of any one who had actually seen the women drowned. I was told by Miss M'Kie, an old person in Wigtown, that Miss Susan Heron had told her that her grandfather was on Wigtown sands on the day they were drowned, and that his very words were—'The hail sands were covered wi' cluds o' folk, a' gathered intae clusters here an' there, offering up prayers for the two women that were being put down.' These Herons are an old race in the district. However, to make sure that the above story could be true, I examined their gravestones in the old churchyard at Penningham, and there I found that Miss Susan Heron died 19th February, 1834, aged 87 years, and that her grandfather, James Heron, died 31st October, 1758, aged 94 years, showing that he was 20 years of age when the women were drowned."

"A similar testimony," observes Dr. Longmuir, "is suggested by a tombstone in this [Wigtown] churchyard, which was erected to the memory of 'John Waugh of Wigtown, who died 21st July, 1862, aged 94; and of his father, who died in 1818, aged 91;' so that there may have been but one descent between him and an eye-witness of the event; for his father, born in 1727, would tell him that *his* father was a spectator of the barbarous execution; and hence the confidence with which John was wont to assert that those who doubted the drowning of these women might as well doubt the crucifixion of our Saviour."

A respected correspondent at Whithorn writes: "Appended to this you will find the inscription on the gravestone of Hew Dunce—a brown sandstone, about 3 feet by 2½, and situated a few yards from the south side of the old church of Whithorn. In Dr. Stewart's *History Vindicated*, page 92, you will find the name of Hugh Dunce, as one of the elders who represented the Whithorn congregation at

the Presbytery in 1711—the year when the earliest account now extant of the Wigtown martyrdom was published. Whether this is the same Hew Dunce who 'endured persecution in the reign of King Charles the Second,' or his son Hew, cannot now be determined, but the presumption is in favour of the former view, as the inscription seems to intimate that 'Hew and Marion Dunces their children,' died when young. If this is correct, then the elder Dunce must have known all about the martyrdom that took place in the adjacent town of Wigtown. But supposing the inscription refers to the son, he could not fail to have received the particulars from his father." We may add that Hew Dunce, having "kept steady in the faith and a good conscience," was not the man to be a party to the Presbytery fabricating an untruthful account of "the sufferings within their respective parishes in the late times."

Here

lies Jannet Brown Spouse to Hew Dunce. Burgess of Whithorn. He endured persecution in the Reign of King Charles the Second, But kept steady in the faith and a good conscience.

Here also lies Hew and Marion Dunces their children.

The dust of friends lies mingled here we find,
Sincere thro' life with honest heart and mind,
But when new moulded, free from earthly toil,
Shall be transplanted to another soil.

It is worth mentioning here, as in itself affording complete evidence of the truth of the martyrdom, that Mr. Andrew Symson, the Episcopal curate of Kirkinner (three miles distant from Wigtown) at the time of the drowning, and who had marked Margaret M'Lauchlison as a disorderly person in a list given in to the Commissioners, subsequently went to Edinburgh, where he commenced business as a printer, and in that capacity printed in 1703—just eighteen years after the martyrdom—a pamphlet written by his son,

in which the writer (who was, no doubt, familiar with the facts of the tragedy) admits that the women "were drowned indeed."

The Martyrs' Monument.

About the year 1848, it was proposed to erect by public subscription a monument to the memory of the Martyrs. The spot selected was the Windyhill—the highest point of the hill on which the town stands. In Mr. Anderson's *Ladies of the Covenant* we read: "A sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. William Symington of Glasgow, in the Parish Church of Wigtown, on Sabbath, the 24th of September, 1848, in aid of a fund for carrying that object [of the Martyrs' Monument] into effect. The subject chosen by the preacher was the opening of the fifth seal, Rev. vi. 9-11; and, in an address at the close of public worship, he thus vindicates the erection of such memorials to the memory of our martyrs:—'Let not our object be mistaken. It is not, by any means, to canonize the sufferers; or to imitate the conduct of the Church of Rome, by cherishing a superstitious and undue veneration for departed saints. Our object is to draw attention to the principles, rather than the persons, of the Martyrs. And this we propose to do by commemorating their noble deeds and their sufferings. We affect to tell the simple tale of their martyrdom, and to renew those touching memorials which are falling into a state of decay and obliteration by the lapse of time. The principle upon which we act, we regard as distinctly recognised in the approved example of saints, the statements of Holy Writ, and the procedure of God himself. We have read of 'the pillar of Rachel's grave,' reared by patriarchal hands, 'in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.' We cannot forget the declarations that 'the righteous shall be

in everlasting remembrance,' and that 'the memory of the just is blessed;' nor that one of the marks of the Divine displeasure against the wicked consists in 'cutting off their memory from the earth,' and making 'all their memory to perish.' Nor can we suffer ourselves to overlook the circumstance, that the 12th chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is just a noble monumental pile, raised by the Spirit, in commemoration of elders who had received a good report, and whose names, lest they should pass away into oblivion, are legibly inscribed on its surface."

The Monument fund made slow progress for some reason or other; certainly it was not for want of willingness on the part of the public to have a memorial worthy of those whose heroic sufferings it was intended to commemorate. At length the necessary amount was forthcoming, and in the year 1858, a handsome, chaste-looking obelisk, terminating in a cinerary urn, was erected on the commanding position we have named, at a cost of £200. The foundation stone was laid by James Dodds, Esq., Solicitor, London (who about two years ago dropped down on a street in Dundee and suddenly expired), in presence of a vast crowd, whom the interesting ceremony had drawn together from the town and district. An excellent choir, under the able leadership of the late Mr. T. Tait, sung with fine effect the following appropriate anthem, all the parts being well sustained :—

VOICES OF THE WAVE.

Meek, suffering ones! and shall their martyred lot
Wake no sweet cadence from the silvery lyre?
Be all their hallowed faithfulness forgot—
Their bright example with their breath expire?
Ah, no! How large our debt of gratitude should be,
To patient ones, whose actions spoke so well,
Lo, we leave all, O Lord, to follow thee.

And strains in midnight watchings learned
On many a blasted heath,
Swell slowly, solemnly to heaven,
The anthem of her death.

"O, do thou keep my soul; O God
Do thou deliver me:
Let me not be ashamed, for I
Do put my trust in thee."

Strange sweetness vibrates on the gale,
It rises o'er the sea,
As though an angel choir prolonged
That thrilling harmony.

They will not cease, they will not sleep,
Those voices of the wave;
For ever, ever whispering
Around the Martyrs' grave.

'Tis heard at night, 'tis heard at noon,
The same low, wailing song,
In murmur loud, in cadence low—
"How long, O Lord! how long?"

"Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love amidst
The glories of the sky.

"Lo! these are they from sufferings great,
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have washed
Those robes which shine so bright."

Unfortunately the descent of rain stopped the rest of the proceedings at the site of the Monument, and an adjournment was made to the neighbouring U. P. Church, which was soon filled to overflowing, many people being glad to get even standing room within the edifice. Mr. Dodds delivered the address of the occasion, and well do we remember the enthusiasm and eloquence of the speaker, whose animation and action were so vigorous that his neck-tie became loose by the vehemence of his oratory. The

occasion of the laying of the foundation-stone of the Martyrs' Monument was one of peculiar interest to the inhabitants of the Burgh and vicinity.

The following is the inscription on the slab of the Monument facing the north :—

"This Monument
has been erected
in memory of the noble army of Martyrs in
Galloway and other parts of Scotland, by
whom, during the age of persecution our
Religion and Liberties, as now established,
were secured,
and
as a lesson to posterity never to
lose or abuse those glorious privileges
planted by their labours, rooted in their
Sufferings, and watered with their blood."

On the west tablet we read :—

"A general desire having been manifested to
commemorate by some suitable Monument the
Piety, Constancy and Courage
of the Scottish Martyrs,
especially those whose ashes repose
in the Churchyard of Wigtown,
a Committee of Gentlemen of the district
was appointed to carry out this object;
and a considerable fund being raised
by public subscription and otherwise,
the present Monument was erected in the year
1858."

The south side repeats the inscription on the tombstone of Margaret Wilson in the Churchyard.

The inscription on the east side is:—

"Margaret Wilson, aged 18, daughter
of a farmer in Glenvernock,
and
Margaret M'Lauchlan, aged 63, tenant in
the farm of Drumjargon, both in this County,
were drowned by sentence of the public authorities
in the waters of Bladnoch, near this place,
on the 11th of May, 1685,
because they refused to forsake the principles
of the Scottish Reformation, and to take the
Government oath abjuring the right of the
people to resist the tyranny of their rulers;
also
William Johnston, gardener; and John Milroy,
chapman in Fintilloch; and Gilbert Walker,
servant in Kirkala; all in this County, were
summarily executed in the town of Wigtown in
the same year and for the same cause."

The following poem, entitled "The Two Margarets," is from Dr. Longmuir's little book, already referred to:—

When Havock's hounds in Scotland's "killing time,"
Deep stained her heather with her martyr's blood:
Then social worship was a civil crime,
That filled the dungeon, and abashed the flood.

Two lustrous pearls enrich Immanuel's crown,
As these two Margarets* join the martyr train;
What tho' a tyrant's tool their bodies drown?
Better they die than Jesus cease to reign.

That *Widow* cleaves to Him who proved her stay,
When the fond arm on which she trusted failed;
That *Maiden*, budding in life's dewy May,
Before oppression's frown has never quailed.

* Marguerite signifies a pearl.

They toss the corded matron to the tide,
And ruthless halberts bruise her bosom faint;
"What see I there?" the martyr-maid replied,
"But Jesus wrestling in His faithful saint!"

What dreads the Crown from those your troopers crush?
What fears the Court from female age and youth?
Will Popish power in Bladnoch's billows hush
The claim of Freedom and the voice of Truth?"

She reads—"No terrors that our path beset,
Shall e'er divide us from our Saviour's love;"
Then sings—"My faults of youth, O Lord, forget,
And guide the lowly to Thy home above!"

The rush of Solway chokes the voice of praise,
That asks in triumph, "Death, where is thy sting?"
Her drooping head above the waves they raise,
And all entreat to pray—*God save the King!*

"God save him, if He will," she meekly sighs;
"I never wished my fellow-creature woe:"
"She's said it, sir, she's said it!" Friendship cries.
"Oh, cut the cords, and let the maiden go!"

The captious oath resounds in Windram's roar,
That bends the conscience to Oppression's sway;
"No! let His child to Jesus' bosom soar;"
A plunge—and Bladnoch clasps her beauteous clay.

Matron and maid, who scorned the Tyrant's cord,
Your blood-writ names on hist'ry's page shall beam;
While Scotland's shield resists aggression's sword,
As Solway's flood repels the Bladnoch's stream.

Scotland, the foe no more a lion roars,
And slakes his savage thirst in martyrs' blood;
But, like the tide, he scales thy tranquil shores,
And drowns the sleeper in corruption's flood.

Hence Sabbath traffic crowds thine iron way;
Incest attempts to stain thy statute book;
Intemp'rance staggers in the light of day,
And unbelief assumes religion's look.

In concluding the subject of the Martyrs, we would take occasion to say that it is a great pity that their gravestones

should be without a railed enclosure, with gate attached. The spot might be inexpensively inclosed in such a manner, and have flowers to adorn it. Assuredly these stones are the greatest objects of interest in the Burgh to visitors; and their preservation from injury by accident or otherwise is much to be desired. That they are worthy of such care, we know none of our readers will deny, and we are equally sure that Wigtonians, both at home and abroad, require only the hint in order to contribute of their means towards the protection of our dearest local treasures.

The Windy-hill.

We have been speaking of the Windy-hill as the site of the Martyrs' Monument. This hill is one of our chief attractions, from the fact that it commands an extensive view on all hands, while the town itself lies at its very foot. From its airy summit, casting the eye southwards, the outline of the English hills rises distinctly on the horizon of the waters of Wigtown Bay, while a little towards the south-west, the top of the Isle of Man can be discerned above the hills which hide the village of Garliestown from our view. In the same direction the lovely, fertile lands of Baldoon, Westmains, and the Balferns delight the eye, till it rests at the point of the woody promontory at Innerwell. Philip-hill, crowned with the Fiddle Plantation, partly conceals the picturesque little village of Bladnoch. Kirkinner, too, with its ancient church tower, is apparent, while one of the trains of the Wigtownshire Railway may be seen darting out fitfully from wooded grove to grassy glade, adding life to the scene with its horizontal column of snowy steam, and its clattering, thundering noise as it speeds over the Bladnoch iron bridge. Directly west, the winding road leading to Kirk-

cowan is visible for a considerable distance, while we trace the old public highway which led on to Candida Casa along the foot of the lofty hill of Kirvennie. We doubt not but had we occupied our present stand-point in the days when the Wigtown "Friarie" flourished, we might have seen, on some occasions, the imposing retinue of Scotland's Royal James break off from this highway and wend up the Wigtown hill for the purpose of tarrying for a night or two in the hospitable cloisters of the Jeddarland, before resuming its journey to Whithorn's shrine of St. Ninian. Northwards the high-road and the line of railway towards Newton-Stewart are discernible; and the vision penetrates into Ayrshire, whose blue hills commence a long undulating chain, followed soon by those of the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright, prominent among which the gigantic Cairnsmoor rears its Atlantean shoulders. The silvery Cree, Creetown, Cassencarrie, the Granite Quarry of Kirkmabreck, with the adjacent Harbour, the creek of Carsliuth, Ravenshall (close to Meg Merrilees' Cave), the estuary of the Fleet, the isles of Fleet, and the point of the Ross, all pass under the rapt eye in succession. Nearer where we stand than the circle we have described, and all around Wigtown hill, lie the lands of several adjacent farms under the most improved cultivation, the state of the Moss of Cree exhibiting a strong contrast to that of the early period, when, as tradition would have it, the fighting Bishop of Whithorn and his army were standing knee-deep in the "dismal swamp," hemmed in by the army of Edward Bruce. At a little distance from us stands the Monk hill, which it is supposed belonged to the Black Friars of the Monastery of Wigtown, who gave to it its name.

This delightful spot was, about the year 1853, set apart from the Burgh Lands by the Town Council as a place of public recreation. At that time a petition was sent in

to the Council, signed by upwards of sixty of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, setting forth the necessity that existed for such a place of public resort for the purposes of health and exercise, and pointing out that from such an eminence strangers could get a good view of the town. The petitioners also suggested the making of walks and planting of shrubbery at the place. The Council, with excellent public spirit, granted the prayer of the petition, although the Provost expressed a wholesome fear that it would "tend to increase the evils of what was already, on Sundays, an idle haunt." We fear the Provost's apprehensions have been too much realised by the abuse of what is good in itself.

It may here be remarked that, about the beginning of this century, Bailie Smith, blacksmith, who erected the neat railing round the Square, had a windmill at Windyhill for the purpose of polishing and sharpening reaping hooks which he manufactured. A circle of paving stones, used by this same enterprising son of Vulcan for the purpose of putting the iron rims on cart-wheels, may still be seen on the public street opposite where he had his smithy—at the north end of the County Buildings.

Discovery of the Wigtown Jougs.

About five years ago, while the sexton was digging a grave near the walls of the Old Church, he discovered what turned out to be the old Jougs of the parish. The neck-collar and the chain had both suffered very much from the tooth of time, being worn and imperfect. There can be no doubt, judging from the place where they were found, that they had been attached to the previous Parish Church, both edifices having occupied the same site. This interesting relic of the past is in the possession of the Rev. James

Cullen, minister of the parish, who, we have no doubt, will be glad to show it to any person wishing a view of it. The following description of the Jougs is taken out of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*:—

"Jougs, Juggs, or Joggs, the name given in Scotland to a form of pillory which was used also in Holland, and probably in other countries. The Jougs were nothing more than an iron ring or collar, fastened by a chain of two or three links to a pillar or wall in some public place, such as a market cross, a market tron or weighing post, a prison door, a church door, a churchyard gate, a churchyard tree, a tree beneath whose branches courts were held, and the like. The ring or collar opened by a hinge or joint, so as to enclose the culprit's neck, when it was secured by a loop or staple, and a padlock. The jougs were employed as a punishment, as well for ecclesiastical as for civil offences. They may be traced as far back as the sixteenth century, and, although they have not been in use for the last hundred years, they may still be found hanging at a few country churches. The jougs obviously take their name from a widely-spread root, which appears in the Sanscrit *yuj*, the Greek *zugon*, the Latin *jugum*, the Italian *giogo*, the French *joug*, the Anglo-Saxon *ioce*, and the English *yoke*. The Branks were occasionally hung on the same pillar with the jougs."

Literature of the Burgh.

The first attempt at starting a periodical or journal in the burgh was made in 1831, when Mr. Thomas Tait brought out "*The Oracle*." The first number of this monthly magazine appeared in December, and the last number in March, 1832, so that it only managed to exist four months. It resembled one of our present smaller monthly periodicals, and was very neatly got up and smartly edited, and contained literary articles and the month's local news. Its price was 7d. From the following inflated account of "Our First Appearance" one would have thought that the

magazine would have attained a venerable age on account of its extreme popularity." But

> "The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft agley,"

and, from some cause or other, "*The Oracle*" met a sudden death, and all the fond expectations it had created utterly collapsed:—

"The Prospectus of our delectable work was received by one portion of the creation, fortunately a small and insignificant one, with feelings of astonishment, mingled with contempt; while by another it was hailed with admiration, as the harbinger of a new era in the republic of letters.

"Those who, by force of their own natural dulness, could form no idea of our capability for the task 'displayed their white upturned eyes,' and announced, with an air of confidence and effrontery, that it was impossible such a publication should succeed in Wigtown, where there was neither ability to conduct it—nor people of taste to take it in—nor money to purchase it. By this class we and the public were most foully libelled; but charity forbids us to expose their hapless and incurable stupidity, a course we are the more disposed to follow, since their prognostications have been signally refuted, both by the transcendant talent displayed in the No. already published, and by the favourable reception our labours have met with by a liberal and enlightened public.

"The other class, to whom we have alluded, admired our daring, and, with a singleness of purpose truly laudable, cheered us forward in our labours. These were kindred geniuses, whose good opinion we venerate, and whose exertions in our behalf are beyond all praise. We expect to fulfil all their fond anticipations, and even to surpass their most sanguine hopes.

"The Prospectus was, of a verity, a nine days' wonder, through the wide extent of Galloway; and the day of publication was looked forward to with feelings of the most intense anxiety. Thousands, we are assured, did not sleep during several previous nights, and upon the morning, when a new light dawned upon the dark places of the earth,

Watchmen were observed placed upon many a hill top to announce the approach of the stripling, who, with the fleetness of the roe, was to convey copies to country places. In the town of Wigtown the excitement was truly awful: people gave up work and traversed the streets in groups, as if it were a holiday, awaiting with the most eager desire the hour of nine. An incident occurred, in the course of the morning, which will give the world an idea of the excited feelings of the crowd; some foolish person announced that the hour of publication had been delayed, the news spread like wildfire, and the effect was instantaneous and fearful. The town from one end to the other was under arms—brickbats flew in all directions —the most unearthly yells and bitter upbraidings were uttered. The Oracle Office was attacked, and even our precious person, albeit we are beloved past ordinary men, was endangered. The Magistrates, we have been told, had some idea of reading the Riot Act, and dispersing the mob by the *posse Comitatus;* but fortunately the door of the Temple was then thrown open, and our responses were delivered for the moderate sum of 7d. each. By this means the fury of the crowd was at once turned into the most extravagant joy. The rush at first was tremendous, but we are glad to say no accident happened worth remarking, if we except what befel a gouty old gentleman who yelled most lustily, when a stalwart burgher unwittingly trampled on his tender toe.

"If the desire of the public to procure copies was great, the delight experienced in perusing No. 1 was still greater. Parties might be seen in every house gathered round the father of the family, who, 'with spectacles on nose,' read aloud, for the benefit of the entranced multitude, and at the end of every sentence, there was an expression of admiration, truly gratifying to all aspirants after literary fame. Not a shop, or inn, but had its Oracle, and its party of delighted readers. Everybody seemed intoxicated with joy:—It was even proposed to illuminate the town in the evening, as if some great victory had been won; but this we prudently discouraged, and out of respect for us, the idea was abandoned. We could not, however, prevent the crowd from exhibiting some uproarious marks of delight;

but when we learned it was intended to draw us in triumph thro' the town, we wisely withdrew from the Burgh, and rode into the country, trembling lest every carriage we saw might be the vehicle, destined to grace our triumph. Our fame we found had gained a march upon us: at the Bridge of Bladnoch, there were evident demonstrations of rejoicing, and our ears were frequently saluted, in our passage, by the word 'Oracle!' pronounced in the most reverential manner. We observed a poor wight, in his anxiety to peruse No. 1, reading on horseback, his sorry animal pacing the while at a gentle amble. In an instant the amiable youth was precipitated from his seat, into the mire, the horse having *shied* while he was 'rapt, inspired.' We extricated him from his perilous condition, and he acknowledged with tears of gratitude, that if The Oracle had caused his mishap, The Oracle had relieved him also.

"Willing to escape the honours awaiting us in Wigtown, we rode a considerable way into the country, and found everybody in the happiest humour, some perusing, some listening, some repeating, but all engaged with No. 1, in one way or another. Even the the children were frisking about like 'born diels,' shouting at the full pitch of their tiny voices, 'The Oracle! The Oracle!' At Cowan's New Inn, a set of jolly topers were carousing to our health and prosperity, and at the Whauphill,—albeit, patronised by the members of the Temperance Society—we overheard a noise which convinced us we were not forgotten in that delightfully rural place of retirement.

"Our hearts were delighted;—a voice of gladness issued from every house,—from the elegant mansions of the great, to the humble cots of the lowly. All were animated with one sentiment,—a deep and profound respect for The Oracle; and we returned to The Temple with a calm equanimity of mind, a benevolence of disposition, and an exalted view of humanity, far superior to any kindred sensations we had ever previously experienced. By this time the worthy denizens of Wigtown had retired to repose, and we too betook ourselves to rest, in the delightful anticipation of conferring unheard of benefits on the human race.

"We heard by the Post next night, that so great was the anxiety in different quarters for The Oracle, that the Mail

Coach had been surrounded in one place and attacked in another, till the Guard was constrained to deliver up the parcels containing the copies, forwarded by our worthy Publisher. We deeply deplore these outrages, for such we fear they will be considered, and tho' investigations will of course take place, 'in the proper quarter,' we sincerely trust our too partial admirers will not suffer severely for their very excusable folly.

"[NOTE.—We found the above article on our table upon awaking next morning, but have no recollection either of the facts detailed, or of having written the statement. We are, unfortunately, afflicted with somnambulism, and the article was written either in one of the fits of that malady, or while under the influence of that most delectable of all Spirits—Bladnoch Whisky. However the fact may be explained, certainly our senses have been 'Steep'd in Lethe's Stream.' It is impossible perhaps to account for the fantastic tricks Sleep or Whisky, or both combined, play upon men—'They take the prisoned soul, and lap it in Elysium,' and our dream, if dream it was, was one of the most delightful. Surely, surely, however, whether sleeping or waking, we could never have composed such a narrative unless it had been founded on truth.—We took the precaution to read the article, to a simple youth, whom we are pleased to patronize, and who looked mighty grave during the recital. Upon demanding his opinion, the lad rudely and abruptly declared it was 'all a bounce,' at which accusation our ire arose, and we ejected the impertinent jackanapes from the Temple by an application of our Oracular toe. We are still, however, at a loss about the verity of the story, and therefore the world, if it pleases, may call it 'a dream.'"

The second and last attempt at publishing a serial in the Burgh was the floating, in 1853, of "The Gallovidian," a small four-page "monthly journal of news and literature, price 2d." It was published by Mr. Walter Malcolm, and, like "*The Oracle*," its typography and general appearance were very fair. Its opening address talked very grandly and eloquently of the "march of intellect and the growth of knowledge," inferring that there was an urgent necessity

for its existence; but, alas! it, too, died a bantling at the premature age of twelve months!

It would seem that an attempt to establish a newspaper in the Burgh was a vain one, and warned by the experience of the proprietors of "*The Oracle*" and "*The Gallovidian*," no person has ventured to launch a periodical on the sea of literary speculation since the demise of the journals referred to. Still less is it likely that in the future any such attempt will be made. For one thing the population is limited and decreasing; and for another the daily newspapers are brought to our very door, with not only full general news, home and foreign, but even a fair proportion of news-items from the locality. Besides, the Stranraer *Free Press* and Newton-Stewart *Galloway Gazette* circulating so widely in the Burgh and district, would render any such attempt unwise and abortive.

The Wigtown Crows.

"I sing of a bird—a bird of fame,
Its colour's black, and Craw by name;
Craw! Craw! rook falady;
Craw! Craw! rook falay."—
Song.

The celebrated crow controversy which took place in Wigtown Town Council two years ago will, we daresay, be pretty fresh in the memory of many of our readers. It is well-known that history repeats itself; and if our ancient municipal rulers had their vexations anent old nags, geese, &c, which pestered the main street, need we wonder that their successors in office should get distressed over the persistent efforts of a regiment of crows endeavouring to establish themselves on the very same spot. A more animated discussion than that on the fate of "a colony of crows" which, taking advantage of the stringent gun-laws now pre-

valent, had infefted themselves into possession of the trees of the Square for building and breeding purposes, to the annoyance of a few of the inhabitants, but the good-natured amusement and delight of the great majority, had seldom before taken place at the Council board. This famous debate has invested the Wigtown crows with a permanent interest; and we wonder not at strangers enjoying a gaze at the many nests and their occupants when visiting the Royal Burgh in spring.

But to the controversy. After resolving by a majority to petition Parliament in favour of Mr. M'Laren's Bill for the abolition of Church Rates, the clerk read a letter from Treasurer M'Kie, who was absent from illness, complaining of the crows building their nests on the trees of the Square in the centre of the town, giving the town a deserted appearance, and requesting their destruction. Treasurer M'Kie's objection to the crows was based solely upon the ground that he thought the appearance of the Burgh would be improved by the absence of the crows and their nests in so conspicuous and ornamental a place as the Square. The subject being introduced, one Councillor moved that they employ a man to shoot the crows, as they [the poor innocent crows !] were a disgrace to the town. The Provost moved that the crows be let alone. Another member said the crows were great thieves, but he would protect them. The Provost, going close to the ear of a Councillor who was dull of hearing, asked, Are you for the crows away or not? The Councillor replied, If you could get the crows up from the trees in the Churchyard, you should put them in the Square: I vote for the crows (laughter). The Provost asking another member which way his sympathies lay, he replied, with stoical indifference: I don't care whether the crows live or die. When at length the Clerk had calculated the division, and announced that only three votes were

recorded in favour of the sable wingsters, the Provost exclaimed, with feeling, Only three for the crows! Be it observed that the interest of the meeting was getting so absorbing that the chief civic ruler could not keep his chair, but moved about the room. It was found, however, that the interest and hubbub of the division had confused the Clerk, and a new reckoning was instituted, in the course of which one member suspected the Provost of hinting that he was trying to proselytise, and turned upon his chief rather sharply, declaring that he would not be snubbed by him, for he could conduct himself with as much propriety as anybody there; which provoked the Provost to retort: "O! you are a very wise man." In order to ascertain exactly how each Councillor's sympathies lay in the important matter under consideration, one member proposed that "all the crows"—*i. e.*, all those councillors who were mercifully inclined towards the crows—should stand up; which was done, and at length it was announced by the clerk that the votes were equal. Now was the Provost's opportunity for a display of merciful magnanimity; and as "the quality of mercy is not strained," he at once cheerfully made a present of his casting vote to the crows, whose fate erewhile stood trembling in doubtful balance. Thus ended this memorable controversy.

"Opinions of the Press" on the Crow Debate.

The Wigtown Town Council have been seriously debating whether a colony of crows which have commenced building on the trees in the Square should be allowed to remain in the peaceful occupation of their nests, or should be remorselessly and systematically shot. The member of the Board who called attention to the presence of the birds made the singular ground of objection to them that they "gave a

deserted appearance to the town." An equal number recorded their votes for employing a man to shoot the crows, and for letting them alone, the Provost giving his casting vote in favour of toleration.—*Summary in Scotsman.*

We have all read in our ingenuous youth of the varied prowess of the elephant's trunk, which, as with awe we learned, is capable of picking up anything or anybody, from sixpences to human beings. Everyone, too, must remember how he was taught to marvel at the steam-hammer, with its versatile performances in the way of nut-cracking and steel-crunching. In future, when it is desired to impress the young with respect for capacities for the great and the small, the Wigtown Town Council have a just claim to take place beside the hammer and the elephant. This ingenious body, after deciding the other evening upon a subject seriously affecting both Church and State, and smashing the upholders of Church-rates, proceeded to crack a very tiny nut in the shape of a question mainly concerning the welfare of certain crows. To change the metaphor, these worthy Councillors placidly devoted themselves to picking up an ornithological sixpence, when fresh from the light tossing into space of the opinions of half a nation; or, in plain language, they first decided to petition against the continuance of Church-rates, and then discussed the propriety of allowing the aforesaid crows still to inhabit a local square. It is true that one member raised his voice against the digression into Imperial affairs, but that voice was only raised to be immediately drowned in a flood of opposition. Possibly the prospect of the Church-rates' discussion may have suggested the subject of the crows, for these birds, chiefly through their cousins the jackdaws, have always had an ecclesiastical connection. At anyrate, whether this connection suggested the act, or whether it was the result of deep conviction, an invalided Councillor felt himself called upon to write to his fellows, complaining of the reprehensible conduct of the crows, in building their nests on the trees of the square, and requesting that the birds should be destroyed. He based his complaint on the rather paradoxical allegation, that the presence of the crows gave the square a "deserted appearance." It was felt,

however, that a subject which had drawn a letter from the occupant of a sick-bed was not one to be lightly dismissed, and a sympathetic member of Council moved that the crows should be shot, remarking indignantly that they were "a disgrace to the town;" whereupon the Provost chimed in with a motion that the crows should be let alone. An easy-going Councillor remarked that though the crows were great thieves he was inclined to protect them—an utterance whose probable effect on the morals of the Wigtown community was surely not considered before it was given forth. Another gentleman,—in response to the Provost's elliptical inquiry, "Are you for the crows away or not?"—not only "voted for the crows," but expressed a desire for the presence of more crows. This devoted ornithologist actually wished the Churchyard trees to be put under requisition for the sake of an addition to the population of the square. The next member called upon recklessly replied, with a most culpable want of public spirit, "I don't care whether the crows live or die!" As each Councillor declared his opinion the suspense must have been something terrible; and if the crows continued the while to caw peacefully among their branches, it was because they knew not that their fate was in question. The breathless scene is only comparable to that in a Roman arena of old, as the spectators prepared to signify their pleasure as to the doom of a prostrate gladiator—or to some more modern occasions, when the destinies of kings have hung in the balance. At length the fatal moment arrived, and, amid an awful silence, the Clerk proclaimed the result of the division. It was unfavourable to the hapless birds. "Only three for the crows!" cried the Provost despairingly; and for an instant it seemed as if his feathered friends were indeed doomed to die. There was hope still, however; for it seemed that in the intense excitement of the moment, the votes had been incorrectly counted. A new reckoning was entered upon, in the course of which a sharp though short quarrel occurred between the Provost and one of the Councillors. On occasions such as this men are not quite masters of themselves, and are sometimes led into using words which they would never employ in cool blood. So terrible was the agitation that even the second calculation failed, and it was found necessary to resort to the plan of making all the

"crows"—so the friends of the birds had come to be designated—stand up. Then it was found that the votes were equal, and the battle of the crows was won; for the Provost lost no time in triumphantly recording a casting vote on the side of mercy. The invalid Councillor, then, is doomed not to have his wish gratified, the square is to continue *deserted* by being populated, and Wigtown is still to be "disgraced." Doubtless the proposal for the deportation to the square of the Churchyard birds will be discussed on a future occasion. Meanwhile, it is but according to precedent that the merry thieves, like many a human crow, should be indulgently permitted to live and thrive on the substance of the lieges. There is a moral here, if one cared to follow it out.—*Leader in Glasgow News.*

There is joy among the crows at Wigtown, and not without cause—we had almost written caws! Provost Murray has stepped between them and destruction, and their black breasts swell out with pride at the possession of such a public-spirited chief magistrate. Their presence had been objected to—they were branded as thieves—they were said to give the busy town a 'deserted appearance'; and for a time the concentrated municipal wisdom of the Burgh gravely pondered the question, Shall we shoot them or not? Knit brows and eager flashings of the eye testified to the intense earnestness bestowed upon the subject, and when the vote was taken, and it was found that Death and Preservation were equal, silence is said to have fallen upon every tree top. Then it was that the crows had reason to rejoice that the Chairman had a heart as tender as some of his fellow-Councillors' heads: he cast in his lot with the crows! Some one has said that the strength of Britain lies in her municipal institutions; how true this is, let Wigtown bear witness. We are proud of Wigtown—proud of its Provost—and proud of its crows. Long may the one flourish, the other rule, and the third make the Square jocund with their music! Wigtown deprived of its crows! The thought is madness. Well therefore it is that the ancient burgh possesses men who can rise to the great height of the occasion when such a momentous question is discussed as crows or no crows. Mediocre minds might

have thought the question below the notice of any sane body of men; but mediocrity is not genius, and genius alone can soar as high as—the tops of the trees in the Square at Wigtown. —*Galloway Gazette.*

The Town Council of Wigtown have a happy way of conducting business. They held a special meeting on Wednesday night, and Mr. Duncan M'Laren's Abolition of Church Rates Bill came up for discussion. The Provost orated eloquently in favour of the measure; a Councillor said it was brought forward by a "regular old Radical" year by year, and ought not to be encouraged. He esteemed local affairs to be the proper prerogative of a Town Council. So the Wigtown worthies proceeded to a consideration of the "Crow question." It seems that some crows have been building their nests on the trees of the square in the centre of the town, "giving it a deserted appearance;" and Treasurer M'Kie complains of the liberties thus taken by the crows, and demands their destruction. As if he feared that the Council might possibly take the matter practically in hand themselves, and organise a shooting tournament, one member moved that the crows should be shot by a man retained for the purpose, as they were a "disgrace to the town." The poor "corbies" were held by this blood-thirsty Councillor to be worthy of no better death than at the hands of a common executioner. The Provost represented the humanity of the assembly over which he presides, and took the part of the crows; another Councillor, who called the birds great thieves, said he would protect them. Mark how delightfully cause and effect are mingled in this avowal! "The dull of hearing" was loudly spoken to by the Provost, and gallantly proclaimed he would vote for the crows; but another member, with world-weary and blase indifference, responded that he did not care whether the crows lived or died. The clerk counted the votes, and the result of his reckoning drew from the Provost an expression of melancholy fervour—"only three for the crows!" The councillors, however, had been so noisy and unruly as to prevent a correct return being taken. Another count was instituted, when a member who suspected the Provost of hinting that he was

whispering persuasions to a waverer, was good enough to take this as a snub offered to himself, and he resented it accordingly in emphatic tones, which drew from his civic chief the highly original remark—"O, you are a very wise man!" An exchange of compliments like this between the "Provost and his man" did not, it may be supposed, facilitate the determination of the vote, and for awhile the fate of the crows was uncertain. At last a councillor seemed struck with an idea, and he suggested that "all the crows" should stand. Crows and anti-crows were then divided, when it was found they were equally matched. The Provost, however, swooped down upon the field, and by casting his vote against the enemies of the "sable wingsters," as the reporter calls them, saved the birds from untimely destruction. A debate like this—remembering the manner in which it was conducted—is wonderfully entertaining and edifying, much more so than the discussion of Mr. Duncan M'Laren and his Church Rates could possibly be. No one can be surprised that one of the members of Council should prefer his colleagues to deliberate upon local rather than imperial affairs when there is so much fun to be got near home. Having considered the crows, might not the Wigtown Town Council have another special meeting to discuss what is to be done with the sparrows? and, failing that, could they not organise a grand yearly crow hunt, and entertain themselves every first of April to a magnificent banquet of crow pie? The birds would, perhaps, be a trifle tough at that early season; but Wigtown cooks are famed for their skill in the manufacture of savoury dishes out of tough material.—*Glasgow Evening News and Star.*

Historical painting has hitherto occupied far too narrow a field. The art-loving public is too fond of representations of Luther before his accusers, and the Eve of Flodden—the immensities and eternities of facts, in short—and as even the painter is not uninfluenced by the laws of supply and demand, the result is the working to death of stereotyped subjects. Why should not art turn out to a lower sphere for its themes than national struggles and deliberations of primary importance? Some very interesting pictures might be made of events of municipal life. What dweller, for instance, in the

Wigtown of the future could fail to be intensely moved by seeing depicted on canvass what was witnessed in the Council Chamber of the town on Wednesday night? A letter was read from the Treasurer, which told of a grievence under which the town suffered—the crows had built their nests on the trees of the Square, giving the town a deserted appearance. The Treasurer requested that the Council should give decree for the destruction of the nests. One Councillor moved that a town's executioner be appointed to shoot the venerable occupants of the trees. Here rose the Provost, and urged that the birds should be left in undisturbed possession, and his plea in their favour was seconded by another member of the Council, who, while admitting that the crows were very great thieves, declared his intention of affording them his protection. Ultimately the matter was brought to the vote, when it was found that the advocates of powder and shot were exactly as numerous as those of a more humane policy. The Provost, of course, had a casting vote, and he naturally gave it in favour of his sable friends. Some local artist should seize the golden opportunity of depicting this triumph of the grand old maxim, "live and let live." Still, as the Provost's term of office is not a very long one, and as a new regime may mean a new policy, the Wigtown crows will do well to think of finding a quieter retreat than that afforded by the Square.—*Edinburgh Evening News.*

Council of Crows.

A council of the Crows of Wigtown and its neighbourhood was recently held on the trees in the Square at Wigtown, for the purpose of considering the report of a Council of unfeathered bipeds held in the same locality. The substance of the latter has already appeared in our columns, and a correspondent, familiar with the language of crows, furnishes us with a report of the former, remarking that it can be best given in the vernacular of the district.

Davie Dumpytail—As this is a maist extranornar affair we're about, the Faither maun be preesis. (Heaw, heaw.)

The Faither.—Ma freens and neebors, nae thanks to ye for makin' me preesis. Gin ye had dune ocht else on an occasion like this, I wad hae thocht that, like some bipeds

below us, ye had begun to put a souple gab afore a grey pow, and impudence afore wisdom. Frien's, ane an' a', canna but unerstan' that a crisis has arisen in the history o' oor community. Without word o' warning, oor vera existence has been trembling in the balance. Thanks to the chiel that brings a' deeds o' darkness to the licht—Maister Phraser—they ca' him that because he deals in *phrases*—we noo ken the warst o't. We're no to flit this term, so we may gang on wi' oor wark—you mither-birds clockin' as usual. Afore askin' you to say what you think o' the governors o' this Royal Burgh, let me read ye a wee bit frae a paper ca'd the *Graphic*, in which there's some sense:

"In the time of Queen Anne there was a rookery in the Temple Gardens, first established by Sir Edward Northey, a well-known lawyer of the period, who colonised the place with birds from his estate at Epsom. 'It was a pleasant thought,' said Leigh Hunt, 'supposing the colonists had no objection. The rook is a grave legal bird, both in his coat and habits; living in communities, yet to himself, and strongly addicted to discussions of *meum* and *tuam*.' Possibly some descendants of the birds which made the gardens melodious with their caw a century and a half ago intend to once more make a home for themselves within the legal precinct. At any rate, a couple of very serious rooks, who look as wise as Lord Burleigh, have, it is said, commenced their building operations. There seems no reason why a rookery should not be once more established in Temple Gardens. If the Benchers were only to give this matter their attention, and look after the 'grave legal birds' as well as the storks of the Hague, the eagles of Geneva, and the pigeons of Venice are considered by their own municipalities, the desired result might possibly be attained."

There's nane here but'll say there's gumption there. As I'm a wee roupit this afternoon, I'se say nae mair, but let ony o' ye that likes gang on.

Willie Whitefeather—Maister Preesis, we're a' vera muckle obleeged to ye for gien' us this opportunity for assertin' oor privileges. Some craters—puir unfeathered yird-creepers—consider that as they ca' themsel's the lords o' creation, they hae a richt to murder and destroy at their ain pleasure. I only wish a wheen o' the lords o' creation kent their place

in the warl', and the wark they hae to do in't, as weel as us puir craws. (Heaw, heaw.)

Simon Slydabber—I'm uncoly astonished at Treasurer M'Kie makin' a noise about us, for we dinna cost ocht: maybe he grudges us oor hoose rents, but we sit on lang lease, and mak' oor ain repairs. Ane o' the councillor bodies proposed to shoot us; he deserves oor consideration, and I'm gaun to help the keaws to carry sticks to big up every lum in his hoose. Anither ane ca's us great thieves, but we never tak' ony o' the stuff he deals in: naebody ever saw us comin' hame here drunk on Saturday nichts, and oor goitlin's gapin' for meat and nane to gie them. It's divertin', if it wasna deadly, to hear men that pretend to hae gumption to manage their neebour's affairs taukin' aboot destroyin' us in the way thir councillors do. I hae hauf a notion efter hearin' what the Faither has said to flit to Lunnon. They wad be glad to see us there. Our frien's in the Edinburgh squares are very muckle thocht o'.

Lowrie Langneb.—Thae councillor bodies dinna ken that craws and clergy are kittle things to shoot at. But let them hae their fling, they hae got themsel's weel laugh'd at ower the haill country. They'll no daur meddle us noo; if they even so muckle as mention sic a thing they'll hear about it. Puir souls canna appreciate guid neebors. It's a mercy they hae a douse Provost to keep them richt, but they dinna ken how to respect the guid gear that gangs in wee buik in his case. The thocht of the Provost o' Wigtown, a burgh o' sic an ancient name and renown, gaun without ocht to wear, in the way o' a chain or gown, is a scandal to the fowk, gin they thocht it. What I want to be at is this, if we can get the keaws to gie us ane o' the gowd chains they fa' in wi' whiles, we should mak' a present o't to the Provost some afternoon when we see him workin' in the garden amang his bonny flowers. (Heaw, heaw.)

Robbie Roupitthrapple.—That's no a bad notion o' yours, Lowrie. We maun mak' it up to our guid auld frien' in some way. I'm determined no to lea' a grub in his kail-yard this spring: nae fear o' his tatties bein' worm-eaten gin I can help it.

Davie Dumpytail.—The Council never thinks o' the guid we do the burgh by keepin' the farms belongin' to't clear o'

grubs and worms: they wad sun fin' out our worth were we to flit. But we maun come to some resolution to let thae unfledged Councillors ken what we think o' them. I wad move: That this Council o' the ancient inhabitants and harmless indwellers in Wigtown has heard o' the ongoin's o' the Town Councillors below wi' some concern, but is vera glad to fin' that the haivers o' some Councillors dinna meet the approval o' decent fowk generally; and that the thanks o' this Council be gien to Provost Murray for his fellow-feeling for fellow-creatures and exalted members. (Heaw, heaw, heaw.)

Mungo Moolyneb.—I wad second that, but I wad like to hae a dab at the Treasurer, and the ane that was gaun to shoot us.

Davie Dumpytail.—It's no worth whyle; they were jokin'.

The Faither.—Then, do we agree to that? (Heaw, heaw, heaw.) That'll do, then. Noo, afore ye gang aff yer ain gaits again, I wad advise ane and a' to mak' as little din as possible; and rather than dirty our neebors' black coats let us learn the goitlings to turn their tails the ither way. Guide e'en, frien's. (Heaw, heaw, heaw.)—*Stranraer Free Press.*

The *Glasgow Bailie* also celebrated the Crow question in a short poem.

THE SALMON FISHING DISPUTE.

This was a difference of a comparatively recent date. From time immemorial the inhabitants of the Burgh of Wigtown and others had enjoyed the privilege of fishing in Wigtown Bay and the rivers Cree and Bladnoch—the fish taken including salmon. Anybody might, until the time we are about to specify, have set out a net on the sands for the purpose of taking any kind of fish unrestrained. The consequence was that while a good many of the inhabitants earned or eked out their livings by fishing, the entire community could purchase fish at a very low rate. We have seen

excellent salmon sold in the Burgh at fourpence per pound in these times. This happy state of matters, however, was not to last; and in the year 1867 the Town Council, or a majority of them, conceived the notion that the right to the salmon fishing in the Bay belonged to them, as a Corporation; and that were they to set the fishing they might derive a considerable revenue therefrom. Very good, if attainable; but as they, like great fish, were contemplating swallowing, and did swallow, up the smaller fry of the hitherto unrestrained fishermen, so they in turn, had to undergo the process of being swallowed up by a greater fish than any of themselves, even the Earl of Galloway, as the sequel will show. Meanwhile we cannot but express our regret that the Town Council were so ill-advised as to raise the question of who these fishings belonged to, for otherwise the community would still have been enjoying the golden age of cheap salmon, and many townsmen who by the agitation were deprived of a means of supporting themselves and their families, would still have remained in their accustomed calling. It is true that had the old state of matters remained, the Wigtownshire Railway might carry away many of the fish caught to the larger markets, but still the free liberty of fishing would have secured a cheap price at home, without the trouble and risk attendant on transmission. But this is digressing. In the above year the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council raised an action of Declarator and Interdict against the fishermen, in the Court of Session, and, as the latter did not put in an appearance, decree passed in absence on 19th December, 1867. The success of the Magistrates and Town Council, however, was only temporary, for when they were in the very act of letting the fishings by public auction, in the Court-house at Wigtown, the Earl of Galloway's agent there and then placed an interdict on the roup, on the ground that the fishings in question belonged

to his Lordship. The excitement from that moment became intense—the fishermen and a great many of the inhabitants being indignant at the conduct of the Magistrates and Council. Feeling ran so high that the local muse aroused herself to the creation of verses in which the conduct of the municipal rulers was pungently and severely criticised and condemned.

But the Town Council had a giant at their back in the person of Lord Young, then Solicitor-General; and in soliciting re-election as representative of the Wigtown District of Burghs, in 1868, he took occasion in the course of a very brilliant speech to the electors, never published in its entirety, to give his opinion on the *questio vexata.* From full notes of the speech we transcribe the following:—

"You are aware that there have been great efforts made lately—and these efforts have to a certain, although only partial extent, been successful—to sacrifice the interests of sea fisheries and of the proprietors of fishings in the sea, to the interests, real or supposed, of the proprietors of fishings in rivers, and of those who attach very much importance—more, I confess, than I do myself—to the sport of angling. Since I have been your representative, I have not hesitated to express, upon any occasion which afforded me a fitting opportunity, my own views and convictions against the policy and tendency of these measures. I entertained these opinions before I became the representative of these Burghs, and I have given them expression upon all suitable occasions since I have been the representative of these Burghs—since I have been in Parliament. Attempts have been made to assimilate our Scotch laws upon this, the southern shores of the Solway, to the laws which regulate the taking of salmon upon the opposite shore of England. I have always consistently, perseveringly, and to the best of my ability, opposed these attempts. I have urged—and hitherto the opposition which I have supported has been successful—that to assimilate the law of Scotland to the law of England in this respect, and in this respect only, and upon this part of the shore of

Scotland which borders upon the Solway firth, while the Scotch law is left to prevail over the rest of the coast and the rest of the land, was altogether impolitic and unjustifiable. I have urged that there was nothing of connection between the fishings upon the one side of the Solway and the other that a difference should be made with respect to the law of Scotland upon this particular part of the coast only, to assimilate it to the law of England upon the other. I am sure you will sympathise with these views of mine, which I have entertained conscientiously, believe me, irrespective of your interests. The result of assimilating the Scotch to the English law upon the shores of the Solway firth would be to put down all fishings upon the shores of the Solway—the Scotch shores of the Solway—by fixed engines. And now I advert to another subject in connection with the same topic of salmon fishings, and it is this. I understand—it has been represented to me, and I believe it to be according to fact that hitherto—at least until a comparatively recent period—the fishings belonging to the corporation of the Burgh of Wigtown—(interruption)—One moment; I shall express my own views upon this subject quite candidly, truly, and to the best of my information, knowledge, and belief. I may, however, notice the interruption—which I do not take unkindly in the least degree—in the form of an assertion that the fishings to which I have alluded as belonging to the Burgh of Wigtown, belong to the public. I may notice that by stating that within this kingdom of Scotland there are not, and never have been from the earliest period of its history, any salmon fishings anywhere belonging to the public. Since the first period of the history of our country and the history of our laws, salmon fishings have always been private property, and there is no such thing—you may take my word for it, as a lawyer of some little knowledge and experience—there is no such thing in Scotland, and never has been, as a salmon fishery belonging to the public. Therefore salmon fishings are private property, though sometimes belonging to corporations—to the corporation of a Burgh. We have got many instances of that in Scotland.—(A voice: Not here.)—So Lord Galloway says; he says they belong to him (cheers); and allow me to say that if these things to which I have alluded do

not belong to the Burgh of Wigtown, they do not belong to Lord Galloway—they cannot belong to the public—the law of Scotland does not recognise such a right as belonging to the public. And therefore the consequence of denying that these fishings belong to the Burgh of Wigtown, under the administration of the Magistrates and Town Council, freely elected by the inhabitants of Wigtown, is to say that they belong to Lord Galloway; and that is what he says (cheers). And I would tell you what he says more, and in which, if you do not take some care, he possibly may be successful—he says that the possession which has been had hitherto of these fishings by fishermen residing in this town is no better than possession by members of the public—that is, so much trespass. The Corporation of Wigtown, upon the other hand, in your interest, in your defence, in order to prevent these fishings being taken from you by subtle reasoning, are maintaining that the possession of the fishermen has been by their permission; and unless they shall prevail, fishermen residing in Wigtown are of no more account in the legal view of this matter than fishermen sending boats from Stranraer, or from a convenient port in Ireland, Whitehaven, Maryport, or anywhere else (cheers). And accordingly the Magistrates and Town Council of Wigtown, acting in the true interests of the fishermen of Wigtown—in the true interests of the whole inhabitants of Wigtown—as I can judge with perfect impartiality, having no interest whatever upon the one side or the other—are maintaining what alone can enable these fishings to be preserved from Lord Galloway. They are the property of the Burgh of Wigtown, as a corporation, to be administered as the common good, in the same way as any other part of the common good (cheers). Allow me to tell you—and I have no doubt this will be denied by interested individuals, who urge error upon you for personal advantages—but allow me to tell you that unless their efforts shall be successful, the fishings in the Bay of Wigtown will be given over—*not* to the public—such a thing, I say again, is unknown in this kingdom of ours—but will become the private property of Lord Galloway, which he will let exactly as he does his farms (cheers and interruption). Now the gentleman—for I think there is only one—who is interrupting me upon this subject, may have a very much

better knowledge of the law of Scotland with respect to salmon fishings and other subjects than I have; but if you have any confidence in my opinion, and if you have any confidence in my candour in declaring it to you, I have stated the truth and the law upon the subject to which I have referred now; and possibly it will not be very long before you see that it is so. You know that I have no interest upon the one side or the other. You know that I have no interest opposed to any one class of the inhabitants of Wigtown and in favour of any other; and forming an impartial opinion upon the subject—which really admits of no controversy—and having arrived without doubt or hesitation at the conclusion which I have stated to you, I did think it was my duty to avail myself of the present opportunity to dissipate, so far as I might be able, some clouds and darkness which have been overhanging the subject."

The dispute was brought before the Court of Session—the Burgh pouring forth many witnesses on the one side and the other. These witnesses were of all ages and positions in life, and of both sexes. The trial lasted several days. The Lord Ordinary (Jerviswoode) gave judgment in favour of the pursuer (Lord Galloway), and repelled the defences stated for the Magistrates and Town Council. A Reclaining Note against the Interlocutor was lodged by the defenders, and the case was fully debated before the Inner House, after which the Court pronounced the following Interlocutor :—"The Lords having heard Counsel on the Reclaiming Note for Thomas Murray, Esq., and others, against Lord Jerviswood's Interlocutor of 25th January, Recall the Interlocutor; Find, that the defenders, the Provost, Magistrates, and Council of the Burgh of Wigtown and their predecessors, as representing the burgesses and community of said Burgh, have not possessed the salmon fishings in dispute, or any part thereof, either during the possessory or prescriptive period, and have instructed no right or title to such possession. Find, on the other hand, that the pursuer and his

predecessors have been in the peaceable possession of the said salmon fishings for a period greatly exceeding the possessory period, to such an extent, and in virtue of such titles as are sufficient to warrant the conclusions of this action against the present defenders for removal and interdict as after expressed. Therefore decern and ordain the defenders to take away all stake nets or other nets and other fixed engines or machinery erected by them or by their authority on the lands, fishings, sleechy grounds, and shores mentioned in the summons or any part thereof, and interdict, prohibit, and discharge them from making any such erections in future, and from fishing for salmon in any way whatever within the limits of the said lands, fishings, sleechy ground, and shores, and to this extent and effect decern: *qnoad ultra*, in respect the pursuer declines to call the Crown for its interest as a party to the present action, dismiss the action and decern; and find no expenses due to or by either party."

It would thus appear that a third claimant—the Crown—might have put in for the fishings. But that third claimant has not yet appeared. We have reason to suppose that had the controversy not been raised by the Town Council, Lord Galloway would not have come into the arena, and thus the older and better state of matters would have still existed. As it is, the fishings are let to a few individuals at such a rent as necessitates them disposing of their "takes" at the highest market; and thus the inhabitants have either to pay high market price for the luxury of a good salmon or want it.

It may be added that those who adopted the views of the Town Council placed considerable stress upon what the Charter of the Burgh, given on pages 9 and 10, said or was held to say as to the fishings; but little weight seems to have been attached to what the Charter contained, in the Court of Session.

The Harbour.

It is generally known that formerly the Harbour of Wigtown was situated immediately to the east of the town, just below the Parish Church. Symson nearly two hundred years ago wrote of this Harbour, "At Wigtown with a spring tide, and a good pilot, a ship of considerable burden may be brought up, and easily disburdened." And again, "Ships of two hundred tun may come neer to it [Wigtown] at a spring-tide, with a good pilot; but yet it hath but little trading by sea." About the year 1817 the current of the river Bladnoch was diverted into a more southerly channel, and the present harbour and breastwork were soon thereafter formed, the old harbour falling into disquetude. The ancient bed of the river, hallowed by its association with the Wigtown martyrdom, is almost filled up by sand, and large tracts of the soil in its locality have been, and are in the course of being, reclaimed for agricultural purposes by the Earl of Galloway.

It is thought by some that it is questionable whether the Corporation have a legal right to levy dues at the new Harbour, no authority having been obtained for its erection; but these charges, being moderate in their character, are only a fair return for the money laid out to provide proper accommodation to shipping. Up to 1833, it is said the Harbour dues averaged about £30 10s. annually. At last set of the Harbour dues (1876), they were called down at £75.

Steam Navigation.—About the year 1825, the first steam-vessel that ever called at the Port of Wigtown, steamed up the river to the new Harbour. It was the "Saint Andrew," one of the first steam-vessels built on the Clyde. The vessel was introduced as a feeder to the Whitehaven Steam Navigation Company, and carried stock to Whitehaven from the Galloway and Dumfries ports, being at the same time the

principal mode of conveyance of visitors to England. The "Saint Andrew" was succeeded by a local company's steamer, called the "Countess of Galloway," built for the station about the year 1835. About that time an opposition steamer called the "Warrington" was put on the station by the late Bailie Andrew McMaster. This was the first iron steam vessel that had arrived at the port of Wigtown. The arrival of an *iron* steamer was looked on with much interest by the inhabitants of Wigtown in general, and by Patie Cunningham, merchant, Wigtown, in particular, a good but eccentric man, who had up to the time of the visit of the "Warrington" held that it was impossible iron could float, as the only case he had known of iron swimming was mentioned in the bible—and it was affected by miraculous power—namely, the floating of the iron head of an axe, mentioned in the 6th verse of the 6th chapter of the Second Book of Kings. Patie would not believe that the vessel was iron-built until he had made investigation. He said "it was a feethical impothibility for iron tae thoom." He took a pocket-knife, and scraped and scraped, and punched and punched at the side of the boat, until at last he was forced to utter the words "She'll never be worm-eaten."

After this, a new Company (the present Galloway Steam Navigation Company) was formed, and they put on the station the present commodious and fast steam vessel also called the "Countess of Galloway," which has plied so successfully between the ports of Galloway and Liverpool for the past 32 years.

Shipping Trade.—We subjoin particulars of trade at the Port of Wigtown, which includes the Creeks of Garlieston, Portwilliam, and Isle of Whithorn (at which Creeks Prnicipal Coast Officers are stationed), and also the out-stations of Carty, Creetown, and Palnure, which are visited occasionally by the officers of Wigtown.

For 1876, the traffic was as follows :—

INWARDS.

From Great Britain with cargoes, 563 Sailing Vessels, 14,088 Tons; 103 Steam Vessels, 13,172 Tons,

,, Ireland, with cargoes, 10 Sailing Vessels, 654 Tons.

,, Great Britain, in ballast, 353 Sailing Vessels, 11,436 Tons; 6 Steam Vessels, 809 Tons.

,, Ireland, in ballast, 4 Sailing Vessels, 314 Tons.

,, Foreign Ports, with cargoes, 4 Vessels, 831 Tons.

OUTWARDS.

To Great Britain, with cargoes, 332 Sailing Vessels, 16,391 Tons; 93 Steam Vessels, 13,290 Tons.

,, Ireland, with cargoes, 2 Sailing Vessels, 30 Tons.

,, Great Britain, in ballast, 601 Sailing Vessels, 9,992 Tons; 24 Steam Vessels, 2098 Tons.

Vessels registered at the Port, 39; Tonnage, 1920.

For the sake of comparison, we go back seven years, and give the traffic for 1869 :—

INWARDS.

From Great Britain, with cargoes, 510 Sailing Vessels, 16,108 Tons; 47 Steam Vessels, 13,321 Tons.

,, Ireland, with cargoes, 11 Sailing Vessels, 815 Tons.

,, Foreign Ports, with cargoes, 3 Sailing Vessels, 533 Tons.

OUTWARDS.

To Great Britain, with cargoes, 293 Sailing Vessels, 10,467 Tons; 47 Steam Vessels, 13,348 Tons.

,, Ireland, with cargoes, 2 Sailing Vessels, 76 Tons.

From Foreign Forts, 3 Sailing Vessels, 763 Tons.

To Foreign Ports, with cargoes, 2 Sailing Vessels, 533 Tons.

Vessels registered at the Port, 48; Tonnage, 2832.

The Imports consist principally of coal, lime, slates, salt, manures, and Foreign Timber.

The Exports are chiefly home-grown timber, grain, stock, and other farm produce, granite, blend-ore, lead, &c.

"The harbour," says the *Statistical Account*, 1841, "is within a quarter of a mile of the town. The harbour dues are let by the magistrates for £26 per annum, which is

expended in defraying the expense of building and repairing the same. There were about fourteen vessels belonging to Wigtown, containing about 883 tons burden, for the year ending 31st December, 1831; [31st December, 1850, 69 vessels, 3967 tons.] There were seventy-six vessels outward bound, the amount of their cargoes 5017 tons, and ninety vessels inward, amounting to 6220 tons. The quantity of grain shipped, from 29th September, 1829, until 29th September, 1830, was 1453 bolls of 12 bushels each, 60 bolls of potatoes, 120 bolls oatmeal. From September 29th, 1830, to September 29th, 1831, 780 bolls grain, 12 bushels to the boll."

The Standing Stones at Torhouse.

Although situated about two miles west of the Burgh, the Standing Stones of Torhouse possess so much antiquarian interest that we cannot refrain from noticing them in this work. They have attracted much curious investigation, which has resulted in different theories as to the origin and meaning of these relics. *Symson* writes regarding them as follows: "In the parish [of Wigtown] there are no considerable edifices except one, viz., Torhouse, situated on the north side of the river of Blaidnoch, and belongs to George M'Culloch of Torhouse, not far from whose house, in the highway betwixt Wigtown and Portpatrick, about three miles westward of Wigtown, is a plaine call'd the Moor, or Standing Stones of Torhouse, in which there is a monument of three large whin-stones, call'd King Galdu's tomb, surrounded, at about twenty feet distance, with nineteen considerable great stones, (but none of them so great as the three first mentioned) erected in a circumference. In this Moor, and not far from the tomb, are great heaps of small hand-stones, which the country people call Cairnes, suppos'd by

them to be the buriall places of the common soldiers. As also at severall places distant from the monument, are here and there great single stones erected, which are also supposed to be the buriall places of his commanders and men of note. But herein I determine nothing, only I think fit to add, that, at severall places in this countrey, there are many great heaps of hand-stones, call'd cairnes; and those heaps, or cairnes of stones, are very seldom single, but many times there are two of them, and sometimes more, not far distant from each other. This place is the ordinary rendezvouse of the militia troop, which belong to the Shire."

The old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, written nearly 100 years ago says:—"The most remarkable monument of antiquity in the parish of Wigtown is that in the western end of it, called 'the standing stones of Torhouse.' It is one of those circles of large stones, by some thought Druidic temples, by others reckoned courts of justice. The stones which form the circle are 19 in number, all of unpolished granite, and all of them still standing erect, as they have been originally placed, except one which is fallen down. They are of various sizes, as they have been formed by the hand of nature—from 2 to 5 feet in length, and from 4 to 9 feet in girth. The distances of the stones are also very different, from 5 to almost 12 feet; and the circumference of the circle on the outward side of the stones is 218 feet. Within the circle, though not quite in the centre, but towards the south side, stand three large stones, erected in a straight line from east to west, of which the two outward are about five, and the middle one about three feet high—the altar, in all probability, on which sacrifice was offered, before the dispensation of justice, as in Pagan times the judge was always a priest. Southward from the circle, at the distance of 43 yards, stands, a single stone; and eastward from the circle, at the distance of about 160 yards stand three stones, erected in a line from

east to west—both of which bore some relation to the temple or court of justice. Directly to the north are two cairns or barrows of stones, the nearest at the distance of about 140 yards, the farthest at about 160. The circumference of the former is about 240 feet, and the most part of it has been carried away to build the fences of the adjacent grounds. The latter is entire; the figure quite conic; the circumference at the base about 256 feet, and the height about 12 feet."

In the latest edition of the *Statistical Account*, published in 1841, the writer who furnishes the particulars of the parish of Wigtown observes: "One of the most remarkable monuments of antiquity in the parish is the Standing Stones of Torhouse. It is one of those circles of large stones supposed by some to be the remains of Druidic temples, by others, courts of justice, and reckoned by not a few to mark the spot where a battle has been fought, and where the chiefs have been slain and buried. The stones are nineteen in number and of unpolished granite. 'In the highway betwixt Wigtown and Port-patrick, says Symson in his *Description of Galloway*, written in 1684, 'about three miles westward of Wigtown, is a plaine, called the 'Moor or Standing Stones of Torhouse,' in which there is a monument of three large whinstones, (called King Galdu's tomb,) surrounded, at about twelve feet distance, with nineteen considerable great stones (but none of them so great as the three first mentioned), erected in a circumference.' This opinion, which has obtained the sanction of the celebrated antiquarian, Sir Robert Sibbald, of Timothy Pont, and of others, seems the most probable, if not altogether certain. As these Standing Stones are supposed to constitute a monument to the memory of Galdus, King of the Scots, who conquered the province from the Romans, so there are several heaps of small stones in the neighbourhood, called

Cairns, alleged to mark the burial-place of the common soldiers. There are also several single stones of considerable size erected at different spots in the vicinity, which are regarded as indicating the tombs of the commanders and persons of note that fell in the engagement."

In *Lands and their Owners* we meet with the following regarding these stones: "The *Standing Stones of Torhouse* may be said to be the only remains of antiquity now extant in the parish of Wigtown. The stones are of unpolished granite, and form an outer circle twenty-three yards in diameter. They are nineteen in number, and vary in size. In the centre there are other three, standing in a line from east to west, one of which is the largest, being five and a half feet in diameter, and six in height. On each side, at an equal distance of one hundred and twenty yards, there are six other stones, three being in line from, and three in line facing the circle. This is called a Druidical circle by some, a court of justice by others; and tradition does not hesitate to say that the stones have been placed there in memory of Galdus, a King of the Scots, who is said to have had many battles, and not a few victories, with the Romans. There are some cairns in the vicinity which are held to be corroborative of the monumental character of the circle. With all deference to those who presume to lead the fashion in history and antiquities, we are not yet quite prepared to cast the Druids overboard. Under their regimé the Standing Stones might have been both a place of sacrifice and a court of justice; for they are said to have united the functions of the lawgiver as well as the priest. The circles are generally found near to tumuli, and may have been connected with the interment of the early dead. Before the introduction of Christianity, there was no doubt some kind of religion in the British Isles; and if not that of the Druids, of whom the Roman authors tell us, what was the

nature of it? We know that the Christian missionaries seldom changed the place of meeting: the Cross supplanted the pagan insignia: and in later times, the sites became parish churches. Not long ago, in out-of-the-way districts, markets were held after sermon at the church, in the same way that the Standing Stones of the Druids were used alike for worship and for justice. That they were set apart for meetings of this kind we know from monastical records in the north, as well as the court books of Orkney."

Mr. William McIlwraith, editor of the *Dumfries Courier*, and author of an excellent *Visitor's Guide to Wigtownshire*, remarks: "It is rather beyond the province of a Visitor's Guide to discuss such an intricate subject as the probable meaning or purpose of standing stones in general; but we may be permitted to mention that, in a recent work, Sir John Lubbock produces indisputable evidence that stones have been, and are still, worshipped by some savage races. in India, he says, stone-worship is very prevalent, and he gives numerous instances. The Ryots have stones, painted red, set up in their rice-fields, as guardian deities. 'In Western Europe, during the Middle Ages, we meet with several denunciations of stone-worship, showing its deep hold on the people.' Priests shut the Church-doors on stone-worshippers, from which it is to be inferred that the Christian and Pagan religions were contemporaneous. Africa, Abyssinia, Tahiti, Feejee, Dacotah, all furnish evidence of stone-worship. 'In Ireland, in the fifth century, King Loghair worshipped a stone pillar called the Crom-Cruach, which was overthrown by St. Patrick.' In Skye stones were consecrated to Apollo and the sun called Grugach, or the Fair-haired; 'milk was poured on the Grugach stones as a libation.' These are interesting facts in connection with the association of Standing Stones and religion. Doubts as to their sacred character have been

caused by the discovery of human remains under them. Hero-worship and stone-worship may have coalesced in primitive times. To commemorate the virtues of an ancient chief, his surviving admirers may have set up a stone, at which they worshipped him; just as the devout Romanist in the Middle Ages erected a Chapel near the place where a beloved ancestor died in battle, or was buried, in which to say masses for his soul. As time wore away, and the first worshippers died, the name of the departed might become forgotten, and religious observances alone would be preserved. Accepting it as the fact that hero-worship and stone-worship both existed in this country, we think it possible to reconcile the theories, alluded to above, regarding these Standing Stones of Torhouse. Galdus, or some other famous chief of old renown, may have been buried here, with his warriors around him, and persons of meaner degree, but worthy of being remembered, at some little distance apart. Galdus's tomb may have been the Westminster Abbey of the locality —the place in which the mighty reposed in peace while their descendants worshipped above them. Then, as to the Cairns, the remains of which can be traced on the rising ground to the east of the Standing Stones, and the double-walled Fort, or Tor-house, which we visited, may they not have been the dwellings of the officiating priests?"

Under the heading, "Standing Stones," in *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, we read that "large rude unhewn blocks of stone, artifically raised to an erect position at some remote period, have been found in almost every part of the world where man has fixed his habitation. We find them in Britain, in continental Europe, in Assyria, India, Persia, and even in Mexico, and they are generally of such a size that their erection presupposes some degree of skill in the use of mechanical power. They are especially abundant in the British Isles, where they sometimes stand singly, and some-

times in more or less regular groups; and it was long the general opinion of archæologists that they were connected with the Druidical theory, while no other explanation has been given which is in all cases satisfactory. The erection of a large stone, not easily shifted from its place, is perhaps the easiest mode which man's instinct would contrive of preserving the memory of an event or of a hero; and there can be no doubt that many of these monoliths mark the site of a grave or of a battle-field. Human skeletons, and bronze and iron weapons, have been in numerous cases found underneath them. A traditional remembrance of this origin is preserved in the name of 'Cat Stane' (from Celtic *cath*, battle), given to some of them in Scotland, and 'banta stein' (battle stone) in Norway. Another possible purpose is preserved in the Scottish name of 'hair stane,' or boundary stone, by which they are occasionally known; not a few of them, whatever their original object, having been long used as landmarks, and being alluded to as such in very early charters. A third use of these monoliths is at least as old as the historical books of the Old Testament. We read in Judges ix. 6, of Abimelech being made King 'by the pillar which was in Shechem,' and in 2nd Kings xi., 14, of Joash, when he was anointed King, standing 'by a pillar, as the manner was;' and a like usage prevailed in ancient Britain, where the King or Chief was elected at the Tanist Stone (from Tanist, the heir-apparent among the Celts), and there took a solemn oath to protect and lead his people. A very celebrated stone of this kind was Lia Fail of Ireland, which was brought to Icolmkill for the coronation of Fergus Erc; and after being removed to Scone, became the Coronation Stone of Scotland, till conveyed away by Edward I. to Westminster, where it now forms part of the coronation chair of the sovereigns of the United Kingdom. In all these cases there is an idea of a solemn religious sanction attached to the

stone; and a peculiar degree of sacredness seems to have invested any contract entered into at one of these perforated stones, which are or were occasionally to be met with in England and Scotland. Such a stone, with an oval hole large enough to admit a man's head, till lately adjoined the monolithic group of Stennis in Orkney. It was known as the 'Stone of Odin,' and continued till the middle of last century to be the scene of the interchange of matrimonial and other vows, he who broke the vow of Odin being accounted infamous. It is said to have been the popular belief that any one who had in childhood passed through the opening would never die of palsy. The power of curing rheumatism was ascribed to a perforated stone at Madderty in Cornwall. While many of the monoliths in Britain are undoubtedly of a very remote age, there are some indications that the practice of erecting them continued for a time after the introduction of Christianity, and that they were used to subserve purposes connected with the new faith. A series of monoliths in the island of Mull are traditionally said to have been guide-posts to pilgrims visiting Iona, and it has been suggested that they point out the route which St. Columba must have pursued on his way to the residence of the Pictish King, Brude Mac Meilochon. Still more puzzling to archæologists than the single monoliths are the large symmetrical groups of them, of which the most remarkable are Stennis in Orkney, Stonehenge, and Avebury in Wiltshire, and Carnac in Brittany; all which, till lately, existed comparatively entire, though they have all been in the memory of the present generation more or less despoiled for building purposes. The most imposing of these monuments is Stonehenge. At Stennis, from 70 to 80 stones were grouped in two separate circles of 360 and 100 feet in diameter respectively, the largest stones being in the smaller circle. At Avebury, two double concentric circles were surrounded by

an outer circle of 100 stones, the whole being approached by two long avenues of stones in double lines. In all these, and other instances, the circles were surrounded by a trench and mound. At Carnac the stones are not placed in circles but in straight lines, with a curved row at one end—an arrangement which has suggested the idea of a burial-place on the site of a great battle-field. All around Carnac, as well as Stonehenge, Barrows and Cromlechs are to be found. While the popular notion of all these monuments is that they were Druid temples, the circular form so frequent among them has also suggested the idea that they may originally have been connected with the worship of the sun, and it is not impossible that they may have been used in turn for the successive religious worship of different races. They seem also to have served the purpose of courts of justice, or battle-rings for the duel and judicial combat."

One of the most interesting of these stones has evidently been removed from its original position, and placed in the road-side dyke. A cavity is scooped out of it, large enough to contain the human head, and close beside the cavity a small hole appears containing a broken bar of iron. Could the cavity have been used for holding water in any of the religious services of the Druids, and might not the unbroken bar of iron have had a vessel or some other object attached to it?

In taking leave of the Standing Stones, we may be allowed to remark, that the general impression in the district as to their origin is that they were erected to commemorate a sanguinary battle fought on the spot by the armies of the Romans and King Galdus—after the latter of whom the province of Galloway was named—in which the Scottish chief fell, being there buried along with his slain warriors. It is said that the river Bladnoch, which flows past the spot, derived its name from the order which the victorious General

gave his army, to cease the havoc, for the battle had *bled enough.* We may also call attention to the following: Symson, in his account of Wigtown says—"this is certain, that of old it [Wigtown] was called Epiack or Epiacte." Now in Hollinshed's *Chronicles of Scotland* we are informed that "King Galdus ended his life at Epiake, and was pompously buried in a goodly tomb raised with large stones, with a number of obelisks erected round about it." This historian adds that Galdus's last battle was with the Romans in Galdia, as the place was called, after his name, and subsequently known as Galloway. If Wigtown was anciently termed Epiack, the Standing Stones, being only three miles from it, would seem to indicate the spot where Galdus fell.

The Spinsters of Wigtown and the Queen's Marriage.

The following is the purport of a document which has fallen into our hands :—

"*Great Demonstration of Loyalty by the Spinsters of Wigtown on the occasion of the Queen's Marriage, 10th February, 1840.*—A grand Tea party took place in the Commercial Inn, here, on Wednesday evening, by upwards of 30 of the nymphs of the Burgh, in honour of Her Majesty's nuptials. Over the most of the youths the frosts of forty winters have now passed, and the heads of not a few of them are tinged with silvery hair. To obliterate the marks of their youth, their heads showed a grand display of fancy caps and ribbons, and the dancing, singing, and other amusements were such as would have done great credit to youths of fifteen. We were told that the nerves of our most callous bachelors would have been shaken had they been present to witness the scene, and enjoy the sports of the evening. The tea was

served up in Mrs. K.'s best style, and the table actually groaned under a load of the most substantial productions of the season. We beg to warn the youths of the Brotherhood of our Burgh to keep a sharp look-out on the nymphs, as we were told they have resolved to follow the example of our Queen by taking advantage of the privilege leap-year confers upon them, and "pop the question" to some of our youthful bachelors, a goodly number of whom are on the "shady side of forty," and still enjoying the varied sweets of "single blessedness." The chair was ably filled by a worthy lady of the Burgh, who, in a lengthened oration, which breathed the tender passion in a high degree, proposed the health of Her Majesty, and may she long enjoy the felicities of the married state. This novel entertainment was kept up with great spirit, and after singing "The Light of other Days," the party broke up at a seasonable hour, highly delighted with the evening's entertainment."

First Soiree at Wigtown (about 1838).

A paper put into our hands reads as follows :—

Social Soiree at Wigtown.—This may be truly termed, not merely the age of intellectual and moral, but also of social improvement. The low and grovelling associations and pleasures which formerly delighted the last generation are now rapidly giving place to those of a more dignified kind. Of late years a new and most agreeable way of spending an evening has arisen by the introduction of Soirees, in which amusement and instruction are happily blended. This kind of meetings are not confined to our large and commercial towns, but are now fast penetrating into every hamlet and village throughout auld Scotland. We were lately told in the public prints of a Soiree being held in the far distant

North, and we are happy to announce a rival in the equally far distant South, for on Friday last a Soiree took place in the Assembly Room here, and being the first of the kind with us, it was hailed with all the zest of novelty. The object of the Soiree was of a two-fold nature—to yield one night's agreeable entertainment, free from all political or sectarian purposes—to induce Whig, Tory, Churchman, and Dissenter to lay aside for one night their minor differences, in one common bond of brotherhood; and to devote the proceeds of the entertainment to relieve the wants of the poor. The chair was ably filled by Mr. Carson, writer, supported by the Rev. Mr. Towers, of the Secession here; Rev. Mr. Blackwood, Relief preacher; Bailie Waugh; and Mr. McAdam. After a blessing had been asked by the Rev. Mr. Towers, tea, with its usual accompaniments, was handed round in right good style. Thanks were returned by the Rev. Mr. Blackwood, when the Chairman arose, and in a happy manner stated the object of the meeting. The company were afterwards entertained by appropriate speeches, and comic and sentimental songs by various ladies and gentlemen present; while to crown all, the instrumental Band, "with linked sweetness long drawn out," charmed and enlivened the whole. We may add here that the Rev. Mr. Towers was peculiarly happy in his hits against that mongrel race of bipeds, Bachelors, the breed of which is rather numerous in our good town. That it was a happy night, the faces of all, young and old, gentle and simple, lighted up as they were with the smiles of joy, gave ample proof. What a pity but we had more such nights, which, thus bringing into contact the varied grades of society, would have a powerful tendency to thaw and dissolve the starched dignity and cold reserve which subsist too much among us. It gives us great pleasure to add that, exclusive of all necessary expenses, a handsome sum was realised for the poor.

Two Curious Traditions.

An aged female friend lately told us the two following traditions, which we give without note or comment, allowing them to speak for themselves :—

Origin of the Name of the Estate of Cunningham.—Long, long ago, an ancient King, whose nationality is unknown, made war upon the Queen of a certain district in the vicinity of the river Bladnoch. He threatened to cross the river about the farm of Barness from the south side, but the Queen defied him, calling out, "King come!"—that is, we suppose, —"King come, if you dare!" She drew her bow at the same time, and so true was her aim, that the King fell dead on the grassy sward. A battle ensued—the Queen's army having apparently forded the river, and the slain King's soldiers were completely defeated. The tradition has it that the neighbouring estate of *Cunningham* took its name from the challenge of the Queen—"King come!" The King was buried a little to the south of where he fell, and for long two large stones, 6 or 8 feet high, and thick in proportion, marked his grave. Our aged friend has seen one of these stones, the other having long ago been taken to make a corner-stone for the mansion-house of Barnbarroch, when it was in course of erection. On this stone the warrior-king's coat of arms was pourtrayed—a lamb's head.

The other tradition may be termed—

The Packman's Grave.—On the farm of Kirwaugh, near the village of Bladnoch, is what is called "The Packman's Grave." Tradition has it that an enterprising packman lived in or near Wigtown long ago. He had a consignment of cloth on board a vessel which put into a local port. The ship was plague-stricken, and the people in the district, fearing that the infection might be spread by means of the

packman and his cloth, caught both the merchant and his wares, and taking them to Kirwaugh, digged a deep grave, in which they were deposited—the packman alive. There is a small elevation at the place, which is near the farm-house door, and people, dreading the spot, prefer taking a round-about course rather than approach it. Even until lately, people imagined they saw lights and heard knocks at the spot, which gets the name of "The Packman's Grave" to this day.

A LEGEND OF KYRKE-MAYDEN.

(ORIGINAL.)

'Twas an eerie nicht, an' the storm-cluds lower'd
An' the lichtnin's glent was keen,
An' the thunner roll'd, but nane were cower'd
I' the clachan yill-house bien.

They tauld weird tales, as the yill they quaff'd
By the ingle's cheery bleeze,
O' ghaists an' bogles, an' loud they lauch'd
At Sandie Cracken's lees.

An' a wilie loon i' the neuk he sat,—
They kent na whance cam he
An' loud he leuch at the crack, I wat,
An' was gleg in their revelrie.

"On sic a nicht whan the witches ride
An' the ghaists are a' asteer,
I trow there's nane i' the kintra side
Wad the Mayden-kyrke gae near.

"Weel kent that ilka Lammas nicht
Whan the twal' 'oor is at han'
The warlocks an' bogles there hae micht
Nocht mortal can withstan'.

"An' siccan pranks by the haunted thorn
They hae the power tae play,
That mortal man was never born,
Cou'd see, an' leeve till day."

Sae Tammas said, the souter queer,
Then young MacCulloch spak
"I'd tae the kyrke—I hae na fear,—
An' in an 'oor be back."

Quo' the loon i' the neuk, wi' ee sae bricht
"I lay ye a gowden pownd,
Ye gang na tae the kyrke the nicht
An' come back safe an' sound."

They straikit han's, the wager laid,
The youth prepar'd tae gang,
Wi' oorlay ticht, an' warm grey plaid,
An' aik stick stoot an' strang.

But Jock, o' second sicht, look'd wae,
An dule was in his ee,—
"Oh, nane, this wearie nicht, maun gae
By the haunted hawthorn tree."

But spak the youth in lauch fu' loud,
An' heart sae bauld an' licht,
"Jock, hain advice, by Haly Rood
I'll tae the kyrke the nicht!

I vow I'll gang the nicht," quo he,
"Tho' the storm was tenfald mair,
An' I'll pass by the haunted hawthorn tree,
An' I'll cross the wiches' lair.

Aye mair! intil the kyrke I'll gang,
The haly buik I'll tak,
An' tho' deils an' bogles roun me thrang
In ae 'oor I'll be back!"

Then oot that fatefu' nicht he sped,
Mang storm an' thunner's roar,
An' noo the daffin a' was fled.
As he pass'd frae the door.

An' dowie noo was ilka wicht,—
Slow did the moments gae,
They heard the wraith-bell jow that nicht,
An' a' were fu' o' wae.

Then oot the stranger spak, quo' he
"The 'oor an' mair is past!
Will ony venture oot wi' me,
Intil this bonnie blast?"

But dais'd were a', they downa steer,
Nor speak that wearie nicht;
Wi' brumstane lunt, an' fiendish leer,
He vanish'd frae their sicht!

Loud roar'd the storm, but silent a'
They sat in awfu' dreid,
An' aye they heard the wraith-bell ca'
The warning for the deid!

An whan licht cam' in mornin' grey,
The stormy blast was gane.
Wi' heart richt waefu' forth gaed they,
An' pass'd the haly stane.

Wi' horror dreid in ilka heart
They near'd the haunted tree;
What gars ilk ane sae fearsome start?—
A waefu' sicht they see!

MacCulloch's bluidy corpse they saw
In the licht o' that awfu' morn,
Wrapp'd roun in the thorny branches a'
An' the heart frae the body torn!

Oh! sicht sae sair, that they wha look
Cou'd never smile again:
An' near the tree lay the Haly Buik,
Frae the kyrke that he had ta'en.

Sae lang's the guid buik he had borne,
Nae scaith cou'd near him get,
But he'd lay'd it doon by the fatal thorn,
Till he'd steek the muckle yett.

What foul fiend's wark the youth did dree
That night, there's nane can say,
But weel kent is that hawthorn tree,
Ca'd "Man-wrap" tae this day.

An' certes, there are nane I trow
That by Kyrke-Mayden bide,
Wull, whun they hear the wraith-bell jow,
Gae oot at Lammas tide.

KIRKMAIDEN BELL.

Far doon on Luce's bonnie bay,
There stan's a kirk on ilka side;
Baith bear the holy Maidan's name,
An' baith are *near the restless* tide.

Their wa's are bare an' roofless noo;
Their hoary gables wearin' laigh:
Whar naethin's heard, but the sea-bird's cry,
An' at nicht, the *Hoolet's* eerie scraigh.

Weel, ance it fell upon a time,
An' a time that's lang an' lang gane by,
The bell o' the kirk on the wastmost shore,
Refused to *chime in its tower* sae high.

The Beadle hit on a wily plan,
To cross the bay, (as I've heard tell)
On a moonlicht nicht, in a boat his lane,
An' steal the *East Kirkmaidan* bell.

His oars he plied, wi' a' his micht;
Nae angry gust his coble neared,
That sune was moor'd aneath the heugh,
On which the *auncient kirk* appeared.

Then, up the slope among the trees,
Neist on the belfry safe was he,
Syne frae its place, the bell was wrenched,
An' sune was *on the silv'ry* sea.

But scarcely had he made the Lag,
(Ill-gotten gear can never luck)
When clouds began to hide the moon,
An' on a rock, *his boat was* struck.

She sank an' filled, wi' man and bell:
Alack—nor seen were ever mair,
Tho' whiles the wearie bell is heard,
Wi' dolefu' *clang*, *to fill* the air.

Aboot the clachan o' Monreith,
An' roon as far's Barhullion Fell,
When gude auld residenters dee,
Oh there is heard the stolen bell.

Notes.—According to some authorities the two churches referred to were dedicated to St. Medan or Madan, which gradually got corrupted into Maiden. Another edition of the Legend is that the bell was not stolen, but by consent transferred (along with the pulpit) from the one church to the other. The East Kirkmaiden having fallen into disuse, it was deemed advisable to appropriate the belongings afore-mentioned to the purposes of the sister kirk. The bell, having however been consecrated with holy water, its removal to a Protestant place of worship was considered a daring piece of sacrilege, and rewarded accordingly!

CHAPTER OF GENERAL NOTES.

Roads.

There is nothing which more betokens advancement at the present time over the past than the improvements effected on our public roads. Many of the old public highways and thoroughfares are still left intact, as if mainly for the purpose of comparision. They are narrow and uncomfortable in the opinion of modern taste, however well they may have served the purposes of our progenitors, and suited their notions of propriety. One feature of these old roads is their *directness*, surmounting, as many of them do high hills, rather than running along the foot or side of them. Their narrow, cramped, and uneven nature renders them very unfit for machine or equestrian travelling, and even to the foot passenger their irregularities produce weariness, however much he may be buoyed up by their picturesqueness. In far distant times, the road that led from Newton-Stewart to Whithorn passed the foot of Kirvennie hill, crossed the road that leads from Wigtown to Kirkcowan at the Smithy of Kirvennie, and passed considerably to the west of the spot where the village of Bladnoch now stands, leading on to Kirkinnner. This old road, along which the Earl of Galloway used to drive his carriage (which we should imagine would be subjected to most unmerciful bumps), still stands entire from the farm of Carsegowan, (where it breaks off from the present high-way from Newton-Stewart), to the Smithy aforesaid, and affords a charming walk. In approaching Wigtown from the north, the road led, as at present, from Carsegowan past Drovepark, Glenturk, and Culquhirk, to the foot of Wigtown hill, which it ascended in a direct manner through the field known as Sourhip or Sourloup, entering the

Lover's Walk, and leading to the town either directly over the hill, past Duncan Cottage, into Low and High Vennel; or, striking off to the left near the summit of the hill, to the foot of the town, past the Manse. It thus differed from the present road leading to Wigtown, which is hardly so steep as its ancient neighbour, and goes round the side of the hill, in a bend or semi-circle towards the west. The road known as the Bottle Road, striking off from the modern ascent up Wigtown hill at a right angle and leading down to the farm of Broadfield, is quite a new route. There was an old Bottle Road, which led to the town by the foot of Monkhill, and traces of it still remain. The present road stretching from the west end of Bladnoch to Culquhirk, where it joins the public road to Newton-Stewart, is a modern innovation, and an excellent substitute for the old road we have already noticed as running past Kirvennie hill. The road from the east end of Bladnoch to Wigtown is very ancient, but formerly at the farm of Maidland it took a curve towards the dwelling house there, before it ascended the hill near Woodside, known as the Brunt-house Brae, which was much steeper then than now. Tradition has it that the camp of the fighting Bishop of Whithorn was burned on this Brae. In his tale of the "Battle of Cairnholy," Captain Denniston, weaving the fragments of tradition together, states that when Robert the Bruce despatched his brother Edward to this district to dislodge the English garrisons from the several strongholds they still were possessed of in Galloway, the Bishop of Whithorn, who threw his influence on the side of the English, started at the head of a large army to give opposition to the brother of the Bruce. He rested at Sorbie with an army 15,000 strong, and afterwards encamped at or near the Brunthouse Brae. Bruce fought the camp-guards (the Bishop having marched with his main forces to the moss of Cree, shortly after which he was defeated and slain) and fired the camp.

Hence the name. At a short distance from the Brae stands a small knoll, bearing the name of the "Skirmish Knowe." About the beginning of the present century the road which runs past the south end of Wigtown churchyard was not formed. The road then passed the west side of the churchyard, and turned down past its north end to the old Harbour at Croft-angry. A back road leading from the north end of Low Vennel still remains, and the old road to the Harbour would seem to have been a continuation of it. The house at the very bottom of the north side of Bank Street was a public-house, kept by one John Thomson, and very much frequented by sailors whose vessels put into the old harbour. From the old harbour the road led only as far as the Bishop Burn. Up till about 1807, no road was opened up to Barsalloch, Grange, and Carty. The road was gravelled as far as to "The Lang Sauchs o' Barsalloch;" all was clay beyond, and people who wanted to go to Barsalloch or Grange went down by the Burn-side and along the sea-brow. A noteworthy and locally famous female of the name of Girzy Dowall wonned in this quarter, and was very useful in conducting drovers and their flocks across to the Creetown side of the river through the Ford. Anciently a road led from the Parish Church southwards through the garden at the British Linen Co.'s Bank, in the direction of the Free Church, where it probably joined the Back Lane which leads up to Agnew Crescent. When trenching operations were being conducted in the garden referred to, some of the causeway stones of this old road were come upon. The present Harbour Road was not then in existence. The formation of the fine open entrance from the North to the town, known as the New Road, will be within the recollection of many of our readers. We should say, speaking from memory, it was made about 30 or 35 years ago, and the public spirit and good taste of the Town Council in carrying out such an improvement,

involving as it did the purchasing and pulling down of a large property in order to effect an entrance into North Main Street, are beyond all praise. This road divided in two the park called Lochancroft, belonging to the Burgh. The term Lochancroft was given to the field from the fact that the lower part of it was generally flooded with water, when it resembled a loch. About the time the New Road was formed, in order to make the entrance to the town more level than it had theretofore been, a heavy cutting was made on the road at Duncan Cottage; and the depth of this cutting may be seen by a glance at the wall on either side of it, on which the old level of this road is plainly visible. Before the continuation of this road round Duncan Cottage was made, the field at the north side of the foot of the Lover's Walk, called "Common Vennel," was appropriated to the free use of persons bringing in cattle to the Markets. This field was originally much larger than it is now.

Anciently a road led up from the town past the east side of the Windyhill and over the Monkhill, continuing its course till it joined the Kirvennie back road. Long ago, the approach to the town by the Kirkcowan and Stranraer road was exceedingly steep at the "Meeting-house" brae. A great improvement was subsequently effected when the road was made to take a gradual rise. The same road used to wind up the Cotland hill, instead of, as now, going round the foot of it.

The Road called Harbour Road, and the Road leading down to the quay from the main road near Woodside, were, of course, made when the new Harbour was formed.

Conveyances.

About the commencement of this century wheeled conveyances were very rare. Bailie Colm, or McColm, and old

James Waugh seem to have been the local pioneers in that department of progress. We have learnt, in those pleasant and profitable interviews we have had with aged persons in the preparation of this work, that the Bailie had a chaise on four wheels, drawn by two horses, and that James was presented by friends in Dumfries with an old gig. These honest men placed their wonderful means of locomotion at the service of the public, of course for a consideration. One, Tam Beggs, also soon appeared on the scene, with a horse and gig for hire. There appears, however, to have been very little demand for these conveyances. The trap and horse of James Waugh were unfortunate. They were out on hire to New Galloway, and while making a pause at Clatterinshaws, the horse bolted off, going right over a precipice, killing itself and smashing the vehicle to pieces. For a number of years the horse and gig of James Waugh formed the sole hiring establishment of the Burgh.

We quote the following from the unpublished lecture of Mr. Thomas MacLelland, already referred to :—

"Up to the close of the eighteenth century, carriages, or carts drawn by horses, were exceedingly rare in the county. In consequence of this, the only mode of travelling from one place to another was on horseback. Pads, or neat little stuffed leather cushions, were fitted on behind the saddle, so that one horse in that way mostly carried two riders. The one behind on the pad was generally a lady, whose arm encircled the foremost rider, to enable her to retain her seat securely. The late Thomas M'Clelland of Orchardton, whose family at the time we speak of was rather numerous, having got possession of a farm cart, conceived the idea of taking his family to church all in one conveyance, so as to save employing the services of more than one horse. The scandal occasioned by the appearance of a wheeled conveyance marching up the quiet town of Wigtown on a

Sunday morning, it would not be easy to describe. The whole population seemed alarmed at this new innovation; until at last the session of the then Anti-burgher church found themselves compelled to take formal cognisance of the matter. Mr. M'Clelland, however, came off victorious; for he succeeded in convincing his brother elders that there was less Sabbath desecration in using one horse and a cart, than in employing two or three horses and no cart."

Communication with Creetown.

For many years communication between the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright and Wigtown was kept up by means of the "Ferry Packet," a small undecked sail boat, which plied once (in summer twice) daily between Creetown and Wigtown. The captain and proprietor in olden times was of the name of William Milwain, after him Samuel M'Keand, and latterly Andrew Milwain. This small craft afforded a very pleasant sail in the summer season, but in winter it was quite the reverse. Arriving at Wigtown, a horn was blown to notify the arrival of the "Packet." A "good one" is told in connection with this humble means of communication. On one occasion old George Cunningham was transporting a quantity of bricks from Creetown to Wigtown on board the "Packet." The owner of the bricks himself was a passenger. The weather was rough, and the trig little craft battled against the turbulence of Father Neptune gallantly; nevertheless the skipper deemed it advisable for the safety of the passengers that the vessel should be eased of some of her cargo, while in the region of the Borrowmoss sands, and the bricks were being slipped overboard, when their proprietor excitedly shouted out, "Come, come! nae mair o' that; whun we gang, we'll a' gang thegeether."

Provisions and the Manner of Feeding.

What tended materially to the health and vigour of our ancestors was their simple, inartificial mode of living. The potatoe disease was at the time we are referring to, of course unknown, and our forefathers lived principally on potatoes, oatmeal, and barley-flour. Good old rough potatoes were brought into town from the country, according to order, and sold at 5s. the then boll, which would be equivalent to 1¼ of the present boll. Providence thus kindly furnished poor folks with an excellent staple article of food at a cheap rate; otherwise they would have had hard times, people having then to eat taxed wheaten bread. Farmers then, as now, allowed people to "set" potatoes on their farms; and in return for the enriching of the soil by potatoe manure, they carted out people's manures, and carted in their potatoes, when raised, free of expense.

After the excessively wet summer of 1816, meal rose to an enormous price; and in the Burgh Meal Market, under the charge of John Shaw, oatmeal sold in 1817 at 6d. per pound. John was instructed to sell mostly to poor people, as the well-to-do residenters, it was considered, could provide themselves with better-class food. Wheaten bread was looked upon as a luxury, which the baker of the town (for there was only one baker here at a time for a considerable period) did his or her best to popularize. The local carrier, Peter Law, went once a week to Dumfries, and occasionally brought a solitary bag of flour to the town's baker—Nanny Sloan, or Jenny Morroh, as the case might be. Nanny or her daughter hawked the town every morning with a basket and rolls for the breakfast of the better-class residenters. The twopenny-sized bread in Nanny's basket was the most popular. She would go from one corner of a street to another, and though the sale was public yet some people were shy

at showing loaf-bread upon their tables, for fear they would be thought too luxurious in their style of living.

That wheaten bread was considered a luxury even later than the age of Nanny Sloan and Jenny Morroh, will appear from the following incident, which occurred at a comparatively recent date :—

There was a little fellow—a sweep—who considered cleaning the chimneys of the town his peculiar vested right. But Flin was not to be "monarch of all he surveyed" unmolested, and "Yellow Duff," a brother professional, appeared on the carpet. This was too much for Flin, and an encounter between the sweeps was the result, in which, though Duff was the more powerful man, he came off second-best, and falling heavily to the ground, his leg was broken. The medical officer of the Parochial Board had to attend the unfortunate sweep, and after setting his leg, he desired the Inspector to give the man generous diet. The Inspector suggested porridge and milk. "O, no ;" said the Doctor, enumerating some articles of diet, among which was loaf-bread. "Creation o' God !" exclaimed the Inspector, "loaf-bread tae a *sweep!*"

Jenny took a cart containing loaf-bread once a week to Sir William Maxwell's, Monreith. Mr. M'Culloch of Torhouse had a large loaf made to order every week, which my venerable informant has often carried to its destination when a boy. He was also the medium of conveying food for the mind, as well as pabulum for the body, to the big folks of Torhouse, being entrusted with the carriage from town of an Edinburgh weekly newspaper.

Speaking of newspapers, we are here reminded that forty or fifty years ago the only local paper which regularly came to town was the *Dumfries Courier*, and its arrival weekly was anxiously awaited by groups of persons, one of whom would read aloud for the benefit of all, beginning, we are

told, with the very advertisements? It is only about ten years since the daily newspapers began to be sold by the booksellers in Wigtown; and at that time it was considered very risky on the part of the newsvendors to receive a parcel of three or four "dailies." But so rapidly has the demand for daily journals grown, that now upwards of a hundred newspapers arrive daily at the news-shops in town; while of "weeklies" (not local) the number will reach nigh two hundred. Of the "locals," three or four hundred are disposed of weekly.

Black, treacly, sugar was then sold at 10d. per pound.

Milk was scarce, and, as a consequence, a good deal of oatmeal brose was used. Oatmeal was sometimes steeped in water till it soured, when the liquid part was drained off and used as a substitute for buttermilk as an accompaniment to oatmeal porridge. Thus oatmeal was made to *kitchen* oatmeal, in spite of the acceptance of the saying that "butter tae butter is nae kitchen."

Lovers of eggs might have gratified their taste to the utmost extent at a nominal rate, for that article of diet might have been had for a 1d. per dozen at some of the farms contiguous to the Burgh—say Barsalloch, or Grange of Cree. A boy going to one of these farms for eggs got them at the price we have quoted, and a large oatmeal cake and a pound or two of boiled salmon into the bargain. Modern farmers and farmers' wives, please make a note of this!

As for butcher-meat, the supply—at anyrate with reference to beef—seems to have been very limited. The butchers were John M'Kinnell and John M'Kie, whose enterprise in the beef department extended to the killing of one or two cattle at Martinmas time. Old John M'Kinnell never killed a sheep till he had, by a canvass of the town, sold *five* legs of it in advance; and of his five customers he discarded the worst. Mutton sold at fourpence, fivepence, and ulti-

mately sixpence per pound. It was a prevailing custom with the better-class inhabitants to unite in buying "a beef," which was divided among them, and thus they had meat much cheaper than by purchasing it from a butcher. Excellent sheep used to be brought into town at Martinmas, and were sold at from 8s. to 10s. or 12s. They were perhaps between 50 and 60 lbs. weight, and the bargain included the skin, wool, and offal. People then salted their meat, calling it *mert*, a term probably taken from the word *Martinmas*.

As for poultry, geese were sold at from 1s. 3d. to 2s. 6d.; a duck or hen at 1s.; and a chicken at 4d. or 5d.

About 50 years ago, rabbits were brought into town and sold at the market cross at 5d. per pair.

In the year the battle of Waterloo was fought, wheat sold at £1 per bushel; the following year it fell to 10s. per bushel.

Salmon was very plentiful and cheap when the present century was young: the lessee of the fishings in the river Bladnoch would have caught of a morning as many as fifty fine large salmon at a draught, which he had sometimes great difficulty in disposing of, although the price was only threepence a pound. They sometimes had to be carted to Whithorn to meet with a sale. Indeed, so plentiful was this king of fine fish, that we have been told that servants made it one of the terms on which they would enter on the service of farmers whose farms adjoined the shore, that they were not to get salmon to their meals oftener than twice a week! Even after this century had worn on from infancy to youth, a fisherman returning from his nets with nine of the finest full-grown salmon one could set eyes on, was met by a town'sman who offered him a guinea for his "take," and the offer was accepted. On till the unfortunate "Fishing Case," salmon might have been had at very nearly as low prices as those we have quoted.

In the early times large flounders were to be had in loads in the Bay. No restriction was put upon the inhabitants in fishing for either salmon or other fish. These large flounders were salted and kippered, and made excellent accompaniments to potatoes, enabling poor people to tide over the winter season, which was then more inclement than it is now.

Times pressed heavily upon the district in "The Dry Year"—1826. A skiff of rain fell on 26th May, but no more fell till after harvest. The grain was only about a foot high, and harvest was finished towards the end of July.

Though not, strictly speaking, coming under the category of a provision establishment, we shall here take notice of a drapery shop, which, toward the end of the last and beginning of the present century, attracted considerable attention. It was that of Provost Burton, which stood on the site of our present place of business at the Square. The windows of the worthy Provost's shop were, to our modern idea, very diminutive, being about 3 feet by 2½; notwithstanding, he drove an extensive and high-class business in his day. He used to ride on horseback, with saddle-bags, to London once a year to purchase "the newest;" and, so important, enterprising, and perhaps dangerous was the Provost's journey considered, that it was customary for people to take leave of him by a shake of the hand. On returning, after perhaps a fortnight's absence, spent mostly on the journey, a local gentleman, known as "Ochiltree," would appear in a short time clad in a coat of *corbot*, and this was the signal for the half of the County gentlemen to procure suits of the Provost's coveted fashionable cloth; for his establishment's fame was not limited to the Burgh.

Early Farm-Rents.

An aged friend informs us that about the year 1800, the farms of Low Cotland, the two Broadfields, and Culquhirk, were let altogether for £14, and this was even considered a high rent at the time. On the expiry of the lease, we are farther informed, the old tenant would not renew it at the same rent. He said he could not afford it. Thereupon another person offered the rent and got the farms. The old tenant, not knowing that they had been let to a new one, returned to the landlord by the advice of his wife to offer the rent required, but he was told he was too late, and he subsequently emigrated to America for a living.

The present tenant of the farm of Kirvennie represents a family who have been for four hundred years on that farm. He informs us that about two hundred years ago, the farms of Kirvennie, New Mills, Clauchrie, Glenturk, Broadfield, and Cairnhouse—all belonging to the Burgh of Wigtown, were let to his forefathers for so many merks, equivalent to £8 present money. The receipt for the rent is written in the hand-writing of one M'Keand, the Burgh Treasurer.

An old residenter was once heard to say that he had been offered all that part of the farm of Drovepark which is on the west side of the public road at a rent of £10 per annum, but he declined it.

No doubt money was more valuable in these early days than it is now, and land was in a very uncultivated, barren condition; still these rents we have quoted must, on account of their smallness, strike ordinary readers with surprise.

While speaking of farms, we may here state that it was not till about the year 1808 that turnips were introduced into the district for the purpose of feeding cattle on them. At that time, the Laird of Torhouse sent an aged friend of ours, then a boy, to borrow a turnip barrow from a Mr. Vance

farmer, Knockann, Kirkinner, who had made the implement with his own hands. It was a very light barrow—lighter than a peat barrow—and was wheeled along the drill, a round bushy whin coming after it for harrowing purposes. Soon after this, feeding on turnips came into general use.

Funeral Services.

One of the most decided improvements that have been effected in this, as well as in other districts of Scotland, is that which has abolished the unnecessary and expensive services of cake and liquor at funerals. In the early times the foolish custom alluded to entailed considerable expense upon many poor families; for as the desire to honour the remains and the memory of departed relatives is a universal, deep-seated, and highly commendable feeling, the survivors, though perhaps in humble circumstances, were willing to suffer considerable expense in order to comply with what was considered a necessary and becoming duty. An idea may be formed of the expensiveness of this custom, when we mention that at a service which was held in Mochrum parish, two bushels of shortbread were provided, with spirits in proportion. On such occasions, six or seven rounds were common; and sometimes complaints were made that these rounds were too few. Need we wonder at the disgusting tales of inebriety and misrule which prevailed on such seasons of solemnity that have reached our ears? We have been told three drouthy cronies in Wigtown, lamenting the change from six or seven services to two, agreed in complaining that "it wasna worth while changing oor claes noo tae gang tae a funeral for a' that's gaun." Let this most inappropriate custom be for ever buried with all its dishonours.

Punishment of Crime.

Another stride in advance has been taken with reference to the mode of punishing crime. Capital punishment, it is well known, was formerly meted out for crimes which would now be visited by six or twelve months' imprisonment. Theft and housebreaking were in early times severely punished. Some awards for crime were of an exceedingly savage nature; so much so that one cannot look back upon them without feeling horrified. An aged friend informs us of an illustration of this early cruel system. About the beginning of the century, a body of military were located at Wigtown, and a couple of the soldiers had stolen a sheep from the farm of Maidland. Being convicted of the crime, they were sentenced by martial law to be severely flogged publicly at the Talbooth. Accordingly, Robin Raeside's cart was procured, to which the two unfortunate men were tied, being stripped to the buff. The spot was encircled by a body of infantry in front, a row of cavalry forming an outer circle. Our informant, being then a boy, watched the proceedings by bending down and peeping through below the bellies of the horses. The scene inside the circle was frightful. The poor fellows' flesh was literally torn by the savage scourge, the thongs of which, as our informant put it, "had to be sundered from each other" at each stroke—being stuck together on account of the flesh and blood they had brought away—before another lash could again be given, the officer in command the while crying to the administrator of the punishment, "Come on!" But we shall not dwell further on this harrowing sight—fit only for the eyes of a Legree. We shall merely add that it was rumoured that the military Doctor washed the wounds of the poor sufferers in beef brine.

The Post-Office.

Some Wigtonians, still alive, remember old Bailie Gulline, the worthy post-master. He was a character in his way, and although a man of property, yet of an evening he would not think it beneath his dignity to go the round of the town with a wheelbarrow, gathering up all the loose stones he might see upon the streets, and piling them up in a heap for building purposes of his own. Well, this economical old father of the state was postmaster of the Burgh about the beginning of this century, but the delivery of letters, it appears, was no part of his duties; he placed the few letters that then came to town in his window—the addresses fronting the street, and if any person saw an epistle addressed to himself he might call and get it, on payment of 1s. 3d.; or one person might tell another that he noticed a letter stuck up in the post-office window addressed to him. The old post-office was characteristic of the leisureliness of the past generation or two. It was opposite the centre of the Square in South Main Street.

NATURALS.

1.—Madam M'Casey, who came about Wigtown very early in the century, was a slight-built, smart little woman, who could take a dram, and cut a good figure on the "light fantastic toe." She was simple-minded and harmless, and a favourite with some people, who were very good to her. When under the influence of drink, she afforded sport to the boys, who, when tormenting her, were chased by the object of their merriment, but good-naturedly. She travelled the country at large. A favourite expression of her's when

referring to her deceased relatives, was, "A' my freen's are easier tae sift than lift." We think M'Casey was her real name, and Madam was courteously prefixed by the public.

2.—MALL TROT, unlike her contemporary, was a strong, masculine-looking woman. She dressed very grotesquely. More regarding this person we have not been able to glean. Her familiar name, which may be taken to mean *Trotting Mary*, seems to have been merely descriptive of her wandering habits: what her real surname was we are not aware.

3.—MISS M'WHANNEL belonged to Portwilliam. She had a *penchant* for 'cutting a dash,' and might have been seen strutting along as gay as a peacock, dressed in a red mantle, trimmed with white fur round the bottom; red morrocco shoes, and white silk stockings. The Miss prefixed to her name, and her stylish attire, would seem to betoken that she was independent of charity.

4.—MEG GRAHAM was an old woman, who went about with the assistance of a staff—a half blanket upon her shoulders, and a common cotton cap, or *mutch*, as it was called, upon her head. She was of a cross disposition, and when in a fit of temper would make free use of her stick.

5.—BETTY GALLOWAY, on the contrary, was of a mild, easy-going turn of mind—whether the result of her fondness for "fat flesh" we cannot say. If on a wet day you chanced to meet Betty, clad, as usual, in her thin coat and small tartan neck-shawl, and asked her for a song, the mild-tempered body would composedly take a seat at the road-side, and despite the "pelting of the pitiless storm," sing a favourite lilt in a voice of considerable sweetness.

6.—DOSH CLEAN was a little old pernickity spinster, who "set her cap" with some confidence to "catch" the resident bachelor Sheriff of the time. She was called *Dosh* from her favourite exclamation.

7.—Jean Gunion was somewhat outrageous. She was a familiar figure, dressed in her old black gown, shawl, and bonnet. Wandering in the vicinity of the Bladnoch, she was found drowned in that river, having probably stumbled in.

8.—Julian Leadbeater was another worthy, of whom, however, we have learnt nothing noteworthy.

9.—Jamie Morrison, "Laird o' Trollorg," was a well-known natural, who wandered up and down the district dressed in a red coat, a helmet on his head, and straw ropes rolled round his person from his legs up. He was a good-looking, powerful man. It is said he was the rightful heir to an estate called Trollorg, at the head of the parish of Kirkcowan, but that he was "done out of it" by some relatives, and this turned his head. Jamie could make an excellent and coherent prayer, and was a perfectly harmless man.

10.—There lived in the Burgh more than half a century ago, a man called James Neilson, familiarly styled, "Daft Jamie Neilson." It is said that Jamie, when young, was a post-runner in the district, and that having tampered with his trust, his father, to get him out of trouble, swore him weak-minded. Whatever may have been the true state of Jamie's mind prior to this, he certainly was weak-minded ever after. Jamie either would not or could not learn to read, and would not or could not learn to work. He was a tall, lank, hungered-looking creature, so weak-minded as to be kept constantly in the house, under the despotic rule of his brother Willie. Jamie's quarters were in the loft, to which a hand ladder led, and if, after he had partaken of a meal, nobody came to relieve his knee or his hand of the dishes, it cost Jamie little compunction to drop them on the floor below, where they scattered in fragments. Jamie, though evidently imbecile, had a vein of wit and humour, and sometimes said and did clever things. He would give no titles to

anybody: he addressed all people by their plain names. The coin of the realm which possessed the greatest value in Jamie's estimation was a "big penny;" silver coin he refused with contempt, and for his big penny he would turn barn fanners for a whole day. Jamie was not of an extravagant turn, for instead of spending his big pennies, he hid them in the dykes; and after his death, when some dykes were taken down, quantities of poor Jamie's favourite coin were found. The following anecdote of Jamie has more in it probably than he was aware of. One morning he was met on the road by the Secession minister, who observed something in Jamie's hand. "Well, Jamie," the minister remarked, "what's that you have got in your hand?" Jamie held up the object, and the minister said, "O, its a horse's shoe." "A declare," rejoined Jamie, "its a gran' thing tae be a scholar: A wadna hae kent whuther it was a horse's shoe or a mare's yin, till ee telt me." On one occasion the front door of the house in which this clergyman lived was open, and Jamie, peering in, noticed a pair of the minister's shoes in one of the rooms, clean and shining, having been carefully blackened and polished. No person being seen inside, Jamie walked in, took off his own *bauchels*, put on the minister's shoes, and made off, leaving his own in the place of those he had taken. After he had left the house he met the minister on the road. "Dae ee think," said Jamie to the minister, "that fair exchange is robbery?" "No, Jamie," answered the clergyman. "O then, A hae taen your shoon an' left mine yonner in their place." We are afraid Jamie did not attach the importance to the virtue or principle of honesty he ought to have done. He once abstracted 2lbs. of butter from a grocer's shop, which he hid at the Jeddarlands. Returning to it some time after, he found it all melted, and he remarked that "it was a bad plan tae steal butter, for there was nae luck in't."

11.—Davie Eadie. In his *Gallovidian Encyclopædia*, Mactaggart observes: "In Galloway there are, and have been, not a few naturals; and I have often pleased myself in admiring their ways. David Eadie is one of the chiefs of this band; he hotters about the clachans, and a troop of boys in his train, dancing to wandering fiddlers and street bagpipe players." Old Davie's venerable form is familiar to many still alive. He was of a very simple, inoffensive turn, and when in a happy mood, as he generally was, he amused young Wigtown by his peculiar shout, called "a Kirkcudbright laugh," and his favourite dance, in the progress of which, he used adroitly to needle a stick backwards and forwards between his legs. Davie was in the United Presbyterian Church one day when the minister preached from the words, "How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings." When the sermon was over, a gentleman asked Davie if he recollected what the minister preached about. He replied, "The wee chookies." Davie lived to a ripe old age. When on his death-bed and near his last, he was asked by some attentive relative if he knew where he was going to. He characteristically replied, "Me no ken: me gaun hame." Was there not here, in the meek death-bed utterance of poor Davie, the filial trust of the child in the Father?

12.—Patie Chalmers trudged the country with a bag on his back, picking up old rags. He hailed from the Rhins district of the County, and used to say that he struck his mother on the left leg with a chew of tobacco and killed her, after which tragic matricide he made his escape out of the window, and never saw his maternal relative again!

13.—Jamie Hadaway moved about, under the self-styled cognomen of "the poor orphan."

14.—Jock Allan was of a lazy, harmless disposition.

15.—Tam Piccardy, accompanied by his sister, used to

beg the country. The sister once declared, "We canna get mindin' oor lawfu' business for a set o' hizzies that's aye rinnin' efter oor Tam."

15.—Bob Irving was a natural of a variable disposition. Sometimes, on being annoyed by idle mischievous boys, he would work himself into a violent rage, making stones fly in all directions, uttering violent language the while. Of course, in such a case, the boys were more reprehensible than the object of their merriment. Bob was a contemporary of Davie Eadie, and the two would occasionally collide. The subject of this paragraph was in the habit of paying regular visits to farm and other houses, where he received food, &c. He once dropped into the farm-house of Kirvennie about the dinner-hour, when the Mistress gave him a bowl of broth. This, however, did not satisfy Bob, and he left the house, after consuming the soup, with the remark, "Thank ya, Mrs., A'm gaun doon tae New-mills for mi denner." In summer he went bare-foot, and often noiselessly entered the houses he visited. He was fond of reading, and if on entering a house he happened to lay his hand upon a book, he would immediately begin to read it aloud with a drone of a voice, being altogether oblivious or regardless of the presence of any other person. His speech was very incoherent; and it was only when the mood was on him that he would converse; mostly he was very reticent. At church, which he regularly attended, he was sometimes a nuisance, on account of his mutterings in a half suppressed voice during the services. His lips were almost always moving, as if he were continually repeating something to himself.

There were also Allan Peerie, Wigtown; Sawnie Livingstone, Bladnoch; and Bob Craig, Torhouse Mill, once familiar in the district, but regarding whom we have nothing particular to mention.

GLANCE AT MODERN WIGTOWN.

As our sketch of the Burgh would be incomplete without a survey of it in its modern aspect, we shall take a rapid glance at its principal features, commencing at the railway station. The mere mention of the Station brings before us the fact of the existence of the Wigtownshire railway—quite a modern feature of the Burgh, and a feature as important as it is striking; for nothing that has of recent years been introduced into the district can at all approach it in the way of developing the resources of the country through which it runs. The advantages to a district of railway communication with the rest of the world are so evident that we need not waste time dwelling upon them. The recent completion of the line to Whithorn has realised all the expectations of the Directors of the Company, and henceforth the line may be considered to commence a prosperous history. The district will be under lasting gratitude to the noble Earl of Galloway, Chairman of the Directors, whose increasing exertions have mainly realised the completed line. Railway communication in the district has been for many years "a felt want." About 15 or 18 years ago a strong movement was made by the County gentlemen and others to form a line of Railway for the Machars, and but for a disagreement among them as to the proper route, the movement would have been successful.

The line is under the able management of Mr. T. Wheatley, who has hitherto discharged the duties of his office with such ability and courtesy as to render him a general favourite. Were it not that the gradient up Wigtown street would be too steep, we would have said that the proper and most convenient situation for the station would be at the foot of Bank Street. Leaving the Station, and proceeding eastwards, we perceive, by glancing to thes outh, that the Railway has not yet entirely superseded the Harbour, for a mast or two

denote the presence of a sloop or schooner, arrived with coal, lime, or manure, as the case may be. The *Countess of Galloway* steam-vessel still visits the port once or twice a month, from Liverpool; while the tight little Glasgow steam trader, the *Rona*, also periodically calls. Proceeding townwards, the large, many-chimnied building on our left is the Prison for the lower district of the county—Governor M'Nerney. One would think, looking at the building from the outside, that the following paragraph, written in the *Gallovidian*, should not apply to such a spacious edifice:—"There are at present (October 1st, 1853,) 18 prisoners in Wigtown Jail, which was constructed for 9 only. It is to be hoped that the present state of crime will soon change; otherwise an addition to the present building will be necessary." A little farther up, (not noticing any but prominent buildings,) we perceive to our right the Normal School, vigorously taught by Mr. J. W. Husband. At the same side of the road we alight upon the Free Church Manse and the Free Church—the latter, though outwardly unpretentious in style, yet very tidy and snug internally, being seated for about 350. It has the Rev. D. C. A. Agnew for its senior pastor; and the Rev. Robert Gladstone for its junior minister. There is nothing historically striking about this church. It was originally intended as a place of worship for a party of the Relief body, but while it was in course of erection the Disruption took place, and it was bought by the Free Church members. Coming along, we find the once famous "Cat Well" a sealed fountain: it is abolished; and the house wherein resided for many a long year good old Sandy M'William and his eccentric brother Johnny is now transformed into a stable, no trace of its original aspect remaining. At the entrance to the town from Harbour Road, we notice on our right the house in which the late Rev. Peter Young, the respected minister of the Parish, lived for many years before the

Manse was erected. Further on, and holding for South Main Street, we pass the modern and elegantly constructed City of Glasgow Bank (Mr. M'Lean, Agent). At the head of the Square stands the Post-office, and next to it the Galloway Arms Hotel (Mr. Hastings). The Clydesdale Bank (Provost Murray, Agent,) is a little farther up the street, and next is the Commercial Hotel (Mr. M'Robert). We soon come upon the mouth of Agnew Crescent—quite a modern street—and so termed from the fact that a residenter of the name of Agnew was the first to set a feu in it. Long ago there were a few houses on the west side of it, but the buildings on the east side are quite modern. An open field met the view where houses and adjoining gardens now stand. Proceeding the entire length of Main Street, and a little beyond, over the summit of the hill, we will begin to retrace our steps from the United Presbyterian Church—a church rich in many hallowed associations. The early history of the Secession here, as in many other places, was one of struggle and opposition. But there were earnest men connected with it —men who were prepared to make cheerful sacrifices for their principles, and as a consequence they succeeded, with the Divine blessing. They experienced considerable difficulty in getting a suitable feu on which to build a church. At length they obtained a proper site, but they worshipped for some time on the grassy sward adjoining, before their edifice was ready. It is reported that while thus worshipping, a laird of the district boldly rode up on horseback to the green where the minister was addressing his flock from the tent. The intruder, who came for no peaceable purpose, shouted "Bah!" as he drew up. Many of the peaceful worshippers were shocked and alarmed at such impious and threatening conduct; but the clergyman endeavoured to calm their perturbation, at the same time lifting his large Bible from the board of the tent and reaching it forward to the horseman, with the words,

"Sir, I offer you this." The gentleman was abashed, and slunk away; and it is said that on his way home he fell from his horse and broke one of his arms. A warm adherent and friend of the Secession cause was the tenant farmer of Clantibuoys; and his attachment to it rendered him somewhat obnoxious to his landlord—the same who rode up to the worshippers on the green—who let his farm over his head, while ten years of the existing lease were still unexpired. However, things took a turn before a change of tenants could be effected; and the farm of Clantibuoys was brought to the hammer in the Craig Inn at Wigtown. The tenant was an offerer, through another person, and the farm was called down to him. The proprietor was astonished to learn that "Clanty"—the old tenant—was the purchaser, and he said to him, "Ah! M'Kenna, ee'll hae tae leeve on scones an' whey afore ee pey this." The new proprietor retorted upon the old one thus: "If ee had leeved on scones an' whey, ee need na hae selt it." Part of the green on which the members of the Secession worshipped of old still stands at the back of the church. The old church was built in 1750, and galleries were added to it in 1785, when it was capable of accommodating 450 sitters. The present commodious church was erected in 1845, contains galleries, and has 600 sittings. Minister, the Rev. John Squair.

Coming along down the North side of Main Street, there is nothing of sufficient moment to cause us to halt; so, admiring the clean, wide street, we merely glance up High Vennel as we pass its mouth, and being gratified by the superiority and general regularity of what might not inappropriately be styled the "Princes Street" of Wigtown, farther down, we arrive opposite the mouth of the Low Vennel. Striking off to the right hand, we face the chief of all our edifices—the County Buildings, erected in 1862-63. This is the greatest architectural ornament of the Burgh, being worthy

of a much larger town. The arms of Stranraer and Whithorn appear carved on the sides of the principal entrance, while the initial letters of the names of the chief towns or parishes in the County appear on the key-stones of the arched windows. The tower is lofty and massive, and from its summit a splendid and commanding view is obtainable. The courteous and obliging keeper of the Buildings—Mr. Davidson—had us up a few weeks ago to inspect critically a very interesting object, regarding which nothing has yet been written. It is the old Town's Bell, whose mellow tones have fallen upon the ears of successive generations of Wigtonians since the comparatively remote period of 1633. With some little difficulty, and by the assistance of our guide, we succeeded in taking a good fac-simile of the inscription on this hoary veteran, that still plies his restless tongue. It is of considerable size, and hangs in the tower beside an apparently much younger, and a little smaller, companion that has no inscription. A fac-simile of the inscription and ornamentation on the old bell appears on our frontispiece. We noticed that the tongue of the bell is much corroded and worn, but the globe is very perfect. There is little doubt that the bell was erected by the town itself, at its own expense; its companion, although void of any inscription, having been evidently hung at a comparatively recent period. We could not help gazing in contemplative mood on this aged bell, and trying to pierce into what may have been its history. 1633! How many important local events have transpired since that remote period. Doubtless the old bell's chimes frequently summoned the members of the old prelatic Synod of Galloway together in conclave, that their hireling Bishop might, like other Bishops of the same kidney, fulminate those measures inimical to the "outed" lawful ministers, which here and elsewhere ushered in the trying and bloody times of the

Persecution. Then, again, it would call together the Assize at which the Women Martyrs were so unjustly, and without fair trial, condemned to die for their steadfast adherence to truth. But we cannot in detail recall the scenes, sad and mirthful, in which this old relic played a part. We leave the calling up of these to the rumination of the thoughtful and the reflective. The associations all conspire to render this venerable old bell an object of peculiar interest.

To return to our running notice of the County Buidings, we may remark that on the ground storey are the offices of the Sheriff-Clerk and the Procurator-Fiscal, as well as the part occupied by the Keeper. On the second storey are the Assembly-Room, the Court-room, with the Sheriff's Room and Witness' Rooms adjoining. These apartments are all spacious, and well ventilated, being constructed with all the modern appliances for securing completeness and comfort. We may here mention that the Sheriff Criminal, Summary, and Small Debt Courts are held every Tuesday. At the north-west corner of the Buildings, on the lower storey, the old Tolbooth is still preserved intact, and a peep into it recalls many queer stories of the olden times in the mind of the Wigtonian. There is a side entrance to the County Buildings at the north end, above which is an imperfect representation of the Burgh Arms. Through the courtesy and kindness of Mr. Hawthorn, Town Clerk, who gave us ready access to valuable records, &c., in his custody, we are enabled to present our readers with a true representation on our frontispiece of the Arms of the Burgh, taken from the Burgh Seal. The design is very ancient, and the inscription proves the great antiquity of the Burgh. Adjoining the County Buildings on the east is a house, the lower part of which was formerly the Telegraph Office, and the upper part of which enjoys the grandiloquent title of "The Council Chamber," in which our municipal wisdom meets from month to month, and decides the destiny of *crows*, or

whatever other subject turns up upon the *tapis*. Descending Bank Street, and keeping to the south side, we come upon the County Constabulary Office; while at the extremity of the street, we find the British Linen Company's Bank (Mr. Black, agent). Opposite the Police Office, on the other side of Bank Street, is the site of the old notorious "Thieves' Hole," into which the two girls, Margaret and Agnes Wilson, were remorselessly thrust in the initiatory stage of the proceedings which resulted in the martyrdom of the former. Immediately to the east of this place stood the house which tradition says was occupied by the persecuting Provost Coltrane. At the foot of Bank Street we come to the Parish Church, situated at the east of the churchyard. It is a strong-looking, handsome building in the Gothic style of architecture, and is seated to accommodate 660 persons. It has neither gallery nor ceiling. It contains three stained-glass illuminated windows. Minister, the Rev. James Cullen, M.A. Should we go down to the foot of the hill, in the direction of Croftangry, or Croft-an-righ, we would find nothing to indicate the old harbour which once stood there. An old shed only stands on the spot. Retracing our steps a little, we strike up Church Lane, and pass on our right several traction-engines and carriages belonging to Mr. William Rodger, and Messrs. A. & J. Smith, energetic local engineers. Entering the Lovers' Walk, we soon arrive at the Established Church Manse, situated on our right, and commanding a splendid view of the Stewartry Hills and the Bay. Ascending the hill by the Lane, and when near its summit striking westwards, we reach the Burgh and Parish School, under the able Mastership of Mr. William Mackie. Approaching the town by the New Road, we observe on our right the neat little Bladnoch Charity School (Miss M'William, Teacher).

Having entered the town again, let us move upwards in the direction of Agnew Crescent, with the intention of paying

a visit to the romantic little village of Bladnoch, situated within the bounds of the Burgh. On our way up street we cannot but record our admiration of the charming Square, at present, as old Spenser would have it, "Y'clad in somer's pryde." On passing the Cross we notice in its vicinity, projecting on the surface of the street, some of the paving-stones of the old Causeway that ran from that spot, where stood the West Port, down the centre of the street on which the Square has been erected. Entering Agnew Crescent, we proceed rapidly along in the direction of Bladnoch, noticing on our right in the suburbs of the town the lovely residence of Woodside. Descending the "Brunthouse Brae," we pass the farm-house of Maidland on the left, and the "Fiddle-Plantain" and the Fordbank Manufactory on the right. We perceive a new and handsome "suburban villa," so to speak, raising its comely proportions near the Gallow-hill, at the entrance to Bladnoch—the intended future residence of Mr. T. M'Clelland, of the Bladnoch Distillery. Nestling behind the shoulder of the Gallow-hill, we come suddenly upon the object of our visit. In the true village style, it consists of a single row of houses, mostly one-storey, but some here and there two stories in height. There may be some 30 or 40 houses in all.

We here cull the following particulars regarding Bladnoch out of the Stranraer *Free Press* of 14th May, 1863, by "An Old Native of Wigtown:"—"The writer well remembered that about sixty-five [now seventy-nine] years ago, there were only ten or twelve old thatched houses on both sides of the road, tenanted by the labouring classes. There was a public house at the south end of the Old Bridge, the landlord's name being John M'Guffie. The same house is standing yet. Many a landlord had the writer seen in that house, but he never knew one of them leaving it better than he went into it. There was no coach road then up past Trammonford—

the traffic being all through Wigtown to Newton-Stewart." The writer then goes on to notice the great improvements which have been effected in his time in the thriving little village, particularising Messrs. M'Clelland's Distillery, famed in the three Kingdoms for the manufacture of good whisky, causing the consumption of a large quantity of valuable grain that might, the writer thinks, be turned to a better use. As he does not encourage drinking, he will say no more on the Distillery. Mr. George M'Clelland's extensive Patent Preserved Potatoe Manufactory and Farina Mill at Fordbank, Bladnoch, are next particularised. Messrs. Wither's extensive Coach-building establishment; Mr. Anderson's large Iron Foundry; the late Mr. Bennett's Bakery; Mr. George Paton's Joiner and Cartwright shop; and Messrs. M'Clumphas' Drapery and Tailoring establishment, pass under notice; nor are the Post-Office, the three Grocers' Shops, the two Public-Houses, and the beautiful and picturesquely situated Bowling Green unrecorded—the latter, the writer says, "the gift of that much-respected nobleman—the Earl of Galloway, to the villagers." Two coaches then passed and repassed through Bladnoch daily, *en route* from Newton-Stewart to Whithorn, and *vice versa*. Bladnoch is now a large village, composed of one and two storey, neat, slated houses—all the improvements enumerated having been effected during the last seventy-nine years. The writer concludes by expressing an opinion that in the earlier times there were more "real religion," stronger brotherly love and good-feeling, and better order among all classes of society than prevail at the present day.

"Sawner's M'Clurg, the old innkeeper at Blednoch Brig, about eighty [now a hundred and thirty-four] years ago, allowed almost every kind of wildness to go on in his house, except fighting; and whenever any rustics started a collieshangie, Sawners reached for a thick stick he kept up in the

brace, and being a very strong man, stood up and gave the ground one thump with it, saying, "Quietness is best;" when quietness instantly took place. At last, when he went the way of all men, a friend laid a rude rock on him, with this epitaph deeply engraved on it:—

"Beneath lies Sawners M'Clurg,
Enjoying his quiet rest;
When he was alive he ay said,
'Quietness was best.'"

—*Mactaggart*, 1823.

The Bridge that spans the river Bladnoch at this village is of modern construction, having been erected about 15 years ago. Its strength and beauty are very striking. Its venerable predecessor, erected so long ago as the year 1728, and which stood a few yards farther up the river, was taken down only lately.

Without venturing an opinion on the present character of the people of the district, perhaps it may gratify some to read the following sentences from the *Statistical Account* written in 1839:—"The inhabitants, with the exception of the Irish settlers, are nearly all natives either of the Burgh or County. The names of families that are still most prevalent in Wigtown, such as M'Kinnell, M,Kie, &c., were the predominant names so early as the year 1495. The condition of the people has been greatly improved since the time of the last *Statistical Account.* They are more cleanly in their habits, more comfortably lodged, and in consequence of a more easy communication, and of a more frequent intercourse with other districts of the country, both their diet and their dress are of a better description. Of the moral character of the inhabitants of this Parish, a favourable account may justly be given. They are in general intelligent and well-informed. They have access, upon moderate terms, to a well-selected subscription library, established in 1794. With the progress of society, and the more extensive diffusion of

knowledge, their morality has kept pace. Their attendance upon the ordinances of religion is devout and exemplary, and, upon the whole their habits are regular and temperate. When cases of distress occur, they uniformly evince a liberal and benevolent spirit."

We once heard a venerable old residenter state that when he was young the practice of keeping up family-worship was general in the town, and that if one took a walk through the town, say about ten o'clock in the evening, the psalm of praise issuing from some house or houses would have been sure to have fallen upon his ear. Family worship was then observed night and morning, and after church service on Sabbath. Should a stroll be taken now-a-days in the evening, would it be rewarded with a like gratifying result?

There are few "big days" in the Burgh. New-year's-day is, of course, observed as a general holiday. Many years ago this national gala-day presented more animation in the Burgh than of late. The instrumental band paraded the town, and preceded the competitors in the national game of football to and from the field of Craigenlandy—the scene of many a well-contested struggle between the "red and the yellow." There were more outward demonstrations of mirth in years gone by than in more modern times. In very recent years, however, the old animation has revived, so much so that the last New-year's-day or two reminded old residenters of the bustling streets the Burgh presented in their younger days. The annual Exhibition of the Wigtown Agricultural Society is also a big day in the Burgh, all the agricultural servants in the district getting it as a holiday. But with the exception of these two occasions, the Burgh generally presents a quiet aspect.

THE CORPORATION.

PROVOST.—Thomas Murray, Esq., Banker.

BAILIES.—(Senior), Mr. Andrew Fraser, ship-owner; (Junior), Mr. John Doig, veterinary surgeon.

TREASURER.—Mr James Griffin.

TOWN-CLERK.—Mr. William Hawthorn.

COUNCILLORS.—Messrs. John Adamson, butcher; Robert Rae, farmer; Robert M'Candlish, blacksmith; James W. Husband, schoolmaster; William Mackie, schoolmaster; Peter Halliday, watchmaker; William Anderson, ship-owner; Samuel M'Keand, residenter; James M'Robert, innkeeper; William Thomson, merchant; William Wither, coachbuilder; John Cowper, druggist; James Cumming, joiner; and James M'Knaught, painter.

The Council meets on the first Wednesday of every month.

The Burgh Revenue for the year ending 15th Oct., 1876, was as follows :—

From Feu Duties and Ground Annuals, ...	£107	7	1½
From Rents of Lands, ...	296	0	0
From Rent of Harbour, ...	80	0	0
From Custom and Deanery, ...	61	0	0
From all other sources, including previous Arrears, ...	60	14	6
TOTAL, ...	£605	1	7½

The Expenditure was £572 8s 3½d, which includes £108 15s 10d of Interest paid on Loans, the surplus for the year being £32 13s 4d.

The following is the Balance Sheet as at this same date —

BURGH. DR.

Balance of Loan by Mr Anderson, ...	£550	0	0
Loan by Do., ...	1000	0	0
Loan by Mr Reid, ...	1000	0	0
	£2550	0	0

BURGH, Cr.

Balance due by Treasurer, ...	£32	13	4
Arrears of Rent, etc, ...	22	7	0½
Wigtownshire Railway Coy. Stock, ...	2000	0	0
Balance against Burgh, ...	494	19	7½
	£2550	0	0

The revenue of the Burgh in 1832 was £393 4s 4d, and the expenditure £391 5s 11d. There have been no alienations of the common property for nearly two centuries. The ancient royalty comprehended about 1,200 acres, almost wholly alienated for trifling feu-duties, nearly two hundred years ago, to the Galloway family. The boundaries under the Reform Act exclude most of these grounds, and include the farm of Maidland and Kirklandhill, which formerly were not held in burgage.

During the ten years ending in 1833, the Magistrates of Wigtown disposed of only 5 civil and 33 criminal cases. In 1876, the number of criminal cases disposed of were 24.

The Parliamentary constituency of the Burgh is 243. The population of the Burgh in 1861 was 2025; in 1871, 1859—decrease in 10 years, 166.

Mr. Mark John Stewart, yr. of Southwick (Conservative), represents this and the other three Burghs of the group, viz., Stranraer, Whithorn, and New Galloway, Wigtown being the returning Burgh.

Sheriff-Clerk.—Robert H. Smith, Esq., (Whithorn).

Sheriff-Clerk Depute.—William Hawthorn, Esq.

Inspector of Nuisances.—Mr. William Mackie.

Inspector under the Town Council as Local Authority—Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act.—Bailie Doig.

Inspector of Cattle Sheds.—Mr. William M'Neil.

Town Clock-Keeper and Adjuster of Weights and Measures.—Mr. John M'Gowan.

Road Surveyor for Lower District of the County.—Mr. John K. Smith.

POSTMISTRESS.—Miss Tait.

Arrivals of Mails.—9.20 a.m., 4.45 p.m., and 6.15 p.m.
Despatches.—8.50 a.m., 3.15 p.m., and 6.55 p.m.
Office opens at 7.30 a.m., and shuts at 8 p.m.

LETTER CARRIER.—Mr. Robert M'Clelland.

PRECENTORS.—Mr. William M'Neill (Parish Church); Mr. James M'Knaught (U. P. Church); and Mr. William Dinnell (Free Church).

SEXTON.—Mr. Alexander Kennedy.

CHURCH OFFICERS.—Mr. Alexander Kennedy (Parish Church); Mr. William Campbell (Free Church); and Mr. John Nelson (U. P. Church).

GOVERNOR OF PRISON.—Mr. William M'Nerney; Matron: Mrs M'Nerney; Chaplain: Rev. James Cullen; Physician: Dr. M'Bride.

SHERIFF OFFICERS.—Mr. David M'Clelland; Mr. William M'Neil.

CONSTABULARY.—*Chief-Constable:* Mr. Cornelius Murphy; *Sergeant:* Mr. Alexander M'Kenzie; *Constable:* Mr. John M'Call.

BURGH'S MAN-OF-ALL-WORK.—Mr. Andrew Gretnay.

INSURANCE AGENTS.—*Life*—E. S. Black, Esq.; James M'Lean, Esq.; Provost Murray; William M'Clure, Esq.; William Dunsmore, Esq.; A. D. Walker, Esq.; Messrs. Richard Stitt, Gordon Fraser, John Campbell, Wm. Hawthorn, Thomas Martin, and John M'Kinnell. *Fire*—Provost Murray; James W. Husband; Will. M'Clure. *Accident and Plate Glass, &c*—Gordon Fraser. *Cattle*—Provost Murray.

INLAND REVENUE.—*Supervisor:* Mr. William Lindsay; *Officers:* Mr. George H. Mills, and Mr. William M'Lean (Bladnoch).

STAMP OFFICE.—Mr. James W. Husband.

H. M. CUSTOMS.—*Superintendent:* Robert Chalmers, Esq.; *Out-Door and Acting Second Officer:* Mr. James H. Hamilton.

GAS COMPANY—James M'Lean, Esq., *Chairman:* Mr. John Cowper, *Manager.*

KEEPER OF COUNTY BUILDINGS.—Mr. Charles Davidson.

HARBOUR MASTER.—Mr. John M'Master.

WEIGHING MACHINE KEEPER.—Mr. Richard Stitt.

SCHOOL BOARD.

James M'Lean, Esq., banker (chairman); Provost Murray; Rev. John Squair; Bailie Doig; and John Muir, Esq.

CLERK OF SCHOOL BOARD.—Mr. William Hawthorn.

COLLECTOR OF SCHOOL RATE.—Provost Murray.

COMPULSORY OFFICER OF SCHOOL BOARD.—Mr. David M'Clelland.

AMOUNT OF SCHOOL RATE.

As Owner of Houses, ...	3½d per £
As Tenant ,, ...	5½d ,,
As Owner of Land, ...	3½d ,,
As Tenant, ...	2¾d ,,

The School Board has no stated time of meeting.

PAROCHIAL BOARD.

CHAIRMAN.—James M'Lean, Esq., banker.

INSPECTOR OF POOR.—Mr. William Mackie.

COLLECTOR OF POOR RATE: Provost Murray. MEMBERS, 75.

The total number of Registered Poor chargeable to the parish in the course of the year ended 14th May, 1877, was 61, with 27 Dependants—that is wives and children under 14. The number of registered poor chargeable at 14th May, 1857, was 43, with 16 Dependants; and of Casual poor 2, with 1 Dependant; and of these 11 were lunatic poor. In 1837 the average number of poor on the roll was 34, and the number of poor receiving occasional relief, 14; in all, 48.

In 1877 there was expended on registered poor £448 8s 11d, and on casual poor £13 7s 3d, besides £37 18s 5d for medical relief, and £81 os 6d for management. In 1837 the expenditure was, on poor on the Roll £96, and on casual poor, £60.

In 1877 the net sum raised by assessment for the poor was £479 9s 1d. The receipts for the year also included from Medical Relief Grant, £10 4s 10d; from Grant for pauper lunatics, £97 12s 5d; from Mortifications, £13 5s 1d. The total receipts for the year were thus £600 11s 5d, and the total ordinary Expenditure, £580 15s 1d. There was an additional expenditure of £10 10s 3d. on Buildings. In 1837 the receipts were £52 6s 2d from Church collections, £72 6s 8d from Voluntary Contribution by the heritors, £7 from other parties, and £24 from Mortifications; in all £155 12s 10d. In 1877 the gross rental of the parish was £11,826 7s 5d, and the Annual Value or assessable rental £10,858 3s 11d. The rate per pound for the poor for the same year was 5½d on all proprietors, 8½d on tenants of houses, and 4¼d on tenants of lands. In 1833 the rental was £4500.

AMOUNT OF POOR RATE.

As Owner of Houses,	...	...	...	5½d per £
As Tenant, ...	...	...	...	8½d ,,
As Owner of Land,...	...	...	...	5½d ,,
As Tenant, ...	...	...	...	4¼d ,,
Registration of Births,	...	...	...	¾d ,,

An abatement of 12½ per cent. allowed off the gross rental for Proprietors, and 6¼ do. do. for Tenants.

REGISTRAR OF BIRTHS, DEATHS, AND MARRIAGES.—Mr. Peter Halliday.

AUXILIARY BIBLE SOCIETY (Parent Society, the Scottish National Bible Society).—*President:* Provost Murray; *Vice-President:* One of the three clergymen in turn; *Secretary and Treasurer:* E. S. Black, Esq., Solicitor.

CLOTHING CLUB (funds provided by weekly deposits of the poor, who are the recipients of the clothing, and the donations of the public.)—*Secretary:* The ministers of the town in turn. Annual distribution of clothing in November.

GOOD TEMPLAR ("Anchor of Hope") LODGE.—*Grand Worthy Chief:* William M'Murray; *Secretary:* John Bell; *Treasurer:* James Nimmo. *Weekly Meeting Night*—Tuesday. *Membership*—over 100.

JUVENILE ("Dawning Light") GOOD TEMPLAR LODGE.—*Superintendent*—William M'Murray; *Assistant*—Maggie Rodger. *Membership*—96.

HOME MISSION.—*President:* Mr. John Cowper; *Secretary:* Mr. John Shaw; *Treasurer:* Mr. W. D. Rodger. Weekly Evangelistic Meeting every Friday night. *Cottage Prayer Meetings* every Wednesday night. *Membership*—about 40.

COAL FUND.—A Committee is organized to gather subscriptions annually, wherewith to provide coals for the industrious and deserving poor of the burgh and parish in winter. *Chairman of Committee*—Provost Murray; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Mr. James W. Husband.

WIGTOWN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—*President*—The Right Hon. the Earl of Galloway; *Vice-Presidents*—R. H. Johnston Stewart, Esq. of Physgill; and Robert Vans Agnew, Esq. of Sheuchan and Barnbarroch, M.P.; *Secretary and Treasurer*—James M'Lean, Esq., Wigtown. *Annual Show*—At the end of July.

MARKET.—A Cattle Market is held on the Fourth Friday of each month.

FAST-DAYS.—The Thursdays immediately preceding the Third Sabbaths of June and December.

BOWLING CLUB.—*President*—Provost Murray; *Vice-President*—Bailie Fraser; *Secretary, Treasurer, and Greenkeeper*—Mr. Gordon Fraser. *Membership*—about 20. *Skips*—Messrs. Edward Brown, Peter M'Keand, James M'Robert, and Gordon Fraser.

CURLING CLUB.—*President*—Provost Murray; *Vice-President*—Bailie Fraser; *Secretary and Treasurer*—Mr. James M'Robert. *Skips*—Provost Murray; Messrs. James M'Robert, innkeeper, Wigtown; Thos. M'Connell, V.S., Wigtown; James M'Connell, Torhouse; Alexander Fraser, farmer, Redbrae; James Gifford, farmer, Torhouskie; John Hastings, innkeeper, Wig-

town; James Wilson, farmer, Kirkland; Alexander Robertson, gamekeeper, Wigtown; and Mr. Edward Brown, contractor, Wigtown. *Membership*—about 50.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES.

CLERGYMEN.—Rev. D. C. A. Agnew, senior minister of the Free Church; Rev. Robert Gladstone, junior minister of the Free Church; Rev. James Cullen, M.A., Parish minister; and Rev. John Squair, minister of the United Presbyterian Church.

SOLICITORS.—James M'Lean, Esq.; E. S. Black, Esq.; William M'Clure, Esq.; William Dunsmore, Esq.; and A. D. Walker, Esq.

PROCURATOR-FISCAL for the Lower District of the County.—E. S. Black, Esq.

PROCURATOR-FISCAL for the Burgh.—William Dunsmore, Esq.

SCHOOLMASTERS.—Mr. William Mackie (Burgh and Parish School); and Mr. James W. Husband (Normal School).

SCHOOLMISTRESSES.—Misses Wylie (Private); and Miss M'William (Charity School).

BANKERS.—James M'Lean, Esq., (City of Glasgow Bank); Provost Murray (Clydesdale Bank); and E. S. Black, Esq., (British Linen Company's Bank).

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER.—William Thomson.

BAKERS.—Adam P. Atkinson; William Campbell.

BARBER, HAIRDRESSER, AND BIRD STUFFER.—William M'Comish.

BLACKSMITHS.—Robert M'Candlish; John Lamont.

BOOKSELLERS.—Gordon Fraser; John Cowper; Elizabeth Morrison.

BREWER.—Thomas Martin.

BUILDERS.—Edward Brown; Hugh Bell.

BUTCHERS.—John Adamson; William Pollock.

CABINETMAKER.—Andrew Forlow.

CARTERS.—Lindsay Nelson; John M'Kie; James Neil (Bladnoch); Isaac Thomson (Bladnoch); James Cowan; William Murray; Peter M'Clusky; David Thomson.

CATTLE DEALERS.—James Leacy; Thos. Leacy; Edward Carroll; Andrew M'Keand; James Murray.

CHANDLERS.—Alexander M'Keand; Mary M'Candlish.

CHINA MERCHANTS.—William Thomson; William Edgar; Mrs. Chisholm.

CLOTHIERS. — Alexander Gardner; John M'Clumpha (Bladnoch).

COACH BUILDER.—Charles Wither (Bladnoch).

COAL AND LIME MERCHANTS. — Bailie Fraser; William Anderson (Bladnoch); William M'Neil.

CONFECTIONERS. — Mrs. Middleton; Miss Junes; Miss Parker.

COOPER.—John Maxwell.

DISTILLERS.—Messrs. M'Clelland (Bladnoch).

DOCTOR.—Charles M'Bride, Esq., M.D.

DRAPERS.—Mrs. Nimmo; Thomas Martin; John Campbell; John M'Clumpha (Bladnoch).

DRESSMAKERS. — Mrs. Davidson; Miss Dinnell; Miss Donnan; Miss J. Martin; Mrs. Henry; Miss Fulton (Broadfield); Miss Poole; Miss Millwain; Miss Cafferdy.

DRUGGISTS.—Gordon Fraser; John Cowper.

ENGINEERS.—William Rodger; A. & J. Smith.

FISHMONGERS.—John M'Gowan; Thos. M'Gowan; George Nixon.

GAME DEALER.—William M'Neill.

GARDENERS.—William Scott; James Kennedy (working gardener).

GASFITTERS.—Alexander M'Knaught; Nathaniel Dickie; Charles Auld.

GROCERS.—Thomas Graham; Peter M'Keand; Robert Little; John Jardine; Mrs. Cowper; Miss M'Guffie;

David Kennedy; Francis Croney; Mrs. Roddy; Mrs. Whitehouse; Mrs. Neilson; Miss Stitt (Bladnoch).

HEWER.—James Kelly.

INNKEEPERS.—John Hastings; James M'Robert; Mrs. M'Robert; Thomas Kelly; Robert Stitt; Mrs Burnie; Mrs. M'Clumpha (Bladnoch); Andrew M'Meekin (Bladnoch); Henry Carroll.

IRONFOUNDER.—William Anderson (Bladnoch).

IRONMONGERS.—William Thomson; Richard Stitt; Alex. M'Knaught; Mrs. Cowper.

JEWELLER.—William Thomson.

JOINERS.—Thomas Kelly; William M'Kenna; Peter H. M'Queen; William Nelson; James Kennedy.

MANURE AGENTS.—John A. M'Kinnell; Thomas M'Connell; Henry Bell.

MASONS.—Hugh Bell; Peter Kelly; Robert Kilpatrick.

MILLINERS.—Miss Nimmo; Misses M'Queen; Miss I. Martin; Misses Fleming.

MILK SELLERS.—Mrs. J. M'Master; Misses Wilson; Wm. Scott; William M'Gowan; James Kennedy; Lindsay Nelson; James Murray; James M'William; Robert Rae (Bladnoch); James M'Gowan (Bladnoch); Mrs. Pollock; James Neil (Bladnoch); James Paterson.

MOLE-CATCHER.—William Edward.

NEWS AGENTS.—Gordon Fraser; John Cowper.

PAINTERS AND PAPER-HANGERS.—James M'Knaught; Wm. M'Murray.

PATENT PRESERVED POTATO MANUFACTURER.—George M'Clelland, Fordbank, Bladnoch.

PLASTERERS.—J., J., & G. Lochrie.

PLUMBERS.—Alexander M'Knaught; Nathaniel Dickie;

PRINTERS.—Gordon Fraser; John A. M'Kinnell.
Charles Auld.

RAT-CATCHER.—Hugh O'Neil.

SADDLERS.—Richard Stitt; Alexander Kelly; William Gordon; James Ewart.

SALT MERCHANT.—Richard Stitt.

SHIPMASTERS. — Henry Bell; William Bryson; James Clauchrie.

SHIPOWNERS.—Bailie Fraser; Wm. Anderson (Bladnoch).

SHOEMAKERS.—Thomas Dally; Joseph T. Blacklock; R. & H. Carnochan; David Kennedy; James Roney; George Allington; James M'Gowan; Wm. Milligan; Samuel Michael.

STATION-MASTER.—Edward Whitehouse.

STATIONERS.—Gordon Fraser; John Cowper; Elizabeth Morrison.

CHIMNEY SWEEP.—William Campbell.

TAILORS.—Alexander Gardner; Hugh Roney; William Dinnell; John M'Clumpha (Bladnoch); A. M'Whirter (Bladnoch).

TIMBER AGENT.—Richard Stitt.

TINSMITHS.—Alexander M'Knaught; Nathaniel Dickie; Charles Auld.

VETERINARY SURGEONS.—Bailie Doig; Thomas M'Connell.

WATCHMAKERS.—Peter Halliday; John M'Gowan.

WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS.—Thomas Graham; Peter M'Keand; Allan Gilmour.

ANECDOTES OF THE BURGH OF WIGTOWN, &C.

"WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS."

Provosts and Bailies in days of yore had a most practical idea of their functions. They did not hesitate to put to their hands in the keeping of the order of the Burgh. Hence they were often seen helping to drag reluctant offenders to "durance vile." One worthy Bailie had a long-tailed coat, which he persisted in wearing, though his better-half, convinced that he did not become it, had often endeavoured to persuade him to leave it off, and substitute for it one more becoming. But all in vain. One day, a notorious breaker of the peace had committed his usual offence on the street of Wigtown, when the Bailie, with all other available help, proceeded to drag him to jail. In the struggle, the offender caught hold of the Magistrate's coat, and succeeded in completely carrying away one of its tails. After the incarceration had been effected, the Bailie leisurely walked up street towards his home, quite unconscious of his grotesque appearance, minus one of his coat tails. His guidwife, laughing heartily at the sight, sincerely thanked the imprisoned offender for having so mutilated the Bailie's coat that he was only too glad to have it exchanged for another; the change being thus effected which she herself had in vain attempted to bring about.

A QUIET INCARCERATION.

One day, while the Bailie alluded to in the foregoing, was "cracking" on the Main Street with a friend, he noticed a bitter fight between a stranger and an inhabitant, in the vicinity of the Market Cross. The stranger had the best of the fight, completely vanquishing the townsman, who made his way to the Bailie with a grievous complaint against his victorious opponent. The Bailie, who had seen the fight, and perceived that the complainant was as much at fault in the breach of the peace as the other man, quietly listened to the complaint, and then went to the scene of action, ordering the stranger to be put in the Tolbooth. The pugilist who made the complaint, thinking he had it all his own way, assisted most willingly and cheerfully in lugging his enemy down street. At length the lock-up was reached, and the Bailie, who had accompanied and superintended the procession, ordered the jailor to open a cell for the reception of the disturber of the peace. The other boxer, thinking the imprisonment was completely effected, shoved his opponent most unceremoniously into the dungeon, remarking, "In ye go, and be d——d to ye!" The Bailie, who had all the while his mind made up as to how he would dispose of the other offender, immediately gave the word to the jailor, who, quick as thought, had the door shut upon both rioters, the vanquished one, when left to ruminate over the strange turn that things had taken, being particularly chagrined that he had so voluntarily brought himself to prison.

THE JUSTICE OF COMMON-SENSE.

The old Magistrates' Court, or the "Bailie" Court, as it was usually called, may well be ranked in a first place among the interesting reminiscences of the Burgh, for perhaps

nowhere else were there combined such fair and open-handed justice, and such disregard of the legal and conventional forms of procedure and the ordinary rules of evidence. We cannot but smile—indeed we may have a hearty laugh—over many of the scenes that took place within the walls of the Court-house; but we make bold to say, that with all this, there were few cases of injured innocence, and as few of unpunished guilt. Possibly the civic dignitary found it difficult to shake off his personality: he was certainly the Bailie when on the bench, but he carried with him there much of the individual burgess. Of local cases and local offenders he had generally information other than that he learned in the public court, and if his own personal conviction were strong—and it was usually sound—he would not allow a discrepancy in formal evidence to interfere with the carrying out of what he considered the ends of justice.

The following anecdote furnishes an amusing illustration of this form, or rather informality, of proceeding; and although the respondent was not convicted of the charge laid against him, there were few of the town's-people (panel included) who considered the judgment oppressive, or that some punishment was not deserved.

J. C., a well-known local character, who was given to the very detestable habit of partaking immoderately of ardent spirits, and who, while under this influence, was of a disagreeable and quarrelsome disposition, was brought up before one of the Bailies, charged with being drunk and incapable, and with—while in this state—committing a breach of the public peace. At the hour fixed for the trial, the Bailie made his appearance in court, and, in passing the prisoner's dock, accosted him thus: "Weel, John, hae ye ony snuff?" John, who at that moment would have been only too glad to have gratified the Bailie's desire for a

pinch, was unfortunately, owing to the previous night's dissipation no doubt, *minus* his mull, and had to answer in the negative, whereupon the Bailie proceeded to take his seat on the bench, merely remarking, "Man, John, that's a peety." The business of the court was then proceeded with, and the charge having been read over to John, the following amusing dialogue took place between the Bailie and panel:—"Weel, John, ee hear what they hae got tae say again' ya. What hae ee tae say for yersel?" "A'm no guilty, Bailie." "Bit ee *ir*, John." "Weel, noo, Bailie, A wud lake some proof on't." "Proof! What's the use o' provin't whun ee're guilty," said the Bailie, at the same time drawing himself up erect on his chair. Clearing his throat and looking impressively at John, who was prepared for something serious, "John," said the Magistrate, in an authoritative tone, "ee tell me ee're no guilty o' this; bit ee'll no deny that A heard ya gi'en my wife a lot o' ill tongue an' abuse the ither day ower the hedge; so A'll just sen' ya four-and-twunty oors tae the lock-up for that."

A NATURAL INFERENCE.

With one of the Magistrates of the Burgh the fact of a man's previous good or bad character received rather much weight, as may be seen from the following. A defaulter was brought before him on a charge of stealing a hen. It transpired in evidence that the accused had been previously convicted of stealing a cock. This, in addition to the evidence, went a long way, for the Bailie wound up thus: "Steal cock, steal hen. We'll juist see if ee'll no be the better o' a day in the jile."

EXPEDIENCY.

We have heard of one case where the evidence was somewhat conflicting, and the Magistrate confessed that "there

seems to be some doot as tae whuther this man's akwally guilty or no, bit A think he'll be nocht the waur o' twa or three oors in the jile." This reminds one of the Edinburgh Magistrate, who, because, as he said, the evidence was "a wee jimp," only fined the prisoner 10s.

MANAGING PARTIES AT THE BAR.

In one case before the Burgh Court, the decision rested on the evidence of two parties (females) alone—the accuser and accused. The presiding Bailie listened patiently to the two versions of the story, from which, though they differed somewhat, he gathered that there had been angry words on both sides, and that both the women had, in the excitement, done what they ought not to have done. When they had finished their fluent orations, the Bailie, who had been thinking over certain difficulties in the case, delivered himself as follows: "Noo, my guid weemen, as far as A can see, the point A hae tae settle is this, Wha's entitled tae sweer? for the yin that sweers wuns." Fortunately it was not necessary to solve this perplexing question, for the Bailie succeeded by moral suasion in convincing the women that they were both to blame, and after due admonition he dismissed them.

AN OFFICER WITH A REASON.

John N. held the position of officer of the Burgh Court. On one occasion he was despatched during the conduct of a trial to ascertain if a witness, who had taken ill in a previous stage of the case, was sufficiently recovered to resume his cross-examination. John, after being absent for a short time, returned, and in reply to the Magistrate's enquiry, stated that it was impossible for the witness to

come back, for he could "nether speak nor stan'." On being further questioned as to how he came to know this, he rather indignantly replied, "That's what the man said tae me." This statement caused a roar of laughter among the audience in court, but not till it had fully subsided did John, with all grave dignity, and as was his duty in such disturbances, call out "Silence!" The Magistrate enquired of him why he called "Silence!" when no one was speaking. John, with his usual readiness, explained that "there wud be little use in his cryin' 'Silence!' whun nane o' them cud hear him."

A SELF-COMPLACENT WITNESS.

Not only in the Burgh Court, but also in the Sheriff Court, did scenes such as those we have mentioned occur. One case that came up for decision was the disputed ownership of a hive of bees. The principal witness was far too prosy and round about for the judge to follow. He thought to make the matter much clearer to the judge's comprehension by illustrating the position of the ground and the movements of the bees on an imaginary plan on the board of the witness-box. "First o' a," he went on, "the bees lichted *here*"—laying his finger on a particular spot on his plan; "then, as A' wus comin' roon an' roon *this* wey"—drawing his finger along from one point to another—"*up* they got, an' went on an' on, till at lang an length they lichted *here*—juist in my yerd"—selecting another spot. "Weel, juist then, what daes A dae, bit A comes roon again' *quately*, till A gets as far as—" "Stop! stop!" cried the Sheriff, "I really dont understand one word of all this talk of yours." "Na, bit," rejoined the witness, with perfect complacency, and giving a shrug of his shoulders, "A cud see frae the verra beginnin' ee kent nocht ava aboot bees."

A WILY SEXTON.

The foregoing story about bees reminds us of an anecdote related of a worthy grave-digger, not in Wigtown parish, but in one of the adjoining parishes. It appears to have been an accepted principle in some localities, that the person who first discovered a hive on neutral ground was the recognised owner. The sexton we refer to was busy digging a grave in the churchyard, when one of the women of the neighbouring village came running up to him somewhat excitedly, and called out, "Oh! John, come here, man: here's a hive o' bees." John, equal to the occasion, and not forgetting the accepted doctrine of ownership, readily answered, "Never you mind the bees, Mistress, A see the bees weel aneuch." Had John spoken truthfully he would not have said so.

DULL TRADE.

The same Sexton, complaining of the unproductiveness of his "Farm," as he termed the graveyard, was heard to say he "hadna buried a *leevin'* body for nearly six weeks."

FOR AULD LANGSYNE.

One of those characters who combine the different situations of church-officer, grave-digger, "minister's man," and general factotum, was brought before the Presbytery, charged with some misdemeanour or other. He, like most others in his position, had no mean idea of his own importance, ranking himself almost on an equality with the minister of the parish. Encountering the minister on the morning of the day on which the Presbytery was to meet, he appealed to him thus: "Noo, sir, A hope ee'll be canny wi' me the day, for ee ken you an' me's the twa auldest members o' Presbytery."

A WIFE A CROWN TO HER HUSBAND.

The parish clergyman whom we have just mentioned was famed for his wit. He was called on at the manse one evening by a parishoner who contemplated marriage. On being asked how much there was to pay for "gae'in in the lines," he was answered with the very appropriate Scriptural quotation, "A good wife is a *crown* to her husband"—the fee being five shillings.

A WIGTOWN BAILIE AT LIVERPOOL.

Bailie T., not feeling very well, determined to take a voyage to Liverpool in a steamer, hoping that a sea-vomit might help him. The voyage, however, had not the desired effect. He landed at Liverpool, and noticing the numerous people moving about in so large a town, the Bailie quietly observed to himself, "Surely there's no mony folks here 'all ken Bailie T." He had not, however, proceeded far on his way from the docks, when some unseen person behind gave him a sharp tap on the shoulder, accompanied by the exclamation and enquiry, "Bless me, Bailie T., is this whar ye ir?" This was a Wigtonian who knew the Bailie. The two went on, when directly up came another Wigtonian, who also cordially greeted the Bailie. The three retired into an hotel for the purpose of having a taste on the head of their happy and unexpected meeting, and, strange to say, the very waiter knew the Bailie! They afterwards parted, and the Bailie sallied forth into a street, along which he noticed a funeral procession passing. "Wha's funeral's that?" he enquired at a person beside him. "A lawyer's," he was told. "A lawyer's!" he exclaimed in astonishment: "dae ee bury lawyers here?" "Yes," replied the other man: "why not? Do you not bury them

in *your* country?" "Na, na," rejoined the Bailie. "What do you do with them then?" "O," said the Bailie, "when they dee we just pit them in a coffin, open the wunda at nicht, and there awa' in the the mornin', an' nocht left bit the smell o' sulphur."

BROTH AND BOWLING.

This Bailie was a bowler; so was a very corpulent resi-denter, J. J., the latter being a crack skip of the Wigtown Club. The clubs of Newton-Stewart and Wigtown were met on one occasion to play their annual game, but J. J., having to superintend harvest operations on the neighbour-ing farm of Pulwhilly, could not appear. The consequence was that the Newton-Stewart Club was victorious. The Bailie, who was a keen bowler, took the defeat sorely to heart, and endeavoured to drown regret at the loss of the game in a little of the "Bladnoch." He was heard to ex-claim, "Lost the business, clean! That glutton, J., wasna here to help us; he cudna lae the Pulwhilly fat broth."

A BAILIE'S SPORT.

At a meeting of the Town Council it was found that the Bailie was conspicious by his absence. The Council not wishing to begin business without him, one Councillor suggested that "vera likely he would be found at the Cat Well, playin' at blin' smash wi' bird's eggs, for the Bailie wad travel frae Wigtown tae Burrowhead tae harry a piet's nest and hae blin' smash wi' the eggs."

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

This same Bailie was tormented by mischievous boys rapping at his door at night and then running away. He

had tried to stop the nuisance by hiding in an adjoining house and then chasing the boys when he saw them at their irritating amusement; but this method did not prevent the annoyance, for the boys were swifter than their pursuer. At length the grievance got intolerable, and the Bailie devised a plan whereby he thought he would effectually prevent its recurrence, and capture his tormentors. He somehow fastened a pike-hook to the knocker of his door, so that by pulling a string from the inside he could secure with the hook the hand of the person who might be knocking. After his ingenious apparatus had been erected, the Bailie quietly awaited his prey. At length a knock was heard, and the Bailie gave a rapid pull of the string, hastening immediately thereafter to the door, in the hope of seeing some unfortunate urchin hooked. But, to his unfeigned horror, he found the fair young daughter of the Supervisor of Inland Revenue cruelly caught by the hand. The Bailie was truly surprised and sorry, and cried, "A wud rether hae put a five-pound note in the fire than hae seen puir Ann hooked like a ged."

Another piscatorial adventure of this worthy Bailie is reported. He had been plying the "gentle craft" in some of the lochs or burns of Mochrum. There he fell in with a worthy of the name of Sawney C., who, while the two were seated in a house, remarked that the fish were very simple to allow themselves to be so easily caught by the hook, and that, if he were a fish, he could easily manage to take off the bait without allowing himself to be caught. So convinced was he of his own cuteness in this respect, that he offered to try the experiment. It was accordingly arranged that the line would run through the key-hole, the Bailie to be the angler outside of the room, and Sawney to act inside the room in the capacity of a fish nibbling at the bait—a piece of cheese. The Bailie, perceiving the line moved, logically inferred that

Sawney, the fish, was doing his best with the bait, and giving a sudden pull caused the room to echo with the yells of the unfortunate fish, who had not managed to be so adroit as he fancied he could be, and was ruthlessly caught by the lips, or mouth.

"A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT."

On an occasion when the Earl of Galloway was entertaining the Wigtown Town Council at dinner, his Lordship invited this Bailie to partake of some lettuce which were on the table. "Na, na, thank ya," replied the Magistrate; "does yir Honour think A'm a coo?"

CATCH A BAILIE ASLEEP.

Many years ago, at the annual "count and reckoning" meetings of the Town Council, the Burgh Fiscal used to complain that the Court fines, which were allowed him as his remuneration, were quite inadequate as a compensation for his work. Time after time the complaint was made. One of the Bailie's, however, was not perfectly satisfied that the fines were not a sufficient *quid pro quo* for the services of the Fiscal, and he determined to keep a private note of all the fines raised during the course of the following year. Next count and reckoning came, and brought with it the stereotyped complaint of the Fiscal. "Come, come, Mr. Fiscal," quoth the Bailie, producing a little book from his pocket, "nae mair o' thae complents. See here; the fines for last year come tae so-and-so; they're a' marked there in my book." The meeting, including the Fiscal himself, were astonished at the large amount of the fines, and with a good laugh over the way the Bailie had gone about the matter, the complaint about the inadequacy of the fines as remuneration was banished for ever.

THE VARIETY OF NAMES.

He was postmaster and letter-carrier. Two persons came to live in town, named *Grace Daisy* and *Barney Tiney* rêspectively, and such names puzzled the Bailie. He exclaimed (in the Jingle style — which was his usual) — "Creation o' God! folks ca'd the name o' floors! Wha's tae ken them? A hae ran up a hunner an' fifty dark closes tae fin' them oot—'Barney Tiney'—'Grace Daisy.' A'll hae tae write the Government aboot it."

MISUNDERSTOOD.

One of our former Bailies was in the habit of clothing his ideas, even on ordinary subjects, in grandiloquent language. He once asked a little boy whose paternal relative was unwell, if his father was convalescent. "Na, Sir," was the reply, "mi' fether's a *mason.*"

THE EXCELLENCIES OF THE "CUP" POTATOE.

On another occasion, when calling upon a neighbour, conversation turned upon the variety and qualities of potatoes. He remarked: "At one time I did not care much about that potatoe called the "cup;" but I am now decidedly a convert to it, first, because of its fecundity; secondly, because it undergoes no diminution while in the pot; and, thirdly, because it amalgamates beautifully under the castigation of the beetle."

A TERROR TO EVIL DOERS.

A Wigtown Bailie, of rather diminutive size, was once undecided as to whether he would go to a Burgh Court to dispense justice along with his brother Magistrate, being at that time rather pressed for time in his ordinary avocation. At length, however, he was heard to say, "Goke-a-day, A think A wull gang, if its only tae hae a awe ow'r them."

CASH PREFERRED.

On one occasion a man was brought before two Wigtown Bailies, and convicted of assault. The magistrates differed as to the sentence of the Court—one being for imprisonment, and the other for a fine. Not coming to an agreement, the Bailies went to the house of the Provost for his arbitrement. "O, d—— it," said their chief, "give the rascal a good horse-whipping." "A, bit," replied one of the Magistrates, biting his thumb, "there's this consideration—we're in need o' money, an' cud dispense wi' the jile an' the whup: its the money we want."

PRIMITIVE WAY OF DISPENSING JUSTICE.

Two "tramps"—a man and a woman—once entered the Burgh of Wigtown, passing themselves off for husband and wife. A second male "tramp" turned up, and the woman forsook her first companion and took up with the new-comer. Male number one went to the shop of one of the Bailies, and made a grievous complaint that male number two had taken his wife from him. By order of the Magistrate, an officer was sent to bring the parties before him in his shop. Bailie, to the woman: "Hoo lang hae ee been merried tae that man?" [number one]. Woman: "I was never married to him." Bailie: "Juist gaun thegether—verra queer case, John Airds an' Rob Dick [two of the Bailie's workmen]; aweel, mi woman, the wey A'll settle the case is this—ee can juist gang wi' the man ee lake best."

WELL PUT.

A lot of boys were once arraigned before him for fighting and making a breach of the public peace. The boys pleaded that they could not fight. "O, no," said the Bailie, "nane o' ya can fecht; bit ee'll be fined tippence a-piece, an' if ye dinna lake that, ee needna come back."

AN OBJECT OF A BAILIE'S DISLIKE.

This same Bailie used to say, "A dinna lake tae see a young falla guan luntin' alang the street wi' a pipe in his mooth."

A MAGISTERIAL CONFLAGRATION.

A lot of "wee wheels," which had been left on his hands by his late wife and some friends, were stowed by the Bailie in the garret of his house. They seemed to have been a source of concern to him, and he used to go up occasionally to have a look at them. The floor of the garret was unfinished, having nothing but the joists running across, with the laths and plaster of the ceiling of the room below. On one of his visits to the wheels, the Bailie missed his footing, and down he went to the arm-pits, through the ceiling of the lower room. He managed to right himself, but he resolved to rid himself of the troublesome wheels, and carrying them down from the garret he made a general conflagration of them.

TIT FOR TAT.

Two old women in the Burgh fell out and scolded each other roundly. One of them afterwards made a grievous complaint to the Bailie. She informed him that among other names her opponent had called her a wh—e. "Govanendy!" exclaimed the Magistrate, "did she really ca' ya a wh—e? That wus vera bad; bit A'll juist tell ya what tae dae: gang yer wa's back, an' ca' her anither."

LODGINGS WANTED.

An inebriate shoemaker who had drunk himself out of "hoose an' ha'," was so reduced after one of his "boozes" that he could not pay for lodgings, and he resorted to the

expedient of breaking a pane of glass in the Bailie's window, imagining that he would be imprisoned for so doing, and thus get house accommodation. The Bailie told a friend that he was aware of the offender's motive for breaking the window. "What did you do to him, then?" enquired the friend. "I didna pit him in the jile," said the Magistrate, "juist tae punish him."

AN OFFERING TO THE HEATHEN.

An elder not a hundred miles from Wigtown was asked for a subscription to foreign missions, when he replied, "A'll no gae ocht for that in the meantime. A intend tae mak' mi son a missionary, an' sen' him awa' amang the blecks, an' they can eat him, if they lake, bit A'll no gie ony bawbees."

BULLISTER SLAES.

Long ago, when Lord Galloway was Provost of Wigtown, his lordship gave an annual dinner to the Town Council. About a hundred years ago, the annual treat was provided as usual. The noble Provost, it ought to be remarked, was in the habit of having something unusual or rare on the table every year. On the occasion alluded to his lordship provided a lot of prunes—the first that had reached the district—to grace the repast. Prunes were not so lavishly preserved in sugar in those days as they are now, when sugar is so cheap, consequently the fruit was pretty tart to the taste. The wondering Councillors one after the other put one of the rare specialties into their mouths. Old Bailie Gulline of course partook with the rest; but he had scarcely turned the fruit in his mouth, when he began to sputter, with his mouth directed towards the "Lord"-Provost, at a fearful rate, exclaiming, "Bullister slaes! bullister slaes! the same as A hae gethered at the wine-trees o' Baldoon fifty eers since."

LOSING HIS PREY.

A stalwart rioter was one day making himself prominent in one of the streets of the Burgh. He was noticed by a no less stalwart Bailie of the period, who caught the offender by the collar and ordered him to march down street before him to the lock-up. The disturber of the peace appeared to be very passive, and went quietly down the side of the Square, slightly in front of the Bailie, when suddenly, in the vicinity of the lock-up, G. made a bolt, and left the Magistrate, who looked rather green, despoiled of his prey.

A FRIZE.

Speaking of "prey," reminds us of an anecdote told by Mr. MacLelland in his lecture on Wigtownshire, which we shall give here, as we are not aware that it has appeared in print. "About a hundred years ago it seems to have been the law of the Burghs that the Bailies had the privilege of imposing a fine on packmen travelling without a license, and of appropriating the fine for their own use. On one occasion a Bailie pounced upon an unlicensed packman on the streets of Whithorn, and then and there made him hand over his ten shillings. A brother Bailie, who saw the money paid over, beckoned his friend into a public-house, and insisted on sharing with him the fine he had seen him take from the packman. "Na, na!" said he, "na, na! gae awa' an' catch a packman tae yersel'."

There is a somewhat similar story reported from Whithorn, which is as follows:—Many years ago there lived in Candida Casa a famous Town-Clerk, whose eccentricities figure more than once in our pages. On one occasion the town officers seized an irrepressible beggar and brought him before the Town-Clerk instead of the Magistrates. After laying down the law with great emphasis to the vagrant, he imposed a fine of 5s.; alternative, the jail. Contrary to

expectation, panel promptly tabled the amount of the fine, and was liberated. Tidings of what had taken place reached the ears of the two Bailies, who considered it a piece of gross selfishness, as well as a usurption of their prerogative, on the part of the Clerk, to interfere and act in the matter as he had done. With such views, they visited the officious Clerk and gave him their mind, one of them suggesting that the fine should be shared among them, and that would settle the dispute. But the Clerk was impervious to any such suggestion, and told the Magistrates to go themselves, or delegate the beagles, to catch beggars.

MINDING NUMBER ONE.

"A most amusing instance," observes Mr. MacLelland, "of an attempt to advance the authority of the Town Council occurred in the Burgh of Whithorn many years ago. The worthy Town-Clerk there, one fine summer's day, had a quantity of peats to cast and win; and as the weather was favourable for the purpose, wages had been advancing. Next morning the Clerk caused the bell to be put through the town with the intimation, "A' thae that gies mair than eighteen-pence a-day for peat-casting will be prosecuted as far as the law wul reak."

NECKING THE WRONG MAN.

The custom already alluded to, of the Provost of Wigtown annually regaling the members of the Council Board, is still kept up. In former years it was customary for the company, after leaving the house of their entertainer, to wind up the dinner proceedings by visiting each other's houses, where they might have had "one" more. The guidwife of one of these municipal rulers who was never home first, was on one of these occasions out on the street in quest of her husband. She heard the sound of footsteps coming down

a close, and was sure her husband was approaching. When sufficiently near him, she necked her supposed partner, greeting him with the following affectionate salute: "Ya auld brad! if I had ya hame I wad gae ya something guid for ya." She dragged her prey to the light, when to her horror she discovered that she had caught, not her own spouse, but the Lord Provost of the Royal Burgh! She soon scampered off when she found out her error.

PRANK-PLAYING.

A couple of generations ago tricks, innocent enough in themselves, and void of malice, were played off in the Burgh. These, we suppose, could not be practised now-a-days, with our efficient constabulary force. A leader in these freaks was S. J., a shoemaker of the Burgh, with Esop's personal deformity, but also with Esop's wit or talent. His wit, indeed, was acknowledged by all, and even the gentry were pleased to speak with S., and exchange the time of day with him. He was a keen politician about the time of the French war, a radical in politics, and had imbibed some of the scepticism of the French. At that time he attended no place of worship, but had a conventicle of his own every good Sabbath day, as we shall presently see. On one occasion a country gentleman of property remarked that he had been invited to dine at a gentleman's house in town, but that he would rather spend a night in the "Craig" with Paul and Pirnie than go to the dinner. "Paul," it must be mentioned, was a *nom de plume* of S., and "Pirnie" was the cognomen of a companion, who, among other things, made pirns or reels. So striking was the originality of S., that once when he brought a customer before a J. P. for non-payment of an account, the presiding judge, taken with the easy manners of the pursuer, and the way in which he gave his evidence, recalled S., and observed that he was just such a

person as he would like to spend a day or two with. We have said that he assumed the name of "Paul." This was because he affected to be a preacher or clergyman; and in this capacity he was on friendly terms with the Parish clergyman of the time, who had a keen appreciation of the humorous. They frequently exchanged enquiries as to the prosperity of each other's congregation, for S. had his attached followers, men of fellow-feeling with himself in religion and politics, whom he statedly harangued on the Windyhill, and who, from their assuming a certain reclining position on the green sward while their leader was addressing them, obtained the name, as a sect, of Hip-Paul-arians. Often the open-air lecture of S. ended with the word of command, "Noo, boys, for Mushie's peas an' beans!" and away the disorganized congregation scampered over dyke, hedge, and green field, in the direction of part of the devoted farm produce of the worthy named above, who, doubtless, like his good-natured contemporaries, was not averse to humouring S. and his motley followers.

The Parish minister meeting S. one day, said, "S., I understand you have set up an opposition church to mine, on the Windyhill." "Yes, sir," replied S., "bit its on the voluntary principle, for A hae nae steepend lake you." "And have you elders?" inquired the goodnatured clergyman. "Only twa, an' there's yin o' them on the shelf juist noo. Cud ee len' me twa o' yours, Bailie B. and Bailie G., next Sabbath, for A hae six wanes o' Bob Broon's tae baptize, an' A wud need them tae carry me up a tub o' water." The minister left him saying, "O, S., S! you will regret this some day."

He once observed to the clergyman of the Parish, who was conversing with him through his window: "Deed, Peter, Am something lake yersel'; if A get the fleece, Am no verra carin' for the flock."

On another occasion he asked a member of the Town Council to request that body to erect a place of meeting for him and his followers on the Windyhill, as the weather at the time was getting too cold for him to speak outside. The Councillor brought the request before his fellow-members, who good-naturedly laughed at the petition.

Once, when the Parish minister and one of his own congregation were in his house, he informed the minister that that member had fallen under scandal. "A hae na," continued S., "got mi ain Session formed yet, bit if your Session tak' him up, and be as moderate on him as ee can, A'll gie a bailie-day for't whun my Session is made up." It is said that S.'s defaulter, hearing himself thus referred to, became exceedingly lively.

A gentleman in town, fond of drink, and who had been on the "spree" for some time, entered S.'s house one day, where several notabilia of the Burgh were assembled to hear "rises." After the gentleman had entered, S. got up and said, "Gentlemen, A'm wantin' a subscription raised for a verra necessary purpose: its tae get this gentleman's coat-neck padded in the new, for he has been drawin' the sluneuch car for the last five weeks, an' his present coat-neck is dune." To *sluneuch* is to lounge idly about.

A favourite "caper" of S. and his men (for he had a body of attached and willing accomplices), was somewhat as follows:—An honest farmer when visiting town would put up at one of the inns, where he would be sitting bare-headed in one of the rooms, sipping the barley-bree with a friend. S. and his band, knowing that the farmer was comfortably seated within, would come to the door of the inn, at which S. would rap and ask a word of Mr. Farmer at the door. The unsuspecting gentleman would come bare-headed to the door, perhaps previously telling his companion that he would be back in a minute, when S. and

his men would, *nolens volens*, seize their victim, the leader of the gang shouting, "Clap a pair o' oars on him and a' helmsman!" and away they would scour once or twice round the Square, with the honest farmer either "oxtered" and forced to run, or carried shoulder high, or sitting stride-legs across a pole. After receiving this triumphal honour, our friend Farmer, without even being asked how he enjoyed his ride, was unceremoniously thrown in at the door of his hotel, there to cool and come to his breath. The technical name of this species of amusement was "Clugston," but why it was so called "let the learned decide." It was a frequent and favourite pastime, however.

An amusing instance of this ploy happened in the case of the brother of a once celebrated local character called the "Deil o' Barhullion." He was very "short in the pile," and his temper was sorely put to the test on the occasion to which we allude. One day Sawners, who lived in Low Vennel, "daunered" down to the Main Street, where S. and his men made him their prey. In vain did he strive and struggle. The word of command was given, and round the Square, in spite of oaths and kicks, he was triumphantly borne. The procession at length reached the entrance of the Low Vennel, on the return journey, and the leader of the band gave orders that the captive should remain there until he himself should go and prepare the hero's wife for his return. Soon after the procession appeared, and the honest guidwife saw her husband struggling and tearing at a furious rate. "Haud him doon, for guidsake! haud him weel doon: he was as sober as a judge whun he gaed oot o' the hoose no lang since; and whar he has got the drink it beats me tae ken. Haud him doon, sirs; haud him doon!" In vain did the poor man struggle and attempt to explain; all was construed as being the effects of strong drink, and at last the struggle ended by his captors succeeding in tying him in bed.

No doubt S. and his band were gratefully thanked for their active help by the guidwife, whatever might be the consequences of the *fracas* when her liege lord and herself came to settle matters privately.

With all his love of fun and frolic, S. could at times manifest a tinge of melancholy humour. One dark night he was passing the open door of a house, when the housewife observing him, shook out her apron, saying, "Hish! awa." "She took me for a calf, ee see," said S. to a friend, when relating the incident.

His wit and sarcasm were generally successful, but on one occasion he "caught a Tartar." Peter Sally, well known in Wigtown in days gone-by, had a "stand" erected on the street on a big day, alongside of other similar places of business. Peter's usual avocation was that of fish-hawking. S. came along the various stands till he arrived at Peter's. "O!" quoth he, "Mr. Salisbury's turned a merchant; aye" (turning a quid of tobacco in his mouth, and spitting right over the "merchant's" stand and stock-in-trade) "Mr. Salisbury's turned a merchant!" "Come, now, S.," retorted the provoked Peter, "come, now, off with ye. Some folks carry their wit in their head, but you carry yours on your back!"—alluding to S.'s hump. S. quietly and quickly went off to inspect the other stands.

There used to live in the Parish of Wigtown a man whom we shall designate Wull T. His peculiarity was that if you remarked to him that it was a very fine day, when it was actually pouring wet, he would quite agree with your remark. On the morning of a Wigtown Fair-day, S. met Wull at one of the numerous sweetie-stands that adorned High Street. "There's some plagued guid-lookin' snaps on that stan', Wull," said S. "Capital! capital!" replied Wull. On a closer inspection of the said snaps, S. remarked to Wull, "They're no sae guide as I thocht they wur: they wud

be the better o' a pitch oot o' that." "Mere dirt," rejoined the plastic Wull; "I could kick them oot o' that." At a signal from S., some of his men, hitherto in ambush, sent Wull up against the stand, which capsized, when a fight ensued between the proprietor of the stand and the unfortunate Wull, in which it need hardly be stated that the latter came off second best.

A Ball was got up in Wigtown by the better class inhabitants. The tradesmen, to their mortification, were overlooked; and they resolved to have their revenge. S. and his men collected a lot of sparrows or other birds, and a large supply of thorn bushes. After the ball had commenced, in the old Assembly-room, and when lady and gentleman were whirling in the giddy mazes of the dance, the lights, one after the other, were in some unaccountable manner extinguished, until the room became dark. The alarmed ladies and the bewildered gentlemen rushed to the door to hasten from the scene, but there they were cruelly obstructed, torn, and lacerated by an embankment of thorns, to the entire disarrangement of the gaudy dresses of the fair sex. The solution of the mystery lay in the fact that S. had slipped the sparrows in at the ballroom door, and naturally they flew to the lights and extinguished them; while, anticipating the hasty flight, he had spread the thorns at the door, to render escape anything but pleasant or easy.

The collector of road-money sent his clerk to S. for payment of his share of that tax. S. requested the messenger to tell his master that being one of the Scot's Greys, he should be exempted from payment of road-money; but that if the collector would give him one of Jack M'Graw's shovels and picks he would work at the roads in payment of what he was due for the assessment. The collector had no alternative but to score S.'s name off the roll, which he did with an oath.

S. was very fond of pushing the elbow of the Town Drummer when he was pattering away on the end of the kettle.

In summer he used to ply his vocation with his window up. One day a little boy was passing his window with a quantity of milk in a can. "Boy!" cried S., "that milks' soor." "Its nane soor," retorted the boy. "But A say it is soor," persisted S.; "let me see't here till A taste it." The boy handed up the can to Crispin, to afford proof by taste that the milk was good, when S. bolted every drop of it, coolly handing back the empty vessel to the boy, with the remark, "I believe ee're richt, boy; its nane soor."

It is but just to add, that S. turned a new leaf afterwards, and became an exemplary attendant at church, forsaking, if not his politics, at least his infidelity and irreligion.

AN ECCENTRIC CLERGYMAN.

The Royal Burgh of Wigtown has furnished a fair quota of clerical talent to the world, and some native clergymen have had honourable and useful careers. The Rev. J. S. was remarkable for pawky humour, of the Watty Dunlop school. He rose to the sacred office from being a mason. Before he assumed the black-cloth, his love of fun and frolic was very strong, and many a prank it instigated him to play. On one occasion, when working at a farm-house, he noticed in the vicinity a little wooden coop, or house, for the accommodation of a goose which was "clockin'." The gander was strutting as sentinel in a stately manner at no great distance. A little boy belonging to the farm establishment, who wore short coats, was asked by Jamie to put his head into the goose-house and count the eggs therein. The little unsuspecting laddie

made the attempt, but in doing so brought upon himself a vigorous pecking from the goose within, and as violent an onset from the gander without, to the great merriment of the mason and his companions.

Like most of the old folks of his time, he looked with suspicion on the newly-started temperance and total abstinence societies. England was mostly the scene of his labours; but he almost annually paid his native town a visit, when he would preach a sermon or two. His style was highly conversational and direct; and he was in the habit of using the most homely metaphors. For instance, to give the latter part of our years to religion was likened by him to giving God "the fag-en' o' the web." Once, in the course of a public address, he took occasion to refer to the teetotal movement, there being a Total Abstinence society in town, of which the U.P. minister of the time was either president or a leading member. "Paul advised Timothy," he remarked, "to take a little wine for his stomach's sake, but we find some won't allow that now-a-days. I am not a teetotaller, and I think it is right to do as Timothy was advised to do." One of his hearers communicating these remarks to the U.P. minister, the Rev. J. S. was specially prayed for at the weekly prayer-meeting in the U.P. Church, and all others that opposed the temperance movement, that they might see their error and turn from their opposition. The Rev. J. S. hearing of his thus being prayed for, expressed himself as follows at his next public address:—"I believe the U.P. minister has been praying for me, poor body! O, yes, he has been p-r-a-ying for me; but if his prayers had been worth a bawbee A wudn't ha' got them."

He once remarked that "some singular conversions took place. He remembered a woman who was converted under a sermon that was preached—truly converted; and he was the man that preached that sermon."

He was in the habit of preaching at Kirkinner village as well as in Wigtown, on his visits home. On one occasion at Kirkinner, he rose and gave out the number of the psalm to be sung from memory. Preparatory to reading it he felt his pockets for his glasses, but could not find them. He said aloud: "O dear me; what will I do now? I doubt I have lost my specs," clapping his hands on his pockets. "It's a sad affair this. I don't know what I am to do at all." In his dilemma he called out, "Is there any good person who will lend me a pair of spectacles?" An old man, immediately below the pulpit, reached him up a pair of glasses, which he stretched over to receive. "O! thank you; thank you; much obliged to you," said the minister, still aloud. "By-the-bye, I think I should recognise that face. What's your name, if you please?" "M'Gowan," was the response." "Ma-gow-an!" exclaimed the clergyman, "you are not a son of old Sauners M'Gowan, surely?" "Yes; the same." "O! dear me! is it possible? O! I knew your father right well. O! I knew old Sauners M'Gowan—a fine hearty old fellow was Sauners M'Gowan. O, I knew your father very well." After this ludicrous and incongruous episode (during which the feelings of the congregation may be more easily conceived than described), the reverend gentleman proceeded with the reading of the psalm.

THE HAUNTED TRUNK.

A certain Wigtown blacksmith bought an old-fashioned trunk at a roup, and fixed it in his smithy, at the side of the wall. He seemed very proud of his bargain, and called the attention of persons visiting the scene of his labours to it, remarking that he found it useful for holding his papers, tobacco, and "orra" things. A Doctor in town, who was well known for his excessive waggery, heard of Sawney's purchase, and made an errand to the smithy for the purpose of

getting an opportunity of preparing Vulcan for a fright. He stated that he would not have that trunk in his possession for any money. "What wey?" says Sawney. "O," replied Esculapius, "dae ye no ken wha' it belanged tae?" "Na," quoth Sawney; "wha did it belang tae?" "Ee'll sune ken that, Sawney." "Hoots, na, Doctor; ee're surely jokin'." "I'm jokin' nane," replied the Doctor, adding, "Provost Coltrane will mak' his appearance some nicht tae claim his trunk, an' tak' it back tae whar it cam' frae." We must mention here that people in Wigtown believed that in winter nights Provost Coltrane, who was Chief Magistrate of the Burgh at the time of the drowning of the Martyrs, and whose memory is anything but revered in the district, appeared at some of their doors and snorted in fire through the key-holes from his nostrils. The Doctor's premonition seemed to weigh pretty heavily upon Sawney's mind; and the former kept his eye upon the latter's operations until he observed him working late one dark night. A friend was in the smithy with the blacksmith, and when work came to an end, and the fire got low, the two began to enjoy a "crack." The "eerie" hour of night and other favouring circumstances conspired to render the Doctor's contemplated ploy a remarkably successful one. There was a large hole in the wall beside the said trunk, and in this hole the Doctor inserted a human skull lit up by a candle inside of it. The smith and his friend were "ca'in' their crack" with their backs to the hole in the wall, and to attract their attention, our friend with the skull made a gentle noise. Slowly turning their faces to the place whence the noise seemed to proceed—oh, horror! what an object presented itself to their view! They both uttered a yell and made a leap, the smith falling over the anvil on to a plough, severely cutting his nose, and his companion injuring his arm. Next day Sawney might have been seen with his nose profusely

adorned with adhesive plaster; and however fond he was at first of his newly-acquired trunk, he disposed of it soon after the above incident for the nominal price of fourpence, never, however, giving the reason for so sudden a reversion of his feelings towards it.

INVOLUNTARYISM IN RELIGION.

The smith mentioned in the preceding story, was a Free Churchman. He told us he came out of the Established Church at the time of "the Irruption" in 1843.

SHAKESPEARE REFUTED.

On the occasion of a procession of the trades, Sawney was distinguished by being made the King. He wore his kingly crown and bore his regal honours very meekly, marching in the procession very naturally with his hands in his pockets, thus giving a complete refutation to Shakespeare's immortal sentiment, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

VALUABLE MEDICINE.

The Doctor mentioned in the last anecdote but two, with a few companions, sailed down Wigtown bay on a fishing excursion. They made for the opposite shore, and put up for a short time at a small public-house, with the inmates of which the Doctor was acquainted. Unfortunately the party were hard up at the time, and had no money to pay for either food or drink, save a solitary sixpence. But the Doctor was equal to the emergency. Kindly inquiring at the hostess as to the health of her husband, he learned that he was poorly; and being shown Joseph, he considered it necessary to prescribe for him there and then, stating that he generally carried a supply of medicine with him. In the meantime the guidwife gave orders that a substantial tea should be prepared for the party; and the Doctor, while

her hospitable orders were being attended to, unobserved by his patient or the hostess, took a knife and scraped a quantity of whiting from the wall of the room, divided the precious powder, and wrapped it in several papers. This done, he made his way to the guidwife, handed her the powders, and told her to give her husband one night and morning; and that after the half-dozen powders were used by the patient he would send over another kind of medicine from Wigtown. He farther administered one to Joseph there and then; but as we were not present we cannot tell whether Joe made wry faces or not. Before the party left, the guidwife declared her guidman was greatly the better of the first powder. On account of the Doctor's kindly sympathy and prompt measures, the party were regaled with an ample tea, and plenty of drink besides; and we understand they left their benefactor's roof "roaring fou," after receiving the grateful thanks of the guidwife and "poor old Joe."

A CONSCIENTIOUS BARBER.

An old residenter, who acted as barber, but only for favourites, was one Sunday morning visited by a rough-bearded Irishman, who civilly requested him to shave him. "Be aff, ya scoonerell! hoo dar' ee hae the impidence tae come on the Lord's mornin' tae ask me tae dae ony sic' thing? Begone wi' ya!" "Well, I didn't mane any offence, sur: I hope you will excuse me, as I am out in the country at my harvest, and cant get in during the week-days; and I fale it cruel unaesy, and I thought I would ax you to do it, but for payment, mind ye." "Gae wa' wi' ya, ya scoonerell; tae insult me by asking me tae brak' the Sabbath-day daein' onything o' the sort." Pat turned to go away, but he had been gleg enough to perceive that Bacchus had fixed his impress on the barber's face; and he turned and enquired, "If you plase sur, cud you tell me where I cud get a dram o'

good whisky any place here about?" "O, A think A cud dae that." "Well, I'll be obliged to ye if ye can." "Juist follow me." The Hibernian followed his guide, who led him to the back-door of a public-house. "Come this wey," says the barber. As soon as the two had entered the house, the Irishman asked the other if he would take a "sop?" "O, aye," rejoined the barber. "Ah! now, you durty, mane, oul' spalpeen! ye wud take my whisky on the Sabbath-day, the more ye wudn't shave me on the Sabbath-Day. Begone wid ye, ye oul' drucken hypocrite ye!"

A GOOD BONE-COMB.

"Hae ye ony bane kames?" inquired a countryman at a Wigtown shop-keeper. "O, aye," was the reply, "what price wud ye lake yin at?" "Let us see them." They were spread out on the counter, and the countryman, picking out one, inquired, "what's the price o' this yin?" "Tippence." "Hoo mony micht it bring oot at a time?" "O, A dinna ken; maybe yin or twa." "O, if that's a', feth A'll hae nocht tae dae wi't, for A hae an aul' yin at hame, wi' hardly a teeth in't, that can bring oot abune a score at a time."

DUNG AND DOCTRINE.

A Wigtown deacon and friend, while conversing together, noticed that a certain residenter who kept cows had a great deal of dung wheeled out on the street. "Yes, yes," observed the deacon, "nae doot his genius lies in dung; yes, his genius lies in dung—much more so than in discussing knotty points o' doctrine."

MIND THE PLATE.

This same deacon, when standing "at the plate" inside the church door while the congregation were assembling, observed a little boy about to pass the plate without putting

any contribution into it. He collared the laddie, and asked him, "Hae ee no a ha'penny, boy?" "No," was the reply. "Then awa' oot o' this," quoth the deacon, "ee hae nae richt here."

PROVE IT.

An old residenter was brought up by a gentleman before a Magistrate, for theft, but unfortunately for the pursuer there was no proof; and the old man had it all his own way, remarking, "Prove it, sir; prove it." The gentleman, however, soon had the tide in his favour; for as he was riding along the road one day he met his adversary, and dismounting, he gave him a good horse-whipping, remarking that as nobody saw the deed he would find it difficult to "prove it."

"THE DEIL O' BARHULLION."

Old John F., the Drummer of Wigtown, usually bore the name of the "Deil o' Barhullion," but how he came to get this *nom de plume* we cannot positively say. Possibly he originally hailed from the vicinity of the Fell of Barhullion, in Mochrum Parish, but whether he there manifested diabolical symptoms we are ignorant. When he acted as drummer of Wigtown, and battered away on his noisy instrument at the early hour of five in the morning, we daresay many drowsy denizens might well wish him at the back of the Fell, so that he might there practise his rub-a-dub-dub without annoyance to any living creature except the stirks and sheep of the district. One day, the Seceder minister was riding past the peat-moss on the farm of Barsalloch. He noticed a strange phenomenon as he passed his own plot: peat after peat in quick succession went flying through the air in a semi-circular route, over to an adjoining plot belonging to the Deil o' Barhullion (strange that the Deil's plot should adjoin the Minister's!) Determined to find out, if possible, the cause of such an

unusual occurrence, the minister rode up, and looked over into the moss, when he observed the "Deil" lying flat on his back, busily engaged enriching his own plot at the expense of the minister's, in the novel manner above described.

A DREADFUL BARGAIN.

An esteemed correspondent sends us the following:—One of the first Secession ministers of Wigtown heard that a man at Kirkinner had sold himself to the Devil for a large sum of money, and was to deliver himself up to his purchaser on a certain day at the side of a hay-stack. The minister went out to Kirkinner, and accompanied the devoted man to the spot where the pledge was to be redeemed, taking along with him a sword and a Bible. When they reached the place, the minister with the point of the sword drew a circle, inside of which he and his companion took their stand. They had not waited long when the arch-enemy made his appearance, in shape like a man, but with cloven feet. He demanded his purchase, but the minister, with open bible, defied him or any of his legion to enter the circle; whereupon the Devil flew into a towering passion, foamed, raged, and emitted sulphuric flames from his mouth, which made the man, but not the minister, to quake with fear. All the evil fiend's attempts to enter the circle having failed, he disappeared amid flames of fire and with a noise like thunder. The man and the minister returned home—the former ever after living a godly life. The above was told me by an old man, who believes the whole story.

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

F. O'H., Wigtown, was one day waited on by an honourable Baronet in the course of a Parliamentary canvass at an election time, and his vote solicited. The worthy Baronet, looking inquiringly into F.'s face, said, in a

patronising sort of way, "I think I surely have met you before?" "O, yes," said F., "I have met you before." "But surely I have also spoken to you somewhere," continued the Baronet, "where was it I met you?" "It was on your own estate," answered F. "My own estate; I don't remember the occasion." "It was one day," said F., "when I was trying to pass near your Mansion with my pony and cart, and you came out and ordered me to go back and never to come that way again." The Baronet's hopes of securing F.'s "vote and interest" vanished.

A MATTER OF DOUBT.

A good many years ago, when the late Sheriff U. was on the bench, and the roll of Parliamentary voters was being purged, a name was called for consideration, but no response was made regarding it—the official whose duty it was to report on it having meanwhile left the Court-room. The Sheriff asked, "Is there no one to answer for this person? does anyone know about him?" when F., mentioned in the preceding anecdote, rose in the body of the room, and addressing himself to the Sheriff, said, "He's gone, my lord." "Gone!" said his lordship, "where has he gone to?" I don't know," replied F., "he's dead."

A DIFFICULTY SETTLED.

Once upon a time there had arisen a dispute between an iron-founder and a carpenter and coach-builder at Bladnoch village, as to which of the two trades was the more important. The iron-founder adduced all he could think of to set off the great utility of his occupation. What a mighty part iron played in the march of civilization! It had been a handmaid to the arts and sciences, and gigantic vessels of iron floated on every sea. The carpenter and coach-builder ransacked his mind for arguments wherewith to evince

the vast importance to society of his lines of business. Wood! why, what could possibly be done without it! Where would our furniture come from or be made of if his trade and materials were not in existence. Above all, his trade was stamped with lasting honour from the fact that our Saviour himself worked as a carpenter. But the dispute could not be settled by themselves, and they agreed to refer it to the Town-Clerk of Wigtown: who, after hearing each party state his case fully, and maturely deliberating on the various arguments adduced by both sides, gave the following verdict: "Mr. Carpenter, &c., you have the best of it. Your friend in the iron trade only practises at the *bar*, but your work is on the *bench*."

A HAPPY WIDOWER.

The men who were boys nearly fifty years ago will doubtless remember the characters immortalised in the following stanza. What Wigtonian didn't know them? The rhyme was very popular with the boys of the Burgh:—

"Dick M'Gibbony,
Hughie O'Hale,
Roger Crony,
Bidy O'Nale."

One of the above worthies survived a good while his contemporaries chronicled in this classical verse. His wife also pre-deceased him, and her remains were taken from Wigtown to the old churchyard of Penningham, six miles distant. On the return home, the funeral party called at Jenny C.'s public-house, which stood on the road-side, at a short distance from the churchyard. After freely partaking of the barley bree, Hughie seemed to forget his sorrows, and began to boast that "when he was in his own place in Ireland, d——l a fellow in the howl toun cud howl a kyannel to him at dancing an Irish jig. Why,

man dear, I cud dance a jig on a pewter plate; an' if you don't believe me, I'll show you on the floor just now what I can do." Whereupon the hilarious widower sprang to his feet, and limiting himself to the compass of an imaginary "pewter plate," began to dance vigorously, the while the long dool-strings, pendant from his hat down to his haunch buttons, danced and diddled together. This hornpipe brought the funeral ceremony to a ludicrous termination.

AN OMISSION SUPPLIED.

Hughie, acting once as temporary bellman, was employed to intimate the sale of a field and house. In his usual thin voice, he was heard at one of the spots of intimation calling, in his mother tongue, "There's a field to be soul down-bye in the Coort-house yonner, at two o'clock, I suppose its to be;" and away he went in the direction of the next place of call. Recalling to mind, however, that he had omitted to "cry" the house as well as the field, he retraced a few of his steps, and called out, "An' a house forbye."

A CONTRADICTION IN TERMS.

Another town-crier informed the inhabitants that there were *plenty* of fresh herrings at the Market Cross for sale, but that as they were *nearly all sold*, they had better apply quickly.

THE WIGTOWN PIPER AND THE BAILIE.

Many Wigtonians still living will be able to recall the form of Patie Clauchlan, the town piper. Whether Patie was a lineal descendant and representative of the ancient pipers of the town, to whom the Royal James gave 14s. for their music, we have not been able to learn; but we are much afraid that Patie's bagpipe programme was far too meagre to prompt a liberal reward for his musical services;

for his ability could only overtake the first half of "Highland Laddie," and a small fragment of "Lochaber no more." Nevertheless "Patie's" own estimate of himself was that he was the best piper in Scotland. He was diminutive in person, but of unbounded animal courage, and irascible to a degree. Supplementary to these remarks we quote the following notice of the Wigtown Piper from the *Dumfries Courier*:—"Wee Patie M'Clauchlan, the piper, has paid the debt of nature after a short illness. Patie was one of the oldest inhabitants, and a bit of a genius in his own way, and a few incidents of his wandering life may not be uninteresting to the public. Patie was bound an apprentice to a stocking maker here, who treated him rather roughly, from his inattention to his work; but his genius not lying in the study or improvement of the stocking frame, and his youthful mind being inflamed by the tales of Prince Charlie and his kilted pipers, and having, as he considered, like some of our modern townsmen, a talent for music, particularly the airs of our Highland hills, he procured a pair of old bagpipes, and bidding adieu for ever to the manufacture of stockings and hose, tuned up his pipes and wended his way to "Auld Reekie," cheering the natives of the different villages and hamlets as he passed along with his discordant "wood notes wild." Taken with his diminutive appearance, the guid folks of Edinburgh presented him with a full dress of the real Highland costume, and a handsome pair of pipes. Thus equipped, he set out on a tour of the principal towns of the kingdom, which he accomplished in about twenty years. During his sojourn in London, he was engaged in a menagerie to play the pipes on the back of an elephant. He returned home once again, without having realised a fortune, being, like too many of his countrymen, rather fond of the dew of his native mountains. But he had stored his mind with many romantic tales of his travels, and his knacky way

of relating these procured for him a hospitable reception at many a farmer's ingleside during the winter evenings. Starting off again, no trace of Patie the Piper was found until the visit of His Majesty George IV. to Edinburgh, where he again made his appearance, according to his own representation, got refitted as before, and had the honour of screwing up his drones and playing "Highland Laddie" to his Majesty. Thus loaded with honours, he visited Wigtown, and amused the natives by the rehearsal of his travels. He again set out on another tour, and was not heard of for many years, till he once more made his appearance, quite broken down with age and infirmity, and, like too many geniuses and lovers of the muses, rich in everything but that which could administer to his comfort in his old age. As with the harpers of Ireland, so the pipers of Wigtownshire, since the death of this patriarch, are extinct, and their absence is deeply lamented by the natives. Had Patie kept a journal of his exploits during half a century, a volume might have been presented to the public instead of this meagre tribute to his memory. In that case it would have required only the genius of another Defoe to have made Patie a second Crusoe." On one occasion Patie was parading the street, playing his pipes. A few gentlemen were standing near where he passed and repassed, one of the company being a Bailie of the Burgh, a very stout man. One of the party reached Patie a penny, which the latter took and held up between his finger and thumb, shaking his hand at the Bailie and saying, "That's mair than ever ee gaed me!" (Patie's memory was at fault here, for the Bailie gave the piper many a good meal of meat; but perhaps when cash was in the question, meat was out of sight.) The Bailie dealt Patie a severe blow on the ear, which, of course, made the wee piper stagger. Patie, however, was not to be thus vanquished. Inspired by his indomitable courage, he

threw off his little jacket, placed it and his pipes at the wall of an adjacent house, and boldly challenged the big Bailie to come out, if he was a man, and he would dust his jacket for him in a couple of minutes." The Bailie, of course, treated the challenge with contempt; but the irate Piper persisted in calling on him to come on, hurling opprobrious epithets at the Magistrate, and winding up with, "E'er a pretty Bailie, indeed! Ee ken nae mair aboot bein' a Bailie than a coo kens aboot wearin' ruffles."

BRUTAL ASSAULT.

Patie put up with an old generous woman, who kept him gratis. No more than was his illustrious brother, Alister Macallister, was Patie a teetotaller. One night he had been drinking, and the following morning found him lying on a shake-down in his lodgings. The landlady would have the door open, to assist the imperfect windows to give light to the apartment in which the Piper lay; but Patie would have the door shut, to prevent anybody peeping in and seeing him in bed, sleeping off his debauch. After bickering for hours about whether the door was to be closed or opened, Patie became furious, started up, seized the old woman by the wrists; and although he had hardly strength sufficient to crush a boiled pea, he exclaimed, "I am mair o' a man than tae strike ya, ye auld b——h; bit A'll mak' yer banes saft, A wull." And, horrible to relate! he actually succeeded in leaving a faint impression of the nail of each of his thumbs on the wrists of the frightened and unfortunate object of his fury. He then took up his bed, and, although it was raining very heavily at the time, carried it outside, placed it down beside a pig-house in the gutters, and, with his Kilmarnock bonnet on, laid himself down to rest as if in more comfortable circumstances than those which had forced his removal.

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

Several Wigtown tradesmen were either building or improving a gentleman's mansion in the country. One of them—a joiner—was on a certain day engaged on the top of a ladder, pulling out some nails from some work on the roof of one of the rooms. The lady of the mansion came floating along, and made a remark to our friend at the top of the ladder. He wished to know what the lady had said, but had failed to catch her meaning. Having filled his mouth with the small nails he was pulling out, he could not articulate clearly. He uttered inquiringly a sound resembling "Em?" "Em!" retorted Madam, "that's not the way to address a lady. Cant you say Ma'am?" The man, hastily putting the nails out of his mouth into his hand, crustily exclaimed, "Hoo cud A say Mem, an' mi mooth fou o' tacks?"

OLD O.'S THEORY OF GRAVITATION.

One frosty evening, when returning with a gang of fellow-labourers from his day's work in the country, old O. was overheard leading the conversation as follows: "Bi jamminy, boys, d'ye mind what I'm goin' to tell ye's? They betells me that the sun is such a mortyal way off the arth that it wud take a cyannon ball, flyin' as hard as it cyan, twinty years tae reach the sone." As the company passed the relator of this story, he made up to O. for the purpose of getting some of his views on astronomical subjects. O. declared that "Ireland is the place for the big spy-glasses. There's a mortyal big one in Ireland that they till me a man cyan walk upright straight into it. An' in troth there was one that did do that, unknowns to them that it belonged to; an' what am I goin' tae tell ye? Didn't he break the big glass, an' he wheeled about when he seen what he had done, an' tuk to his heels, an' they followed,

an' they tell me that if they had got a howl of him they wudn't have left the life in him for breaking the big glass. It is one of the greatest glasses that has ever been known. They tell me that when you bab your eye tilt, ye cyan see the moon, wid wee men on it—aye an wee wimen too, flutterin' about the moon, wid wee wings on their showlders—tae kape them from fallin' its lake."

AN ALARM.

A certain drouthy farmer had one night in particular taken very heavy potations. Hame he cam' at e'en, and was put to bed. It so happened that his wife had put an open basket containing the "inside of a sheep" partly under the bed and partly exposed at its side. Sickening from the effects of his heavy carouse, the farmer raised himself in bed during the course of the night while it was dark, and vomited over the side of the bed, the contents of his stomach, unobserved by himself, alighting in the aforesaid basket. When daylight appeared he again got up to vomit, and beholding the basket and its contents at the edge of the bed, he raised his hands and exclaimed, "The Lord hae mercy on my saul! there's a' my entrails in the basket."

FINDING VENT.

Two vessels ran foul of each other in the river Bladnoch, the consequence being a volley of oaths from the two captains directed against each other. One of the masters had previously been convicted judicially of abstracting some hens from a farm, along with a few companions. The other master was afflicted with stammering in his speech. The former captain got out with his volley quite fluently, long before the latter had made himself intelligible. At last, however, by a happy thought, the one with the impediment suddenly slid from his stuttering into the ejacula-

tion of "Chookie, chookie, chookie," which carried so much sting with it, and was so suggestive of unpleasant remembrances, that it gained him a complete victory over his opponent.

A FIX.

Amateur theatricals have occasionally been organised in Wigtown, with more or less success. Many years ago a piece was being acted, and the scene was that in which a lover appeared pressing his suit, and declaring his passion on bended knee before his "faire ladye." But unfortunately the lover's memory failed him at this important, tender, and impressive crisis, and not a word could he recall. At length he was heard by some of the audience angrily to exclaim (evidently to the prompter), "Come on, d—— you."

A TICKLER.

Long ago, a gentleman in town employed an old man to do some work for him. While the old man was working away, the gentleman, entering into conversation with him, asked, "Well, E., can you repeat the catechism?" "I can, sir, and rightly too." "Well, E., what is the chief end of man?" "Well, troth," exclaimed the old man, "but that's a tickler at the very first."

DITTO, DITTO.

This was something like the case of a man who asked a farmer in the district for employment. "Can ye how whuns?" enquired the farmer. "I can, sir, and rightly too: is it an *inside* or an *outside* job, sir?"

Another man applied to a farmer for work. "Can ee haud the ploo?" inquired the farmer. "A can that," answered the applicant. The man was put on trial, but it was found that his ploughing ability was *nil*—the horses even drawing the plough from his grasp. On being re-

monstrated with, he coolly remarked, "Hoo can A haud the ploo whun the horses draw't awa' frae me?"

STRONG FAITH.

A Bailie of the Burgh was one morning driving out his cows to the field. Arrived at the "liggat," he observed a man, whom he recognised, lying on the roadside overcome by strong drink. "Dear me, John, A'm sorry tae see ya in that condition: wull A help ya up?" "Never mind me, Bailie," was the rejoinder; "the Lord 'ill tak' care o' his anointed."

TWO KINDS OF PRAYER.

A good old residenter was once visited by two elders of the congregation to which he belonged. It so happened that when they arrived at the door of his house the good-man was engaged in praying aloud. Not wishing to disturb his devotions, the two elders waited at the door till he had finished, having heard every word of his prayer. When they entered, they complimented him on the ability and fervour of his prayer. "Yon!" he exclaimed, "if A had kent ye wur listenin', A wud hae let ye hear far better than yon."

A CAUSE FOR THANKFULNESS.

"How old are you, Jenny?" inquired a Wigtown clergyman at a ready-witted female residenter. "Weel, A wus born in November, 1815." "Why, Jenny, the battle of Waterloo was fought in the June before that." "Yes, sir; wasn't that a mercy?"

MAKING THE MOST OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sheriff (to witness, who lived with his widowed mother): "Have you a wife?" Witness: "Deed no, sir; A'm juist daein' wi' mi fether's aul' yin."

DISLIKE IN DEATH.

In years gone by, a Mrs. Hull, who on account of her fondness for visiting the churchyard might be termed a female Old Mortality, was once at her favourite place of resort, where she fell in with the Beadle and grave-digger. "Wher'e ir ee gaun tae pit me, James, whun A dee?" The sexton led her along among the graves, stopped at a certain spot, and after a little reflection, said, "A think this wud be a vera suitable bit for ya." "Wha lies there?" enquired she. "Charlie Lundy," was the answer. "Charlie Lundy! O Jamie, Jamie dear; ony place in the yard except beside Charlie Lundy; for A wus a decent woman whun A came from Ireland, but he soon made me as bad as himsel'."

THE DIFFICULTIES OF CENSUS-TAKING.

On one occasion, when a census was being taken, an old spinster gave some trouble to the two gentlemen who were appointed to collect statistics in the district in which she resided. On inquiring her age, she was quite unwilling to give the desired information. "Age, age!" she said; "I'm juist the age o' ither folk." When at length she yielded, and gave her age, it was found, on reference to her mother's gravestone, that the lady must have been born eight years after her mother died!

A STRANGE ECCLESIASTICAL FUNCTIONARY.

A man, whose occupation was that of a spaver, was endeavouring to comply with the directions requiring a census to be taken. In the ruled form to be filled up there were separate columns for the person's name, religious denomination, &c. Disregarding the order and classification of the columns, our friend made a general entry to the following effect: "T. R., Spaver of the church of Scotland." This was a new phase of the Disestablishment movement.

SHOWING HIS PATTERNS.

A minister of Wigtown went to preach in England to a congregation from whom he afterwards received a call. An old Wigtonian observed with reference to the minister's first visit to England, "He's awa' wi' his patterns." This remark reached the minister's ear, and shortly after he met his friend going to the country on business. "You'll be for the country this morning, Mr. S.," said the minister, "looking for an order; but you ought to have some *patterns* with you." "Good morning," said the other laconically, rapidly making off.

A DIFFERENCE.

A certain lady innkeeper in the Burgh was once asked by a customer why Bladnoch whisky was so much better than another specified kind. "A dinna ken," answered the hostess, "unless it be that the Blednoch whusky is *hamer* made."

FLESH AND FISH.

A residenter, whose son was paying him a visit from England, invited a friend to tea. The son made himself useful as to the duties of the table, and apparently not observing very closely the contents of a certain dish, said to the friend, "Shall I help you to a little piece of mutton?" The father immediately interposed with the remark, "Its cod, ya blockhead."

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

An old Wigtonian once observed, with reference to the electric telegraph (having in view the expertness with which operators despatch messages), that it showed "the greatest o' cleverness, an' the heecht o' *navery*."

TAKING THINGS EASY.

The wife of the above old residenter, when filling out his tea, by mistake put a teaspoonful of salt instead of a

teaspoonful of sugar into his cup. She immediately noticed her mistake, and expressed herself as being put about at it; but the good-natured husband quietly remarked, "Never mind; there's mony a waur thing than that;" and, stirring up his cup with the teaspoon, he seemed determined to take the full benefit of the salt.

AN EERIE INCIDENT.

Bailie S., Wigtown, was a worthy man, but of course had to die, and when dead he was put into a coffin, which was placed in his bed until the funeral day. Some of his female friends were gathered together at the house, as the Bailie had left them a good tocher. There were auld Jean G., and Babbie P., and a few more friends, besides his old confidential servant, Nanny C. All the company were pretty much tainted with superstition. At the gloamin' hour, "O losh! they were gey fleyed," some of them said, for fear of seeing the Bailie's wraith, or some other supernatural appearance. The group were seated by the ingle in the kitchen, when all of a sudden a loud noise, resembling that made when a small drum is beaten, was heard in the room where the Bailie's remains lay. Instantly a rush was made by the auld wives to get out, accompanied by screams and terrific yells. Only one woman sufficiently regained her courage after some little time to advise the party to try to keep quiet, to go back into the house, and enter the Bailie's room all together for the purpose of ascertaining what was the cause of their fright. But who was to enter the dreaded room first? The one who counselled the return was complimented as being the most suitable to lead the forlorn hope; and a movement was then made, with beating heart and bated breath, in the direction of the apparently haunted room. Holding on by one another they slipped forward, and the leader screwed up her courage

to the point of opening slowly the Bailie's room-door, which moved up where the coffin lay. Suddenly the drumming noise ceased, and, O, horror! a black, grim face, with glaring fiery eyes and black rugged beard, popped itself round the edge of the door. Old Jean yelled out, "O! its the deevil;" Nanny said, "Jean, ye sudna ca' him that nasty name afore his face;" and Babbie cried "Guid preserve us!" The noise of the auld wives attracted the neighbours to the house; and it was soon discovered that what had been taken for "Auld Clootie" was no other than a goat, which had got into the Bailie's room through the open window.

A DISASTROUS NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

Old Billy was barnman at B——, and thrashed by the job. He happened to have the remainder of the stack in hand nearly thrashed out upon a New Year's morning. It was a part of his bargain with the farmer that the servants on the farm, male and female, were to help to winnow and clean the corn of each stack as it was thrashed, and also to help to put in a new stack into the barn. On the New Year's morn, old Billy was at the barn by four o'clock in the morning, much to the annoyance of the farm servants, who wished to have their favourite holiday entirely to themselves. But Billy was more bent on making his usual tenpence that day, than on giving himself up to ease and the festivities of the season. The servants, however, were not to be "done" by Billy, and in order to accomplish their ends, they resolved to "do" him. The lads and lassies sallied forth in the direction of the barn, the former supplied with their "first footing" bottles. Entering the barn, they cordially wished Billy "A happy new year," filling him up a bumper or two, which he drained off and seemed to relish, all the more so as he got it for nothing. The men and women seemed very kind and attentive to Billy, and

under their attentions he waxed wondrous "crouse." The plan was thoroughly successful, for the old man got completely disabled for work, and staggered away home to his cothouse long before "the morn, in russet mantle clad," appeared. But the men-servants by this time began to try their hands at treating the women-servants to some of the contents of their bottles. A very little of the "cratur" affected *their* brain, and they disposed of most of what they got by throwing it unseen into a tub of swine-meat which stood close at hand. It now, therefore, fell to the turn of Messrs. Grumphie to taste the barley bree, which soon asserted its potency even over them, and they began to scream, and yell, and tumble over one another, tearing and nearly chewing the legs off each other. But this was not all. The very geese partook of the whiskyfied swine-food, and they too screamed, and staggered, and tumbled over one another. To make matters worse, the burning candle was left sticking on the side of the wall of the old thatched barn, and the whole fabric ran a narrow risk of being burned to the ground. Old Billy, in taking a retrospect of that eventful new year's morning, says it was "beyant all telling."

A MECHANICAL WRITER.

Old Tam C., one of the Burgh's old Officers, had often occasion to affix his name to documents in the Town Clerk's office. The signing of his name was about the total extent of Tam's writing ability. On such occasions as we have alluded to, the clerks of the office used to torment poor Tam by interrupting him in the middle of the signing of his name, when he lost his reckoning, knowing only that a certain number of strokes of the pen gave a tolerable representation of his name. When so interrupted, he would utter a few curses and begin with his signature *de novo*.

TAKING CARE OF HIS TILE.

An old eccentric Wigtonian went to Church one Sabbath with a new hat. When the services were over, and the people scaling, he perceived it was raining heavily. He was determined not to have his tile spoiled by the watery element, and managed to place his new, but somewhat unportable, article of attire under his coat, and walking home bare-headed, "wind and weather scorning," like Barney Brallaghan.

TAKING IT COOL.

Another old residenter, overtaken by a heavy shower of rain, was advised by a friend to run home and get out of the wet. "Rin?" said he, "what tae wad A rin for? isn't it rainin' as fast afore me as ahin me?"

ELUDING THE MINISTER.

An elderly man—like many other elderly men—got so fou on one occasion that he found it a work of no small difficulty to get to his home. He had to pass his minister's house on his way home. Shortly after arriving home he was put to bed, and the minister, either accidentally or purposely, called at the house. After the lapse of some time, the guidman got up out of his bed (which was in a room communicating by a door with the apartment in which the minister was seated, talking with the guidwife), and partly opening the door he called aloud to his wife, "Is he oot yet?"

KNOWING ANOTHER PERSON'S "WAY."

Two Wigtown worthies went into a "public" to have "a gill." One of them, after filling the two glasses, found that a little of the liquid remained; and he was about to give it to his companion after he had drank his glass empty, but his friend, through courtesy, gently declined, desiring the other to take it himself, which he did promptly, without

a second telling. It was evident, however, that the one who declined the "wee drap" had a longing eye to it; and when the two friends left the house the temperate man said to the other, "It wusna fair in ya tae tak' the wee drap yersel'. Ee micht a insisted wi' me, for ee kent mi wey."

THE SWEETS OF OFFICE.

A certain residenter, smitten by an ambition to be a Town Councillor of the Burgh, one day rested in the house of an acquaintance from the toils of his canvass of the electors. His friend remarked that the honour desired by the candidate was not worth much trouble. "By George!" retorted the would-be municipal ruler, "its gran' tae sit in the Cooncil an' hear the discussions."

A DIFFICULTY.

The Wigtown Bowling Club met on the green one night, when one of their number intimated that the Provost of the Burgh wished to present a silver medal to the Club for competition in single-handed ties—"the final tie to be played on the last Wednesday of July." A member raised an insuperable difficulty to this condition of the Provost's gift. "What," asked he, "if the last *Wednesday* of July should happen to be on a *Sabbath?*"

CONSIDERATE.

A labouring man was once sent with a message to Galloway House. Arrived there, and having delivered his message, the servants asked him if he would take a refreshment. "A wull," said he, "if it daesna pit the hoose aboot."

A CONTRACT.

This same labouring man once remarked to a gentleman in the middle walks of life, "You're weel aff that can

get yer white-bread and jelly jams, while poor D. has to take share o' a potfu' o' yams [potatoes] an' a herrin' amang six."

"RATTLE HIS BONES."

He once made the remark, "When I die ther'll be no whirlmagees aboot me, but just a pennyworth o' blackball on my coffin, and away ye go, D."

GIVING A PLEDGE.

He met with an accident at a Farina-mill, and one of his arms had in consequence to be amputated. The limb was buried in the churchyard; and sometime after the grave-digger met D. on the street, and accosted him thus: "Weel, D., A haena got yersel' yet; bit ee gied me yer han' that ee *wud* come."

A NO-GO.

He had a grown-up son, whom he wished to put into a way of supporting himself and aiding his parents. He tried to raise the wherewith to purchase a horse and cart for "the boy," and called for a subscription on the parish minister, among others. He set forth the great advantages of keeping his son at home as a carter, in which capacity he might assist his parents, instead of sending him, say to sea, "to climb on the tarry ropes, and have nothing but a bit of a spale-boord between him an' eternity." The minister said he could not approve of the plan; indeed it was a very bad one, for after all his trouble in putting his son into the proposed way of doing, he might take unto himself a wife, and be able to afford no aid to his parents. D., seeing he was not going to be assisted by the minister, replied (referring to the clergyman's observation about his son's probable marriage), "Well, the more trade for you then, sur."

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF IRON SHODS.

An eccentric of the town got his shoemaker to put iron shods on the heels of his shoes. Shortly after, he was seized with a violent attack of diarrhœa, which he attributed to the shods on the heels of his shoes. He got his shoemaker to take off the cause of his complaint; and on a friend asking our hero for an explanation of the cause and effect, he said, "he thocht it was the attraction o' the ern tae the earth that bore him doon."

WANTED, A FARMER.

A number of drouthy cronies met in "the Craig" one evening. One of them left earlier than the rest were inclined to do, and they determined to play a lark upon him. Sending for the bellman, they primed old Roger with a stimulus, and soon thereafter the inhabitants were set on speculation by the following public intimation made in the various streets :—"Lost, stolen, or strayed, from the Craig Inn, Mr. M'M., late farmer in C., who left 'the Craig' without paying his reckoning. A handsome reward will be given to any person who will give such information as will lead to his recovery."

A DOUBT SOLVED.

An individual broke into the shop of a master shoemaker in Wigtown, and stole therefrom a pair of shoes. The case was to be tried at Ayr, and the owner of the stolen property was cited as a witness. He wished to perform the journey from Wigtown to Ayr as economically as possible, and how to do so engrossed his mind. After a long time of anxious cogitation over the *vexata questio*, he at length hit on a plan suddenly, exclaiming, in the hearing of his operatives, "Kelvie an' the cuddy! Kelvie an' the cuddy!"

COCK-A-LEERIE-LA!

Many years ago, it was customary for people to join together in brewing mild beer, which they sold under the surveillance of the excise. The local guager good-naturedly allowed these people a pretty long tether, which was not lost upon them. On one occasion an old woman presented him with a cock, "thrawing" its neck, and handing it to the exciseman as if it were dead. The fowl was placed in the hind pocket of his ample top-coat. He had to go through the town, on his return homewards, but by the time he got to the near end of it, the cock, whose execution had not been complete, began to revive; and wishing no doubt to know if his vocal powers were intact, chanticleer, just as the sedate old guager was strutting proudly down street, popped his head out of the pocket, and startled his new owner by loudly crowing, "Cock-a-leerie-la!" We are afraid this was "letting the cat oot o' the poke," as well as the cock.

MEETING AN ILLUSTRIOUS BROTHER.

This same exciseman once had the honour of conversing with, and receiving a treat from his illustrious brother in the same profession—the poet Burns. The bard had occasion to be in Wigtown, and he put up for a short time at the old Red Lion Inn, the house known as such being still standing. The poet, however, did not reveal himself to his friend; and it was after they had parted that the local guager came to know his entertainer. Being somewhat eccentric, he was afterwards afraid that the poet would immortalize some of his peculiarities.

A TERRIBLE FRIGHT.

Long ago it used to be the practice of the gentlemen of the district of a sportive turn, to hunt round the Burgh, the land there offering good shelter for game, as it was in a rough state, and pretty much covered with whins and broom.

The time of the year when the incident we are about to relate occured, we may here state, was what is known as "hin-harvest;" at which season whins and brushwood are burned on the adjacent Stewartry hills, the numerous fires there being very distinctly seen from Wigtown. The lovers of the chase had been dining one night at the house of a resident gentlemen, where they had tarried long at their wine-cups. Late at night, or rather early in the morning, the company broke up, and took the notion of galloping through the town, blowing loudly the hunting-horn. An old shoemaker, awakened by the noise and the braying of the horn, got hurriedly out of bed, looked anxiously out of his upper window, which commanded a good view of the fires on the Stewartry hills, which were glaring brightly at the time, and called out to his wife, "Mary, Mary, lift the bairns, for this is the Day o' Judgment: the hills is a' on fire, an' the last trumpet's blawn."

A PRIMITIVE TEETOTAL ORATOR.

A good many years ago, an old soldier with a pin-leg visited Wigtown in the capacity of a temperance lecturer. He was favoured with a pretty large audience, who were more disgusted than edified with the lecturer's flights of oratory. We give the following pearls from his address. "What I'm goin' to tell ye is no eccsaggeration." "As I was coming up from Garliestown the other day, I passed one o' them large smokin' volcanoes of hell [the Bladnoch Distillery], an' I cud hae raazed it to the ground." "It is the greatest folly a man cud be guilty off, to drink whisky. Sure a man has no more need for whisky than a duck has for an umbrella on a rainy day." At the close of the harangue, the ladle was put through among the audience, for the purpose of raising a collection for the special benefit of the person who had given them such an edifying dis-

course. Three halfpence had popped into the ladle in succession, when some person gave it a kick, and the three coppers flew into the air. A general hubbub ensued, in the course of which seats were tumbled, and the lecturer deprived of his expected "collection." At the close of the lively proceedings, a friend of temperance expressed to the orator his regret at the treatment to which he had been subjected; but, being quite irrepressible, Demosthenes exclaimed, "Man, dear, what do I care about yon. Sure, I'm used to ten times worse than yon. But I say [with emphasis] that teetotal will prevail in spite of all the durt in h—l."

A POSER.

In the good old times, it was the custom for several of the members of the Secession church to hold regular meetings for the purposes of prayer and mutual scriptural edification. Should any difficult point be raised, the views of the persons present were taken in rotation. An eccentric person, already alluded to, was once asked, when his turn came, for his views on a certain subject. He did not give his mind, however, on the point; but, to the amazement, and we doubt not the amusement, of his brethren, propounded the following puzzler: "Can ee tell me, ony o' ya, what Moses' fryin' pan wus made o'?"

A TEST OF DEATH.

The mother of the eccentric person referred to in the preceding anecdote was on her death-bed. At last the moment arrived when the assembled relatives thought the vital spark had fled. Uncertain as to whether she was actually dead, they held a looking-glass before the mouth to see if any traces of breath could be found on it. Still, however, they seemed to be uncertain; when the son, who was seated at the fire, said to the friends, "Try her wi' a preen."

THE RULING PASSION.

A Wigtown Bailie, in sending a woman to prison for theft, took occasion to state that he thought the inhabitants were to blame for encouraging begging-people by giving them assistance. The way was thus prepared for pilfering. The chaplain of the prison was suitably admonishing the above-mentioned woman in jail. She listened attentively to what the good man said; but, directly after, remarked to the minister, "Maybe ee'll no hae onything ee can gie me the day? If ye hae, ee can juist lae't wi' the jiler as ee gang oot."

PUTTING HIM OFF THE SCENT.

A ship's-husband long ago was wending his way to the Wigtown harbour, on the arrival of one of his vessels from the Isle of Man, in which he expected to find a quantity of brandy. On his way he met a couple of men much the worse of drink, and soon after overtook the local custom's-officer on his way to the harbour to inspect the newly-arrived vessel. The two entered into conversation, which soon turned upon the arrival of the boat, and the probability of contraband goods being on board. The ship-owner quietly said to H.M.O. that he had met two men "having as much as they could carry," when the active officer wheeled round, and made after the two men referred to by his friend the owner of the boat, who then had ample time and opportunity to get what he wanted out of his vessel unmolested.

AN OLD FAMILIAR.

A conspicuous figure on the streets of Wigtown in years gone-by was Rumbo D., an old retired West Indian planter. He had a body-servant, or valet, named Francisco, "a gentleman of colour," brought from abroad. But Francisco was not the only importation by his master from the planta-

tions, for the cellar of his domicile could tell of the presence there of some of the best of Jamaica rum. The old gentleman was a perfect connoisseur of that species of liquor. As "a man is known by the company he keeps," this old gentleman was no exception to the general rule, and on account of his attachment to his favourite, *rum*, he received the cognomen of *Rumbo*. Niggers, it would appear, are very sensitive in the region of their ancles; and when his master indulged in the luxury of kicking the shins of his man, by way of inflicting punishment, Francisco might be heard bawling out, "Massa Rumbo! Massa Rumbo! you kick my shins, me cry Wisky, Wisky O!"

THE TALISMANIC WORD, "GENTLEMAN."

One summer day, a cart-load of excellent fresh herrings had arrived in town, and several people were inspecting, admiring, and purchasing them. Rumbo was strolling along the street, and noticing the gathering at the fish cart, he too came up, and made some inquiries about the herrings. The owner, who was somewhat weather-beaten in his aspect, and whose lips seemed scorched and cracked by the sun, remarked to our hero that the fish were very fresh and good, handing a large, stiff herring to the inspector of his stock-in-trade, as a specimen. Rumbo seized the fish, and with it dealt a severe blow on the fish-monger's sore lip, which split it and caused it to bleed, accompanying the ill-natured blow with the remark, "D—— you, hold your tongue." The assaulted man naturally flew into a rage, and attempted to deal a blow at the offender, but was held back by a man at the cart, who whispered in his ear, "He's a *Gentleman!*" The effect was instantaneous, and the incensed and warlike fish-monger, instead of attempting bodily harm to the aggressor, immediately began to cringe to Rumbo, doffing

his hat, bowing low, and saying, "I beg your pardon, sir; there's no offence whatever."

A PROBABILITY.

An old Wigtown bellman was sent one very wet day through the town to announce an outside performance by a travelling company of entertainers. On through the heavy rain, which there seemed no prospect of ceasing that day, plodded the bellman, protected by his ample military top-coat or cloak, which reached to his heels, and an umbrella. A woman looked out at a door, and inquired at the functionary, "Whar is it to be, Roger?" "Doon at the fit o' the Square, if it be a guid nicht, *an' its likely it wull.*"

FORGETTING THE SHUGGLE.

A public dinner was held in the chief hotel, Wigtown, on one occasion, and the secretary of the committee promoting it, called on the proprietor of the hotel next morning to pay the bill. He remarked to "mine host" that the company were highly pleased with the excellent dinner of the previous evening, particularly with the whisky, which was exceedingly mild, and left no bad effects, not a single headache having been that morning reported. The landlord, reflecting for a moment, and remembering that a fresh supply of the Bladnoch had been lately added to his establishment, requiring of course to be "taken down" to the proper strength, exclaimed, "O, A see't noo; the lasses hae forgot tae gae't the shuggle;" meaning, that the water and the whisky had not been shaken and incorporated, and that the "dinner folks" had received more of the former than of the latter liquid.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

A tailor and clothier started business in Wigtown long ago, giving it out that he was "from London," though

most likely he was never in "the modern Babylon." His shop was of remarkably small dimensions, but large enough to hold a thousand times more goods than he had to put in it, he having only a few short remnants of cloth. Nevertheless he had the audacity to put up a large sign-board in front of his establishment, as flashy as if it had come from the brush of Dick Tinto, bearing the following announcement:—"Auld's Emporium for Foreign and British Goods."

A DESPERATE THREAT.

Two farmers, one stout and the other thin, went into a public-house to have a refreshment. They differed on some point, the little man being very talkative in his argumentation. Twice did his stout companion order him to hold his tongue, but the wee man was irrepressible; and at last he drew down upon his head the following threat from his companion: "If ee don't haud yer tongue, A'll tak a bit skeeny that A keep in my wascoat pouch for the mole-traps, an' A'll tak ya oot, an' tie baith yer han's tae a thistle, an' let ya kick till yer tired."

"MY DUCATS; O' MY DUCATS."

A bachelor-farmer in the neighbourhood of Wigtown had been poorly, but was on the way of recovering. He had an old man-servant, to whom he was due some wages. Rob, being of a saving turn, and fearing that if his master slipped away his wages might slip away with him, made frequent inquiries at the housekeeper as to the state of the master's health. The woman, knowing Rob's peculiarities, kept him in suspense and dread by telling him from time to time that she feared the master would never rise again, and that if that were so, the friends of the deceased would come to the farm and make a "clean sweep," leaving nothing to pay servants' wages. This wrought Rob up to such a pitch

that he could stand it no longer; and into the master's bedroom he would go. "Hoo irr ee the day, maister?" "A'm better." "Na, atweel, ee're nae better; ee're juist deein'." "Na, na, A'm better, an' A'll be oot the day." "Na, ee'll no be oot the day, nor the morn ether: ee'll never be better till ee be carried oot dead. A duist cam' in tae see hoo A'll get mi bawbees whun ee slip awa'." "There's nae fear o' yer bawbees: tak' the door wi' ya, an' be aff." This did not suit Rob, however, and he insisted on knowing how he would get his wages. The farmer at length began to look for a stick, in order to ply Rob with another kind of argument; but not finding such a weapon, he called in his housekeeper (who had been listening to, and enjoying the whole affair, outside the door), and ordered her to clear the room of the persistent Rob. The master soon got well, paid Rob his wages, and was kind to him as long as he lived.

AN ATTEMPT TO SWEETEN THE MINISTER.

Old Aleck S. lived in the country, and had a daughter who had fallen under scandal and was cited to appear before the congregation to which she belonged to undergo public rebuke. Previous to the time when discipline was to be administered, the father met the minister, when the following colloquy ensued. Aleck: "A dinna ken what A'm tae dae wi' yon lass at a', for A ken richt weel she'll no face a public rebuke." Minister: "There's no help for it." Aleck: "O, weel, A ken she'll no dae't, for she canna dae't, an' she wunna dae't." The minister repeated that there was no alternative; whereupon the anxious parent said, "Weel, weel; if it maun be sae, for ony sake be brave an' canny wi' her; an' A'll bring ee in a kert o' guid peats for yer kindness."

AN ATTENTIVE HUSBAND.

Aleck's wife was lying very ill; apparently dying. He

thought he was soon going to lose her, and kept his conviction no secret from her, holding out no prospect of her recovery. One day a friend was invited in to see the old woman. "Noo, F.," said the husband, "juist you look intae that bed, an' say if ee think it possible that the body lyin' there can come oot o't leevin'. Pit oot yer airm (to the old woman), and juist let F. see what a terribly spent crater ee ir." The invalid declined to do as she was asked, whereupon her husband caught her arm and pulled it out himself, saying, "Noo, F., look at that auld airm, an' juist you say if the body that auchts that airm can possibly leeve." At last the poor woman died, and was buried in Wigtown churchyard, a few miles distant. At the funeral, Aleck walked on foot. One of the persons who attended the funeral in a gig offered the widower a seat, but the reply was, "Na, na, Mr. A., there'll be nae riding for Aleck till her head's hid." He married his servant girl shortly after.

A VERY GOOD REASON.

One moonlight night a couple of Wigtonians were standing at one of their doors, when a stranger, having the appearance of a reduced gentleman (they subsequently learned that he had been educated for the ministry), made up to them, and requested them to buy a printed slip of paper which he had in his hand. They soon perceived that his mind was unhinged. "Buy one of these," said he, "only a penny, only a penny; what signifies a penny?" Then quoting from his slip, he said, "The *rouse* will cease to *blou*," &c. They declined purchasing a copy, and he remarked, "I wonder where I could get a bed," afterwards wheeling rapidly round part of the town, and arriving at his starting-point. He again asked where he could get a bed, adding that if he saw several gentlemen of the town, whom he named, they would soon assist him. "I was

down at Whithorn the other day," continued he. "It's a very poor place, Whithorn; very poor, very poor. Bailie B. and a lot of other gentlemen and I went to Miss C.'s to have some drink; but I didn't go in with them; no, I didn't go in with them: *the reason was they didn't ask me.*"

A SHARP RETORT.

N. A., an old residenter, was possessed of very ready wit. It will be necessary to state here that he lived adjacent to the churchyard. When the local Friendly Society was in its palmy days, the annual dinner, which took place after the procession, was well attended by the members and the gentry and leading men of the town. At one of these dinners N. A. was present; so was the then Provost of the town, whose Christian name was George. When the dram succeeded the dinner, the flow of soul began; and the Provost playfully asked N. if he had mind of the time when he (the Provost) turned him out of one of his fields for trespassing. "Bravely weel A hae mine o' that," rejoined N., "bit I hae gaen through the Five Acres afore it was yours, an' A'll maybe gang through't whun ee're dead. We hae got Patie Clachlan [the Wigtown piper] doon in the kirkyaird yonner aside us, an' it'll no be lang till he be's shootherin' the pipes an' playing, 'Welcome, Royal Geordie,' whun ee come." The Provost, who could relish a smart repartee, stood N. a bumper for his spunk.

UPS AND DOWNS.

When N. happened to be on the fuddle, and anybody spoke to him on the subject, he would say, "Boys, A'm on the Blood the day, bit, feth, A'll hae tae ride the cuddy for three days efter this, an' that's dour wark."

REFRESHINGLY COOL.

Long ago, there being only one conveyance in town available for public hire, two gentlemen, as a very special favour, asked and obtained from a farmer-friend the loan of his pony and gig to have a drive. Unfortunately the horse fell while in their employ, and the shafts of the machine were broken. Our charioteers did not know how to approach their friend who had been so obliging to them. At last the following plan was adopted: the pony and machine (the latter with the shafts tied up as well as possible) were returned to their owner, accompanied by a letter to the following effect, "Dear Sir, if you do not keep a better horse and gig in future, we will never borrow such things from you again."

DITTO.

A Wigtown Bailie was annoyed by a neighbour's cow breaking his fences and entering his field. He complained to his friend's servant, but without avail, for the annoyance was repeated. The Bailie then complained directly to the owner of the cow, and set forth the grievance very pointedly. His friend listened quite patiently till the Bailie had finished, and then remarked, "A hope, Bailie, my coo 'll be nocht the waur o't."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

One Sunday morning the Parish minister took ill, and was unable to preach. He told his old Beadle to go into the church, and intimate to the assembled congregation that on account of his illness there would be no services that day. The people, unaware of anything being wrong, were awaiting the arrival of the clergyman, when the door opened, and the old Beadle entered. He walked slowly and deliberately up the pulpit stairs, entered the pulpit, pulled out his spectacles, rubbed them up, placed them astride his nose, fumbled with the pulpit bible, and—the congregation

expecting the venerable Beadle was going to supply the minister's place—intimated that, as the pastor was taken unwell, there would be no sermon that day, and the flock would have to scatter.

EXTRAVAGANCE.

A drunken tradesman who had slept out all night, called in the morning at the house of a friend and asked the loan of a sixpence. "What ir ee gawn tae dae wi' the sixpence?" inquired the friend of the inebriate. "Tae buy sixpence worth o' arsenic tae pushen mysel'." "Hoots!" said the other, "that wud be great wastry, whun a pennyworth wud dae't."

A WHITHORN WORTHY.

James M'Meekin had his head-quarters at Whithorn, and travelled through the adjacent country, with a little pony and spring-cart, selling books. Many still remember his portly and apparently inanimate appearance, as he used to be drawn through the country by his little patient white pony, cooped up in his closely-fitting box-gig. But Jamie was not in reality inanimate: it was only his outward man that appeared so: his mind was vivacious and frolicsome, as the succeeding anecdotes will show. He was originally a schoolmaster, but latterly betook himself to the book and stationery trade. He was six feet, three inches, in height, without his boots, and weighed eighteen stones, so that his little pony had its own to do to pull him along.

A SPEEDY SETTLEMENT.

Jamie entered Whithorn Parish Church on the Monday after a communion, when the Rev. Peter Young of Wigtown, occupied the pulpit. Some say that our hero, believing with Burns, in reference to the barley-bree, that "it waukens wit, it kennles lair, and pangs us fou o' knowledge," had on this occasion tried the experiment. Be

that as it may, when the minister was proceeding with his sermon, slight mutterings were heard, which those near the place whence they proceeded made out as, "Wull A? wull A?" An old woman in the vicinity of the sounds endeavoured to suppress them by a "whish!" or two, but in vain; for Jamie, having at length screwed his courage up to proper pitch, shouted with Stentorian lungs, "Pate, Pate, ye hae han'l'd that subject vera weel, abit, abit, abit, Kit [the Rev. Christopher Nicholson, minister of the Parish] cud a han'l'd it far better." Having said this, he bolted, followed by the beadle, who was also a Sheriff officer, when an exciting chase took place. The defaulter, being the swifter man of the two, was speedily out of sight. Subsequently, however, he was discovered at the foot of a public-house garden, with his head thrust into a hedge and his huge body exposed to view, perhaps imagining (or pretending to imagine) like the ostrich, that if his cranium were concealed, his whole person would be equally invisible. Of course he was captured, and imprisoned till he got sober. On his liberation, he remarked to a friend, "Mony a yin hae's praetched a' his days, an' never gat a kirk, abit, abit, abit, A only praetched yae short sermon, an' A wus placed there and then," alluding to his being "placed" in prison. Jamie generally introduced what he had to say with "abit."

A READY ANSWER.

The same worthy, when hawking the country with his books, once came to Cumloden, one of the seats of the Earl of Galloway. Just at that time the Earl, in hunting attire and on horseback, accompanied by several gentlemen, was issuing forth to the chase. Jamie accosted the Earl thus: "Can ee tell me, sir, if his Lordship is at hame?" "What do you want with him?" was the reply. "A wanted tae

ken if his Lordship is at hame," repeated Jamie. "This is his Lordship," remarked a gentleman in the Earl's company. "O, A beg yer Lordship's pardon," quoth Jamie. "What were you wanting with me, my good man?" asked Lord Galloway. "A merely wanted tae ken," rejoined Jamie, "if yer Lordship would buy a few books." "O, I have more books already," said his Lordship, "than I can get read." "Abit, abit, abit," answered the bookseller, "if yer Lordship will only buy the books, A'll no hurry ya wi' the readin' o' them."

SHARP PRACTICE.

On one occasion, after a long spell of drinking, he drove to the manse of the Parish, to see if he could "raise the wind." Meeting the minister, he asked him if he would buy sixpence worth of paper from him, as he was very hard up, and had nothing to eat. The minister gave him a severe rebuke for his intemperate habits, and refused at first to make the proposed purchase. But Jamie's pleading was so earnest that at last the good man relented, and said, "Weel, let me have a shilling's worth of note-paper," putting a shilling into the stationer's hand. Instantly the head of Jamie's pony was turned, and he was moving off, when the minister said, "But where's my paper?" Jamie cried back, "A had a great dale o' priggin' tae get the shillin' frae *you*, an' maybe ee'll hae as much priggin' tae get the paper frae *me*." Crack went the whip, and off went the pony, leaving the minister gazing into blank space in mute amazement.

What would appear to be another version of the same story has it that Jamie's pony becoming restive, the minister was afraid the animal might spoil his flower-plots; and although the clergyman had at first told the merchant that having enough of paper on hand he would not purchase any more then, yet, to get off with Jamie's "trap" he at last consented to take a sixpenny packet, and handed James the

money. Taking the coin eagerly, the itinerant stationer remarked "A wud be verra sorry tae hear my minister tell an untruth, an' as ee said ee wud not buy onything the day, A'll pit this doon as a charitable donation." He then drove off—the minister being glad at the relief, even though at the expense of the sixpence.

A LEET OF ELDERS.

It came to Jamie's ears that three elders would shortly be wanted for the Parish church. He waited on the minister with a leet of names familiar in the place, and was prepared with recommendations for each. The first name given was that of one who was remarkable for his stiff, bolt-upright manner of walking, and James characterised him as the most *upright* man in the Parish. The second on the list was one who was very much bent, and by reason of his infirmity his head was always low, and his eyes looking towards the ground. *His* qualification was that *he was a meek and lowly man, who seldom took his eyes from the earth, whither we are all hastening.* "And," said James, with his peculiar smack of the lips and smile, "as for the third ee'll fin' few men o' greater wecht than mysel' [he was 18 stones, as we have already remarked] in the Parish, and from my length o' airm I could push the ladle up tae the head o' the langest seat in the kirk." Having thus recommended his men, James did not wait for a reply, but giving his peculiar laugh, and shaking his head, walked away, leaving the minister to consider at leisure the qualifications of the men thus put before him.

A LARK.

The second nominee of James was a carter, who sometimes left his machie over night at the scene of his day's labour, making his way home with his horse at one end of the halter

and himself in advance at the other end. He was thus considerably ahead of the animal, almost out of hearing of its tread. His usual mode of walking was with his arms crossed behind on his back. On one of these occasions, a tricky boy, fond of a practical joke, walked alongside the horse's head, gradually unloosed the rein, left the horse standing, took the line in his hand, and walked on, supplying the place of the quadruped. When the honest carter came to his stable-door, and was feeling his pocket for the key, the boy, unnoticed, laid down the line, and withdrew to a safe distance to enjoy the consternation of the carter, who finding no horse where a horse should be, proceeded to retrace his steps, and soon met his animal slowly wending its way to its night's resting-place.

COLLAPSE OF A WONDERFUL FEAT.

In James M'Meekin's younger days his mother lived in a house on the grounds of Claywhippet, in the Parish of Whithorn. Once Jamie gathered a great concourse of people there, alleging that he was going to fly. He stood on the top of a barn, before the up-turned eyes and gaping mouths of the numerous crowd of spectators. He fastened a winnowing weight below each arm, and sketched to the crowd his intended route, which was, first to London, next to Paris, and then over the entire Continent. Having done so, he bade them all an affectionate farewell. All preliminaries having thus been carried out, he made a leap aloft, and flapped his weights; but instead of soaring into the air, he descended very rapidly, and sunk up to the chin in a dung-heap. "Abit, abit, abit," cried the humbled aeronaut, "A forget the tail: hoo cud A flee whun A wanted the tail?"

A DELICATE HINT.

He had been lying in bed indulging in a "fuddle." A

lad whom he had employed to carry in liquor to him, probably thinking that his employer was too far gone in the "spree" to take particular notice of his movements, made love to a fish which was lying in the house, and endeavoured to hide it under the limited folds of his jacket. Jamie had observed the lad's doings, and the fish projecting from his jacket. He remarked, "Boy, in future eether steal a shorter fish, or wear a langer jacket."

BOUND FOR GRETNA.

He was going out on one of his business excursions one day, with his pony and spring-cart, and overtaking a woman, he offered her a drive, which she accepted. The two were jogging along, when, meeting a stranger, Jamie pulled up his pony with his customary Wo-o-o, and leaning over the side of his vehicle in the direction of the stranger, said, "Can ee tell me if this is the road tae Gretna?"

A VERY STIFF MAN.

In 1784 there was a keenly contested election for the representation of the Wigtown Burghs, by Vice-Commodore Stewart, of Glasserton, and Sir William Maxwell, Bart., of Monreith. The Earl of Galloway favoured the candidature of the former, who turned out to be the unsuccessful candidate. The majority of the Whithorn free-holders had gave him their votes. Two brothers, named respectively Gibby and Sauners Hannah, were one day, during the progress of the election, resting on one of the stone seats called *diases*, which used to be in front of every house in the Main Street of Whithorn. Punch, as was usual on such occasions, was circulating freely through the Burgh, and the following dialogue took place between the brothers:— Gibby: "A'se no tak' ony o' their drink the day, for A wus fou yestreen, an' mi head's unco' sair, an' A wunna taste

drink this sax months onywey." Sauners: "Aweel awat, nether wull A, for A wus fou yestreen tae." A wag overhearing this conversation, approached the brothers, and politely asked Gibby to drink his lordship's health; but Gibby peremptorily refused. "Well, you'll do it, Sandy." Sandy was equally obstinate. "Come, come, Gibby, this will never do; you must drink his Lordship's health.' "Aweel," replied Gibby, "A may dae sae; but A'se no tak' ony o' the drink." Raising the large jug of punch to his lips, and delivering the expected toast, he took a sip of the liquor. "Dod! Sauners, its gey guid," he exclaimed. Sauners also took a sip, and the jug was then left to be emptied between them. In a short time they both fell down in a state of inebriety, and had to be helped home. Gibby, who was a very tall man, could not get into his own door erect. Those who were conveying him cried out to him, "Boo, Gibby, boo;" but the reply was, "A'll boo tae nae man bit Mr. Adair an' mi Makker." Mr. Adair was the Parish minister.

A DROUTHY FIDDLER.

There lived in Whithorn an old fiddler named John, who was very fond of drink, as many fiddlers have been, and who was very much under petticoat government, as has been the fate of more than fiddlers. After he had been fiddling all night at a wedding or ball, he was usually pent up next day in the horrors at home, and how to get out was the puzzler. The plan he tried was somewhat as follows: He would mutter to himself thus, "For a' the weans A hae, A maun awa' tae the fit o' the toon, tae Florence's, for tabaka." "A'll gang, fether," one of his children would say. "You! wha cud depend on you? Ee wud gang tae the nearest place, an' sae ee gaed tae Florence's." A similar conversation passed between the father and the rest of his children. The youngest one

would say, "A'll gang, fether." "Na, na," the considerate parent replied, "A wudna let ya gang sae far." The guidwife here might suggest "auld John's," but the husband settled that proposal by stating, "O, he gaes wee measure." "Gang tae Nannie's then," she said. "O, her's is a' stem." Another dealer was mentioned, but only to be rejected. "Aye, dear me," the neglected man would say, "A canna get naebody tae dae that much for me." And so, out at length he would go. When that dodge failed him, he would try another as follows: Standing out at the door, without his hat, he would make it appear that somebody was speaking to him by shouting, "Eh? wur ee speakin' tae me? O, aye; A'll be there enoo. What can that man be wantin' wi' me, A wunner?" running in for his hat. "Whar' ye gaun?" his wife would ask. "A'm gaun tae see a man that's wantin' me." Some four or five hours later, a knock would be heard at the door, and when it was opened, John fell into the passage, not dead, but dead drunk. "Whar' hae ya been, ya drucken rascal?" the irate wife would enquire. "Wheesht, wheesht," quoth John, "A, A fell in wi' a man frae Mochrum. A kent his fether better than A did himsel'. He gaed mi a gless o' whusky, an' wud hae gaed me ten, *if A had taen them*, bit A wudna tak them. *D'ye think A wus gaun tae mak' a beast o' mysel'?*

THE FIDDLER WITTY.

This same Paganini's musical services had been required at Isle of Whithorn, and, as usual, he got fou on the occasion. Coming home, what with fatigue and what with drink, he felt extremely tired, and stretching himself upon a bank on the road-side, with his fiddle-case containing his instrument for a pillow, he soon fell fast asleep. Meanwhile rain descended in torrents, but John was oblivious as to the fact. Bye came an old farmer, who, perceiving the

fiddler's uncomfortable and perilous condition, raised him up and awoke him. "O, bit A peety yer case this mornin'," said the compassionate farmer. "Hang the *case*, if the *fiddle* be safe," was John's curt reply.

MR. SPURGEON A HERETIC.

A ruling elder, not a hundred miles from the water of Fleet, was elected a member of a School Board. Shortly after, he met a friend, and when several subjects had been discussed by them, the friend asked him if he had seen Spurgeon's last sermon. The elder and School Board member replied, "Na, na; A hae dune wi' Mr. Spurgeon noo, since he has drapped takin' his texts oot o' the Bible." "Aye?" inquiringly observed the other, "has he drapped takin' his texts oot o' the Bible?" "Yes," said he; the text o' the last sermon o' Spurgeon's A read was taen oot o' a book they ca' the Canticles." "Canticles," rejoined his friend, pretending to be ignorant on the matter, "what is that?" "A'm sure A dinna ken," said the elder; "bit onyway its no in the Bible: maybe its in the book they ca' the Apocrypha."

"GALLOWAY BULLS."

A QUALIFICATION FOR A MINISTER.

During a vacancy in the pastorate of Wigtown U.P. Church, a number of probationers were heard, with the view of selecting a minister from among them for the congregation. One of these candidates was a very staid preacher, who used very little action in the delivery of his sermons. Two of the members of the congregation meeting a day or two after this probationer had officiated, conversa-

tion naturally turned on the subject of the merits of the candidate. "Weel, hoo wur ee pleased on Sabbath?" asked one. "O, he's a gran' praecher," replied the other, "bit somewey A· thocht he had raither little *animosity* wi' him." *Animation* was meant.

AN ENLARGED VIEW OF SCOTLAND.

A Wigtonian, meeting an old friend on the street one night, after a few introductory remarks, observed that he had just been at a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Mechanics' Institute, in the Court-house, on the subject of "Fatherland," explaining to his aged friend that by "Fatherland" the lecturer meant *Scotland.* "O, aye," said the old man, "nae doot its a superior *glob.*"

SCOTLAND *alias* WIGTOWNSHIRE.

A worthy old farmer, on being asked where his forefathers belonged to, said that "originally they leeved in Perth, but latterly they cam' doon tae Scotland here."

A draper in Wigtown had a number of band-boxes on his shelves labelled "*Child's* Hats."

EMANCIPATION.

A poor woman was describing to us the nature and effects of a severe illness from which her daughter was suffering. "Deed, sir," she said, "my dochter's dreedfully *emancipated.*" *Emaciated* was the word intended.

CURIOUS KIND OF ABUSE.

A quarrel having taken place in the Burgh, in which two men were unmercifully dragging another man along the street, an inhabitant came forward to the scene, and said to the stronger side, "Don't be too severe upon the man, but give him *Christian* abuse."

PECULIAR PIG.

An old female Wigtonian, on looking at a neighbour's pig, remarked that it was "a perfect oracle o' diplicity." What the old lady meant we cannot tell.

A VIXEN OF A WIFE.

A labouring man was complaining to a gentleman of the sufferings he had to endure from his ill-tempered wife. "Deed, sir," he said, with tears in his eyes, "she's a *sanctified* deevil."

THE EVIL EFFECTS OF SUGAR.

An old female residenter was one night drinking tea with a female friend. The former was very sparing in the use of sugar. "Why," asked the entertainer, "do you not allow me to sweeten your tea?" "Because I don't like it," was the reply, "for the *superfluity* of the sugar takes away the *flavourality* of the tea, and renders it *obnoxious* and *diabolical* to the taste.

LIME *versus* WHITING.

On another occasion, when calling on a neighbour, she noticed that her neighbour's house had been recently white-washed. She inquired whether it had been washed with lime or whiting. The neighbour replied, with whiting. "Ah!" she remarked, "I like a grain o' lime best, for it has such a fine, rich, *stagnant* smell with it."

STRANGE WEATHER.

An old woman remarked with reference to a spell of cold weather, during which an east wind prevailed, "It's uncommonly bitter caul' wather, and really very *penitent*." *Penetrating*, we thought, was meant.

AN ENVIABLE, BUT RARE, STATE OF MIND.

The same old woman, when anything annoys her, declares,

"A'm keepit, atween yae thing an' anither, in a state o' perpetwal *devotion*"—*i.e.*, *commotion.*

STRANGE PENCHANT.

An old man went into a druggist's shop in Wigtown, and bought a balsamic plaister, stating that he was *addicted* to a pain in the back.

A CIRCUS.

An old innkeeper in Wigtown once said to a neighbour that whenever a disturbance in his house came to a *circus*, he turned the rioters out. He meant *crisis.*

A NOT UNCOMMON COMPLAINT.

A Wigtonian woman was once heard to say that a certain person had died of *confusion* of the brain.

A LEARNED BOOKMAN.

A book-canvasser or deliverer called upon a gentleman in Wigtown, who was engaged at the time reading Josephus. The bookman introduced to the notice of the gentleman a work, which among other things, he said, gave an account of the exodus of the children of Israel from Egypt. "O," said the gentleman, "this book I have in my hand gives a very good account of that." "What book is it?" asked the book merchant. "Josephus," replied the other. "O, yes," rejoined the bookman; "*that* was written by Dr. Guthrie."

A VARIATION.

We have heard of affectionate and appreciative husbands calling their wives "jewels." An eccentric Wigtonian, however, scorning the beaten path of conjugal technology, was in the habit of speaking of his spouse as a "*mineral.*"

OBLIGING.

We asked a young man to state to his father that if he were possessed of any anecdotes, we would feel obliged by his transmitting them to us. The young man remarked, "Ou aye; if mi fether haes ony *antidotes*, A'll ask him to sen' them tae ya, an' ee can *reform* them afore ee prent them."

PERCEPTIVE POWER.

Once upon a time, while yet, "Farmer George" was king, a Wigtown gentleman despatched a dish of fresh-water eels to his friend, the Earl of Galloway. Ere the messenger reached Galloway House he found, to his dismay, that the slippery fish had one and all contrived to wriggle out of the basket, and were nowhere to be found. He decided, however, to complete his journey, and on reaching his destination, his lordship, after reading the note requesting his acceptance of the fish, proceeded to inspect them. "I see, John," said the Earl, "you have some eels for me." "A'm gled yer Lordship sees them," returned John, with a grim chuckle' "for deil a yin can A see."

UNBEARABLE.

"The rain it rained every day," and the Bladnoch, usually a gentle and well-conducted stream, tumbled along in sound and fury, till, overflowing its banks, it swept off, despite all efforts to save it, the entire hay-crop of an adjoining farm. "Ee've taen a' my hay," said the irate farmer, addressing the river; "ee may as weel tak' thae, whun ee're at it." And, suiting the action to the words, he pitched his forks and rakes into the foaming river.

FULL TO THE BUNG.

A lavish, if not rude, hospitality has always characterised Galloway entertainers. Some years ago a minister and

his wife in a rural parish not far from Wigtown, gave, as usual, their annual dinner to the elders. The good things provided rapidly disappeared from the groaning board, under the well-directed application of the guests. According to custom, however, the hostess hotly pressed them not to spare the viands, whereupon one replied, "Deed, mem, A'm as fou as an egg;" while another, pointing to his nether lip, responded, "An' A'm fou up tae here."

MOCHRUM BACHELORS, BEWARE!

An old residenter in Wigtown used to say that "Mochrum's a guid place tae get a young pig in, bit a bad place tae get a guid wife in."

A MITIGATION OF TROUBLE.

P. M'M., another old Wigtown worthy, would say to his wife, when he heard of the proclamation in order to marriage of any couple, "Guid be thankit, Peggy; there's anither pair intae the hobble."

A WOMAN WHO COULD SPEAK.

A Wigtown gentlemon knocked at the door of a house in town, and was answered by a lad. "Is your mother within?" inquired the gentleman. "Yes," answered the boy. "Can she speak?" asked the gentleman, meaning that he desired to have a word with her. "Aye, *my word, she can*," emphatically replied the son.

THE CRAIGDHU GHOST.

A popular belief has long existed that the farm of Craigdhu, in the parish of Glasserton, is the haunt of a *ghaist*. This belief is strengthened by the fact that large bodies of fire are seen at intervals performing gyrations during the dark winter nights. The various exploits

performed by the ghaist, would, if printed, fill a volume. The general opinion as to the ghaist's origin is that at some early date a packman met with foul play, and that his remains were thrown into a well on the farm. On one occasion, it is said, the farmer was sitting on a Sunday night reading either the bible or some other religious work, when all of a sudden the candle, which was burning on the table, was extinguished. Nothing daunted, he re-lit it, and in a short time it was again put out. A third time it was lighted, and a third time extinguished, upon which the farmer, addressing the unseen ghaist, made the remark, "Maybe ee dinna like reading, an' A'll no contend wi' ee."

On another occasion, an old man who lived in the vicinity, went to a grocer's shop to make some purchases. He had to travel about two hundred yards to reach the shop, and having made his purchases he commenced his return journey. A considerable space of time having elapsed since he left home, and not having returned, his wife became uneasy at his non-appearance, and set out to visit the shop to see if her husband had been there. She was told that he had; and afterwards the neighbours formed themselves into a searching party, every neuk in the district being visited, but no trace found of his whereabouts that night. Next morning however, he was seen emerging from an old ruin in what is known as the Craigdhu Moss, his own account of his non-appearance being that on leaving the shop he was guided, or mis-guided, by a light, which he considered to be the light emanating from his own window. He followed it till it rested in the old ruins, where it stayed by him until the cock crowed, when it disappeared. In the passage he had to cross over some level ditches of great breadth, but the soles of the carpet-slippers he wore at the time were free from damp or dirt; and the general belief was that he had been misled by the ghaist. People are still alive who formed the

searching party. The old man would never enter much into conversation about the matter, but always said he had plenty of company during the night.

FISHING EXTRAORDINARY AGAIN.

A Whithorn gentleman who had been abroad, on his return brought home a native of Africa, named Joseph. Portyerrock, a rocky part of the sea coast to the south of Whithorn, is much resorted to by anglers in the summer time. A number of gentleman one season were busily engaged throwing and watching their lines from a rock, while Joseph, unseen by them, was undressing for the purpose of enjoying a bathe. Still unnoticed by the fishers, who were at the opposite side of the rock from where he was, he slid gently into the water, and dived under it, making for the spot where the lines were thrown from the rock. Having caught the lines in his hand, he gave them a gentle pull, such as a fish would do at the bait. The anglers, expecting "a catch," hauled them in, when, to their horror, instead of a fish appearing above the water, a black man, with curly jet hair and ivory white teeth, bobbed up on the surface of the tide, shaking his head and giving a horrible grin. The anglers, frightened out of their wits at such an unexpected "take," threw their rods into the water, and fled for bare life. Gaining courage, however, by-and-bye, to return and look round on the scene of their fright, they observed Joe straining his sides with laughter at the result of his prank. When they came to, they were almost ready to skin him alive for giving them such a fright.

A PROVOST'S CALIGRAPHY.

Not fifty years ago, a soldier came home on furlough to his native town, Whithorn. The happy days, which were for the most part spent in visiting "auld acquaintances,"

rapidly passed; but when the day of departure arrived it found the soldier stricken down by malignant fever. On his recovery he applied to an old sea-captain, who lived in the neighbourhood, for a missive to show the officer of his regiment that he had been unable to attend muster at the prescribed time. The Captain advised him to apply to the chief magistrate of the Burgh for a missive, which he accordingly did. Having been introduced to the worthy magistrate, and told his errand, his request was readily granted, but it required their combined knowledge of the art of writing to draw out the certificate. On the return of the son of Mars to his regiment, it was found that he had exceeded the length of his furlough, upon which he produced his missive, bearing the signature of the Provost. The officer, on giving the document a cursory glance, at once upbraided the soldier for being an imposter, and ordered him to be incarcarated, never deeming that it was the hand of the Provost of a Royal Burgh in Scotland. that had written the document. The soldier referred his superior to the old Captain, who, he alleged, would bear testimony to the truth of his statement: and it was not until the Captain had certified that the representation was quite correct, that the unfortunate soldier was liberated.

FIRE! FIRE!

The same worthy Provost was a warm politician. Having been invited by a gentleman, on whose behalf he had formerly used his influence to return him to Parliament, to be a guest at a dinner given to his supporters, he readily complied. Among other things placed on the table was a large plum-pudding, enveloped, as is usual, in spirit flames. The worthy Provost assumed a state of terorr lest the flames should reach and injure his good lady, who was present. In conjunction with a brother Provost from a sister Burgh,

he began a most vigorous attack upon the pudding, by blowing at the pitch of his bellows in order to extinguish the fire—a task they found beyond the power of their united and over-distended lungs to accomplish, to the no small amusement of the rest of the guests.

A JOURNEY OF DISCOVERY.

About the beginning of last century, there lived in Whithorn an old man named Gibb Milwain, who had a great thirst for gold. Having read and heard a great deal about the once famous monastery of Candida Casa, and of gold having been placed for safe keeping in the hands of the monks, he thought, like Whang the Miller, that perhaps there might be a broad stone somewhere, which, if removed, might reveal a lot of the precious coin. After making all the inquiries he could at every person he thought could throw any light on the subject, he at length resolved to explore the ruins of the ancient monastery. Accordingly, accompanied by a dog, he set out one day on his journey of discovery in the churchyard of Whithorn, in which there are a number of vaults, supposed to have been used by the monks as store-houses during the time the monastery flourished. An entrance into these vaults is easily effected, as at the mouth they are seven or eight feet high, and twelve or fourteen feet wide, being arched over like a bridge. Into one of these Gibb and his dog entered. No trace of him could be found for several days, but at last—so tradition says—he was found at the fall of Barhullion, about five miles from where he had entered on his exploring expedition. As report goes, the dog was fearfully singed and frightened looking. As for Gibb himself, he either would not, or could not, give any explanation of his subterranean adventure. Tradition asserts that there is an underground passage from the churchyard to the above-named Fell.

AN ECCENTRIC LAIRD.

In the last century there lived in Galloway a country gentleman, who had an annual sale of sheep for the purpose of supplying the lieges of the neighbourhood with mutton, as professional butchers were then unknown in most of our smaller Burghs. At the annual sale the Laird was always what is called the judge of the roup, the purchases being mostly on the I.O.U. system. Each buyer had to produce a cautioner. On one of these occasions a wether was called down by the auctioneer, when the judge bawled out, "Wha's that yin tae?" The auctioneer informed him that the purchaser's name was John Dies. The next gimmer fell to James Lies. When the Laird was ihformed of the name of the second purchaser, he exclaimed, "Dod, as A shall answer for't, James Lies bails John Dies, and John Dies bails James Lies, bit wha peys the Laird for the sheep?"

On passing through the adjoining Burgh, the same Laird would pull up his carriage at the door of some of those debtors who were *dreich* in making him payment of what they were due him. He would inquire, "Whun dae ye intend tae pey the sheep? If ye dinna, dod, as A shall answer for't, A'll sen' Snap Conning (the slang name of the beagle), an' he'll mak' a job o' ye."

On another occasion the Laird let a piece of work to a labourer, but on after-consideration he found out that he had the worst of the bargain. He sent for the man and informed him that he had changed his mind, and would not seek the work executed for some time. The labourer, however, insisted on the carrying out of the contract. The Laird told the man that there was no proof of any existing agreement; but the son of toil replied that he had the word of a *gentleman*, which, in his opinion, was the best of all guarantees for the fulfilment of the contract. This happy hit

touched the Laird, who said, "As A shall answer for't, it'll hae tae stan' for this time, bit A'll no mak' a practice o't."

He was attending a meeting of Commissioners of Supply at Wigtown. It was the practice of gentlemen's coachmen, during the meeting of their masters, to dine together in the chief hotel of the place, washing dinner down by some fluids, which with the dinner, were charged to their masters' accounts. On the occasion to which we allude, the coachmen assembled as usual, but for some reason or other the Laird's "man" declined to call in liquor after dinner, which caused his companions to jeer him. Stung by such conduct on the part of his brethren of the whip, he rang the bell with a vengence, ordered in a whole dozen of wine, and challenged any present to "repeat the dose." None ventured, however, to risk such apparent extravagance. When the Laird's account for horses, dinner, and wine was presented to him, he was more than astonished, and ordering his coachman to be sent for, inquired at him what it meant. The man, who seemed to be a perfect Caleb Balderstone, told the Laird that he had ordered the wine to keep his master's name above par. The master replied "Weel dune, Roby, bit ee mauna 'repeat the dose.'"

The Laird had a fine apple-tree in his garden, the fruit of which was a great favourite with his lady; and to himself it was also toothsome. Passing this tree, he sometimes put a few apples in his pocket, in order at convenient times, to quietly gratify his taste. The lady, noticing that the apples were gradually disappearing from the tree, complained to the gardener; who, having suspicions of the Laird, loosened the earth about the tree, and following his master unseen and at a safe distance the next time he went into the garden, perceived there and then who the person was that was easing the tree of its fruit. The gardener, meeting the Laird shortly after in another part of the garden, said he saw

footmarks near the tree that might lead to the discovery of the taker of her ladyship's favourite apples. The Laird remarked, "Dod man! try an' fin' them oot," and quietly moved on.

The Laird had an old female servant about his house, named Stewart B., who had a bit of the natural in her way. Some of the neighbouring farmers' wives used to invite Roby the coachman and Stewart to a cup of tea, for a little fun. Loaf-bread being then little known in Galloway, the "tea bread" used on special occasions was flour scones, of a fine marbeled appearance, from their having been sprinkled with cream when on the girdle. They were usually very thin. Stewart found that the most convenient way of eating the scones was, after plentifully spreading them with fresh butter, to roll them up like a scroll. Their destruction was then easily and speedily accomplished. But in Roby's estimation, there was in Stewart's conduct at the tea-table a falling away from the dignity which should characterise those who belonged to "the big house;" and on their return home he intimated to his companion that if she did not give up that practice of "rolling her scone up like a gun," he would never visit in her company again.

Stewart was touched with the tender passion for a servant man, who, with others, attended upon a friend of the family visiting "the big house." But the object of her tender regard was not responsive in love, and was annoyed at her protestation of affection. On one occasion he threw a guinea hen at her and ran away. Stewart (whose nasal appendage was seldom clean, and always full, in consequence of which her enunciation was sadly marred), knowing that "nipping and scratching is Scotch folks' courting," made it her boast that "she kent J. H. had a dotion o' her for he flang the felly hel on her back."

The kind indulgence of the Laird to Stewart, like that

of Dr. Johnston to the objects of his charity in the London garret, somewhat emboldened her to behave on occasions in such a manner as no other servant could safely have attempted. Her fellow-servants once made her the medium of complaint as to their rations. Stewart got hold of a frying-pan and *rampaged* the house with it. The Laird hearing the noise she made, peeped down stairs, and inquired "What on a' the earth's wrang wi' the auld gow?" Stewart responded by flinging the pan upstairs at the Laird, exclaiming, "Bluid or bread; A'll cleave ya wi' the pad!"

Stewart saw the Laird's third wife brought home, but the new lady soon showed signs of dissatisfaction with the permanency of the old servant's engagement, and expressed her mind accordingly. The domestic, however, coolly remarked that "she had heard the white liggat clinkin' at twa o' their heels, an' she wud hear't clinkin' at her's tae." And so she did.

Poor Jamie ———, son of the Laird's gardener, was a sort of natural. He was induced to believe that a spinster in the neighbourhood had "a notion" of him—was, in fact, only waiting till he would "speer" her. Away Jamie went to the good woman's domicile, and after his admission, the following conversion took place between them :—

"A'm come tae ask ya a question," quoth Jamie.

"Weel, what is't, Jamie?" replied the lady.

"A dunna lake tae tell't."

"Hoots, Jamie; it's surely something strange, if ee canna tell't

"Well, A'm come tae ask ya if ee'l tak' *us?*"

"Hoo mony is there o' ya Jamie?"

"There's mi fether, an' me, an' misel'."

"Toots, there's ower mony o' ya, Jamie. A wuena lake tae risk sae mony, bit wud be quite content wi' yae man insteed o' three."

The honest woman's reasoning was perfectly satisfactory to Jamie, who returned home without pressing his suit farther.

The "big house" nearly 80 years ago had been greatly improved. A simple son of the shuttle from Whithorn, who was paying his addresses to one of the servants, was one evening shown the drawing-room full ablaze with abundance of wax candles. He opened mouth and eyes wide with astonishment, exclaiming, "This is just lake heevin."

TRANSPOSITION.

An old man in a neighbouring town frequently transposed words in anything he had to say. The following is a sample of this pecularity of his :—"A saw the thunner an' heard the lichtening, an jumpt ower the bed intae the wife."

SMART WORK.

Patie C. we have already alluded to in our notice of the first visit of an iron steamer to the port of Wigtown. In his business transactions as a grocer he was scrupulously upright and fair, but would not be imposed on with his eyes open. A little girl once went into the shop and asked for "a ha'penny worth o' sweeties." The sweeties were given to the little girl, who placed her "ha'penny" on the counter, and left the shop. Patie inspected the coin, and found it was spurious. Out he ran to the street, crying, "Stap! Stap! wee lass; it's a bad ha'penny." He was swift of foot, and, soon overtaking the little girl, demanded the sweeties back. She handed the paper of sweets to the merchant, who discovered that she had one still in her mouth. Of this solitary "goodie" he demanded restitution, and on its production it was evident it was suffering from galloping consumption, which caused the dissappointed grocer to exclaim, "It's gey thare thookit."

IN A FRY.

He kept his shop twine up on a reel above the counter, the end of it generally dangling down. Mischievous boys used to torment him by getting hold of the end of the string, and running down street, while the merchant was left to enjoy, as best he could, the music of the birling reel of twine. On one such occasion, as soon as he saw the reel birling, he cried excitedly to his housekeeper, "Cut! Betty, cut! an' A'll rin;" meaning that she was to cut off the supply of string, while he would run, and by capturing the boys, bring back the stolen booty.

THE EXCESS OF CANDOUR.

The following is one of several instances which might be adduced to show the extreme scrupulousness of his commercial integrity. A female customer called at his shop one day inquiring if he had any butter. "No, my good woman," answered Patie. The woman left the shop, and had proceeded some considerable distance, when the merchant oblivious for the time being of every other person, and of his place of business, was seen running after her, shouting, "Woman! woman! stap a wee till A speak tae ya." The woman stopped, and when Patie came up, he proceeded to qualify his statement that he had no butter, by explaining to his would-be customer, that "he had no butter *for sale:* he had a little in the hooth upstairs on a plate, bit it was for his ain uthe, an' no for thale."

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

A Wigtonian was in days of yore returning home from the country towards evening. At a lonely part of the road his progress was opposed by no less a personage than Satan himself. But our hero's pluck was equal to the trying occasion, and he determined not to look behind him, but do valorous battle with this so great an ad-

versary. He spurned defensive measures, and determined on the aggressive; so with a valour which put to the back of the wall the gallant bravery of Don Quixote, our heroic Wigtonian, perhaps animated by the thought of the imperishable fame that would crown his name in future ages should he vanquish his mortal foe on this occasion, resolved to make a bold attack. He rushed on his foe, who seemed proudly to defy the strength of his opponent's arm, and, as if conscious of impregnability, did not even return a blow. But might his passive and inert conduct not be attributable to the force of our valiant townsman's attack, which may possibly have been so puissant as even to have stunned the foe of all mankind? Following up this advantage, our hero entered into close quarters with his opponent, and then came the "tug" of war. Our valorous friend was labouring with a grand idea: to throw his Satanic majesty into the adjacent loch! What a noble aspiration! To benefit the whole race of mankind, by freeing them for ever from their most mortal foe. With this end in view he manfully pulled and pulled, and tugged and tugged, at the expense of an enormous amount of sweat and effort and energy on his part. At length Satan yielded to the force of superior strength, and had to submit to the disgrace of being dragged along, as it were, at the victor's car, and when brought to the edge of the fatal loch he was remorselessly plunged into the water, whose peaceful bosom "felt unusual weight" as it received the arch-enemy, who at length found rest at the bottom of its vasty depths. We regret to seem to tarnish the glory of this achievement, which has laid the world in everlasting obligation to our townsman, by recording that a person who considers himself "cute," has discovered that the hero was a little "elevated" on the occasion, and thought that an old black gate-post, which stood by itself fixed in the ground, was the devil. This world has never wanted detractors.

DR. ADAIR AND THE FIRST SECESSION.

The Rev. Dr. Adair was minister of the Parish of Whithorn when the first secession from the ranks of the Established Church took place. One Sunday morning, a little before kirk-time, the doctor's old housekeeper, by name Helen Clelland, rushed into the presence of her esteemed and reverend master in a state of almost breathless excitement, at the same time exclaiming, "Ee wud really neeed tae exerceese yersel', sir, for thae seceder bodies is playin' the weary. If ee only saw hoo the folk's flockin' doon tae the laigh meetin'-hoose." The good man, however, remained undaunted, notwithstanding the startling intelligence conveyed by his housekeeper, and replied, "Weel weel, Helen, let them gang, ee didna' see yin among their number carryin' ony o' my steepan' wi' them."

A NOTABLE TRIO.

Three somewhat remarkable men ended their days in Whithorn within a comparatively short time of each other. They were all three of different professions, but had in their respective careers a good deal in common. The idea of introducing them in a colleclive and associated form was suggested to us by the recollection of a proposal (in a private circle, however,) which was made some years ago, to get up a public subscription for the erection of a memorial-stone to transmit their names to posterity. They were all pretty successful men in their different avocations at one period of their lives; but, sad to relate, were all at last reduced to the necessity of appearing in the closing scenes of life's drama supported at the pnblic expense, and all three fill paupers' graves. These three men, so well known in their day and generation, were James Tooch, necromancer, juggler, and fire-king; Hugh Irvine, cancer doctor; and Robert (?) Macindoe, dancing master. The first named was a native

of the parish, having been born in the Isle of Whithorn. The other two were "exotics," the instructor in calisthenics and deportment being from the Glen of Campsie, and the man of elixirs hailing from the "old counthry."

James Tooch, Touch, or Tough (sometimes known when at a distance from home as Professor De La Touche, or by similar high-sounding titles savouring of the Continent), was at one time quite a celebrated adept at "sleight of hand" and conjuring tricks. Many a time the denizens of Whithorn, especialiy the younger portion of them, were astonished beyond measure at his wonderful feats. He could bring live canaries out of hen's eggs; throw a pack of cards above his head, causing any one of them chosen by an onlooker to stick fast to the ceiling. He could wash his bare arms in molten lead; dance on a red-hot girdle with unshod feet, and swallow a plateful of blazing tow. He could receive a metal bullet in his hand, fired from a *bona fide* pistol, without the slightest injury accruing therefrom; and many more acts of legerdemain was Mr. Tooch capable of doing, too numerous to mention, and as varied as they were numerous. Well does the narrator remember, at one of Mr. Tooch's last public performances in his native district, of eating a piece of plum-pudding made in the wizard's hat, which was professedly produced from the raw material, without the aid of either fire or water. The hat was placed on its crown, and a little dry flour and a few currants introduced, when, by no other process visible to uninitiated eyes than the "presto" of the Magician, the result afore-mentioned was produced, "warm, reekin', rich," and ready for distribution among such of the spell-bound audience as were not too fastidious to test its qualities.

In his declining years, Mr. Tooch seemed to have lost a good deal of his former accomplishments in legerdemain. The hand refused to act with the celerity requisite to the

deception of inquisitorial eyes, and he who had filled multitudes of young and old with awe and admiration, as he converted silver coins into gold, was at length compelled to solicit the charity of his neighbours, in the shape of baser metal than either the one or the other.

Mr. Tooch had, among other peculiarities, an aversion to everything of Hibernian savour, something akin to that entertained by Dr. Johnson, the Lexicographer, towards Scotland and the Scotch. He was very fond of good plaintive music, and specially of the beautiful melody to which "The Last Rose of Summer" is wedded. On hearing it played on the violin, he used to say, "fine tune that, what a pity its Irish." He had naturally a good deal of the gentleman in his manner and bearing, and this was characteristic of him in the years of his adversity, as well as amid the sunshine that lit his path in the former period of his life, when he used to be pronounced one of the finest looking men, and about the gayest "dandy" to be seen on the streets of Whithorn.

The second of the three individuals classed together in this notice, had the celebrity of accomplishing cures in cases of ulcerous disease, where ordinary medical skill was supposed to be at sea. One thing is certain, that a good many sufferers from maladies of the description alluded to, experienced the value of his skilful treatment. His mode of dealing with such cases, and his success in effecting the healing of them, were the result of discoveries that had been made by his uncle, and revealed to him (the subject of the present sketch) when a youth in his native home, among the secluded vales and sunny slopes of the "tight little island." He was for a good many years a settled practitioner in and around Whithorn, but his acknowledged usefulness were very much frustrated by the degrading and enslaving habit of intemperance, of which

he was a victim of the most decided stamp. The writer remembers a short and graphic account of his career which appeared in one of the local newspapers at the time of his death. The concluding paragraph was to the effect that the renowned cancer doctor had breathed his last in a low lodging-house. The worthy landlord of said institution, on hearing that his house had been maligned and misrepresented as a "low lodging-house," at once repaired to the home of the newspaper correspondent, and commenced a storm of abuse against that "limb of the law," for daring to apply such an insulting epithet to his well-conducted establishment. On the "Special" explaining, however, that the term "low" was merely applied to the height of the building, the proprietor of the vagrant's asylum was completely satisfied, and returned to his home in peace.

The third and last of this eminent trio, Mr. Macindoe, was an individual of very polished manners and address, and a general favourite, especially among the devotees of "the poetry of motion." He was a very careful and able instructor in all the mysteries and intricacies of "the light fantastic toe" performance. Mr. Macindoe was for a considerable time a regular visitor to Whithorn in his professional capacity. His name was a household word, and his plan of training the young idea was thoroughly adapted to the capabilities of his pupils.

Mr. Macindoe was a decidedly original character, especially excelling in repartee and an easy turn of ready wit. He might have taken his place amongst the best teachers of dancing in the country had it not been for an unfortunate and oft recurring attack of "drouth" which troubled him, and rather frequently led to the entire neglect of his professional duties, tending to shake the public confidence, which had otherwise rested in him, as a fit and proper person to initiate the rising generation in the etiquette and

demeanour of the assembly room. Mr. Macindoe knew his own weakness on this point, and occasionally made some desperate attempts to overcome his implacable foe, but such efforts soon proved futile, and more particularly so when there was most need to carry them to a successful issue, as on the occasions of his balls, &c.

On one of these events transpiring, Mr. Macindoe was more than usually earnest and determined in grappling with his merciless enemy; but at length he succumbed, and cut the same sorry figure before his long-suffering patrons he had so often previously done in similar circumstances.

In the course of his instructions, he sometimes, in an evil moment, would give way to a little unparliamentary language, which only served, however, to amuse his young incorrigibles. At other times he indulged in a little of the playful style of serving his threats, such as—

"If you don't do, I'll make you do,
For my name is Mr. *Macindoe*."

Such were these three public characters; all possessed of considerable talents, and all to some extent men of note in their several professions, but all of whom, either from misfortune or mis-conduct, spent the evening of their days in abject poverty, and drew the parting breath without a relation to soothe or minister to their wants.

TAM TAPPIN'S MARRIAGE.

Among the many interesting specimens of the "loose screw" in and about Whithorn, one, worthy of a little notice, rejoiced in the euphonious soubriquet of Tam Tappin. Tam was one of that class of persons to be met with in many communities, who have the reputation of possessing most of the faculties common to humanity, but are yet considered to have "a slate off." He, like many others who get credit for wiser heads, at one epoch of his life proposed

to enter the state of matrimony, thinking he had as good a right as those around him to procure an "help-meet." Thomas, who was resolved to make it an important occasion to many besides himself and his intended, set out one day on an excursion of invitation, visiting almost every home within the limits of the good town, and requesting the attendance of nearly every inmate of said homes, when he was at it, to witness his newly-found felicity. The day was fixed for the auspicious event, and all necessary preparations were being gone about, on Tam's part at least. Big with expectancy, the would-be Benedict went to Mess John to acquaint him with his matrimonial intentions, and solicit the favour of his securing the knot that was to bind him and his affianced together for life. The minister, however, begged to differ from Tam in his opinion as to the judiciousness of such a step on the part of one regarded by all as unfit for patriarchal duties, and accordingly refused to have anything whatever to do with the ceremony or its celebration. Tam, being now in an unexpected fix, did what was perhaps the best thing in the circumstances, viz., set out on a second mission to all the homes lately visited by him when an expectant bridegroom, and informed his intended guests that his nuptial project was indefinitely postponed. His communication was delivered verbally at every door, and ran as follows—"Och! och! there's tae be nathin' o't efter a'!"

TRADITIONS OF WHITHORN KIRK SESSION.

Once upon a time, a man who had been charged with the paternity of an illegitimate child persisted in maintaining his innocence, despite all the accusations of his fair accuser. The Kirk Session were at their wits' end what to do. His previously unimpeachable conduct being taken into account, they were unwilling to force him into an admission he seemed so very reluctant to make. The

venerable Pastor, who presided over their deliberations, at last conceived a happy idea, which resulted in a thorough settlement of the difficulty. He ordered the accused party to take himself outside, as far as as the kirk-en', and there look across the kirkyard in the direction of the Bruce Ha', the judgment in the case to be given on his coming back to the Session's conclave. On his return it was immediately discovered that the whisker on the side of his face, that was turned in the direction prescribed by the minister, had become as white as the ceiling of the sacred edifice itself, whereas it had been but a few short minutes before a suitable match to the sandy-coloured ornament that luxuriated on the opposite side of his horror-stricken countenance. This splendid and altogether successful stroke of policy at once set the matter at rest. His guilt was completely established, and decision given in accordance with the finding.

On another occasion a similar case turned up before the same tribunal, the impeached individual in this instance being no less a personage than the "minister's man." All the members of the Session (the minister included) were satisfied that "Wullie" was really the father of the unwelcome little piece of humanity that was thus unconsciously making a noise in the world at such an early stage of its career. But Wullie was immovable in his determination to deny all guilt as to the charge preferred against him. Being a favourite with his master, "Wullie" was at length acquitted, everyone, both inside and outside the church court being, however, firmly persuaded that it should have been ruled otherwise. The worthy shepherd of the flock had especially formed a foregone conclusion on the subject all along. Meeting his "man" one day on the road that led from the manse to the church, and thence to the town, he accosted him thus—"Noo, Wullie, atween you an' me, whun there's nae gossipin' haverils tae hear us, is the wean

no yours?" To which Wullie replied, in an injured but unwavering tone—"Weel, sir, if it's mine, may the grun' open frae the Glebe stile tae the kirk liggat, an' swallow you an' me baith." The minister, evidently fearing the consequences of Wullie's rash and dreadful invocation, abated not his speed till he got beyond the boundary alloted by his daring "factotum" to the yawning of mother earth on their special account.

A SAD CASE.

About forty-three years ago, a young man named Boyle, of weak intellect, on being annoyed by some boys, ran after them, and capturing a little fellow (whether one of the party who had been tormenting him or not, we are not certain), sunk the blade of a reaping hook in his head, the stroke proving fatal. Boyle was tried at Ayr for the murder of the boy, and sentenced to be confined for life in the "black hole" under the stairs of the Whithorn jail. Here he spent several years in great filth and wretchedness, till death relieved his sufferings. We do not think he was ever properly washed, or had his clothes changed, during the time of his confinement. As might have been expected, he got so wild as to render his approach almost dangerous. It was a most inhuman mode of treating one who should have been regarded as only very partially responsible for his actions, and for whom the criminal ward of a lunatic asylum would have been a more fitting place of confinement, than the horrible, dark, pestilential dungeon to which he was committed.

A FRIGHT.

In the year 1814, when the new jail was in course of building, an intimation was put up, to the effect that any person or persons seen prowling about the works would be

prosecuted. One evening, after the masons had left the work, Johnnie D—— was observed by Clerk Milroy himself strolling about the forbidden ground. The Clerk went over to him, and very blandly offered to show him the new "Thief's Hole." When he got John inside the den in question, he locked him in, and left him there to indulge in his meditations. Johnnie had not been long in, when an old Irishman, named Ned C——, was shown the same civility for the like offence. When Johnnie heard that he was getting company, he kept himself quiet till his brother-in-bonds was fairly settled in this dark and not very desirable retreat, then all at once he gave a succession of the most eldritch yells. Poor old Ned, not knowing that he had a fellow-prisoner beside him, at once concluded that some evil spirit was in the Hole. He was heard by the people outside roaring, "Mother of Moses, and all the Pharaohs, have mercy on me, and deliver me!"

YOUNG WHITHORN OF THE PAST.

The writer can remember a time when the jail was crammed to suffocation with a lot of youths who had risen up in open rebellion against the powers that were. It had been the custom from time immemorial for the boys of the town to be regaled with a big bowl of hot punch, served out round a blazing bonfire on the street, opposite the "Red Lion," where the Council were drinking my Lord's health, with his own wine from his own cellar, his own flunkies waiting, and the burgh officers keeping sentry at the door in their best uniforms. The Council had determined to stop this old custom, and hence the riot for which the malcontents were imprisoned. Young Whithorn's blood was up, and in their fury and thirst for revenge they assaulted the guard at the door of the hotel, and drove them ignominiously from their post. They then threw red-hot firebrands

through the windows of the house of entertainment, on to the table where the wiseacres were enjoying themselves. The same band of youthful rioters afterwards set fire to the jail, and, in the interests of public safety, had to be set at liberty before the expiry of their sentence.

CLERK MILROY.

In the palmy days of ultra-conservative rule, which prevailed under the close Burgh system, the local Lord of the Manor, (the Earl of Galloway) swayed an almost absolute sceptre over the affairs of Whithorn. He once a year entertained the Town Council, and his own retainers, to a dinner in the "Red Lion Inn" (then the principal hostelry in the place,) on which occasion, the election of the Magistrates and Councillors for the ensuing year took place. The dignity of the Provostship was, in those halcyon times, generally conferred on some private friend of his Lordship, in London or Edinburgh. Clerk Milroy, being the only acknowledged fixture in the august senate, filled the multifarious offices of Town Clerk, Solicitor, Notary Public, Supreme Judge and sole Juryman, in the administration of law and justice (?). In most of the trials which took place before him, this rural despot of the olden time dispensed with everything in the shape of witnesses. He was long a terror to evil-doers, but whether a praise or protection to those that did well was sometimes the subject of grave doubt. He usually refused to hear any attempt at defence from the luckless wights that were brought before him, so that in cases of feuds or disputes of whatever kind, "first in was best served." The contributor of these few particulars regarding this remarkable man, the "Leucophibian Cæsar" of his day, remembers of a female vagrant gaberlunzie having, about the year 1815, the hardihood "to beard the lion in his den," by stealing a quantity of wearing apparel from the

Clerk's own "Dulce Domum." He had her brought up before himself, and without the slightest form of trial, (in the generally accepted sense of the term,) sentenced her to be confined for some days in the Thief's Hole of the Burgh jail, and also to sit for three hours each day, during the period of her imprisonment, on the pillory, which was then a conspicious object in the middle of the street. While seated there, she exhibited across her forehead a card or board, on which was inscribed in large letters, "I am Margaret O'Neil, a Thief."

The Clerk's principal assistant, in the discharge of the numerous duties which devolved upon him, was a Sheriff Officer, yclept Snap Conning, who was, by-the-bye, considered the more skilful lawyer of the two. Besides the other ills that flesh is heir to, Snap was pretty frequently troubled with "a spark in the throat." When he made any mistake connected with the affairs of his profession, the Clerk was in the habit of sending for Jamie Culloch, burgh officer and town drummer, whom he would instruct to put the other offending official in the lock-up. On one of these occasions, when Jamie came to give Snap his dinner, the latter slipped past his warder, and locked him in, instead of himself, or at least shut him in and fixed the hasp, which rendered Jamie's exit equally impracticable for the time being. The liberated man of summonses and warrants at once proceeded across the street, to his master's house, in the hope of moving the great man's sympathies on his behalf. On asking the Clerk when he was going to let him out of "quod," that irate dignitary replied, "How dare you ask such a question at me you scoundrel! Are you not out already?" to which Snap retorted "A ken that Sir, but A hae left a man in my place." The ingenious "Snap" had the rare (and, to him useful) gift, of being able to keep in the good graces of both pursuers and defendants. This talent he usually exercised

in the following manner—when he went to serve a distress warrant, he would say to the party affected thereby "ga, me tippence for a gless, an' A'll tell ye hoo tae foil them;" while to the pursuers, for the same insignificient considerations, he would give all instructions necessary to make matters as secure as possible.

Clerk Milroy, at the time of Buonaparte's threatened invasion, was for some time commanding officer of the local militia. One night, a hue and cry was got up that the French were about to land at Counan shore, a small bay a little to the north-west of Burgh-head, and some three miles distant from Whithorn. The would-be-warrior-chief ordered the bugle to be sounded, to muster the force of that little chosen band of patriots. They set out in the dark to meet the invading foe, but not before performing an affecting exhibition of farewell-taking with mothers and wives, sisters, sweethearts, and bosom friends generally. Their gallant captain, in addressing his valiant troops said, "Keep your powder dry till within range of the enemy, but as a matter of expediency and safety, leave all the gates open on the line of march, in case of a necessary retreat!" Fortunately for the destinies of "La Belle France," it proved a false alarm. The occasion of all this display of patriotism was the putting into the bay, from stress of weather, of a Manx fishing boat, with three half-drowned fishermen.

On one occasion a ball was held in the present Townhall, Whithorn. The purveyor of the music was a local violinist, John ——. One of the guests was a gentleman whose *sobriquet* was "Cockem," a title given to him, we believe, on account of his fondness of the fine old Highland reel, "Cock-a-bendie." There were some prisoners in the adjoining Debtors'-room, and their friends were holding a "jollification" with them. In the course of the

night the Turnkey, John W., was dispatched for more drink. He left the key in the unlocked door of the prison, merely putting on the chain. "Cockem" happened to pass, and noticing the key in the door, took it out and went away down street. When the turnkey returned with the drink, he found the key was away, and he immediately got into a dreadful state of excitement. He went over to Clerk Milroy's house, which was opposite the hall; and after ringing the bell violently, desired the mistress, who answered the door, to inform the Clerk of his grievance. "Na, na," quoth the mistress, "A wudna tell him that for a geenie: ee maun juist tell him yersel': he's upstairs in his bed." Up went John to the bedroom, and as soon as the Clerk heard the news, he made one spring out of bed on to the floor, shouting "the Burgh's bankrupt!" Half-dressed, and armed with a great shillelah, he rushed across the street into the Town-hall, shouting, "A robbery! a robbery! a general search!" In the course of the hubbub, old John the fiddler, who was rather dull of hearing, and probably a little elevated, scarcely comprehended the real state of matters, and kept tuning away at his fiddle. The imperious Clerk, irritated at this apparent indifference and contempt, raised his ponderous shillelah, and with one stroke knocked his cremona to atoms. At this juncture "Cockem" arrived, and having first laid the missing key on the step at the door of the Debtor's room, entered the ball-room. "What's a' this aboot?" inquired he. "Ah!" was the response, "ee'll hae tae be searched tae." "Bit," said he, "come and look; maybe the key's no awa'." Accordingly, with a light in hand, he led a party to the step where the key lay, and pointing to it exclaimed, "There! ya stupids! there's the key lyin' afore yer een." The effect of this discovery was instantaneous. The Clerk went home satisfied; a fresh violin was put

into the musician's hand, and the mirth and fun again waxed fast and furious.

THE LAST OF THE FAIRIES.

An old lady, still living and resident in the town of Whithorn, testifies to the truth of the following remarkable statement. She lived with her husband and family on a small farm, on the Glasserton estate, called the Long-hill, situated at about a mile from the Burgh of Whithorn, for well nigh half a century. Upwards of forty years ago, her secluded domicile was visited by an extraordinary diminutive female, who very suddenly appeared, and as suddenly vanished from sight, and it is believed to this day by the good lady herself, and also by many other people in the neighbourhood, that the small individual was no pigmy of the genus "Homo," but a veritable member of the Elfin race, who had for some time previous been considered extinct, in this district at least. The fairy, on entering the house, in an altogether unperceived manner, immediately addressed the mistress thus: "Cud ee spare me a wee sowp o' milk for an unweel wean?" to which, with her usual generosity of heart, the lady of the house responded that she would gladly do so, at the same time filling the little woman's pitcher, which she held in her hand. She thanked her benefactress as an ordinary mortal might have done in similar circumstances. The second and only other visit of this feminine Puck was made about twenty years after the first, when the same kindly-disposed lady was washing some tripe at the door. The strange visitant on this occasion addressed her former donor of the milk as follows:—"Ay, ee hae been weshing puddin's here this twunty eers, an' ee'll wesh them twunty eers tae come: nor wull ee ever want a pickle snuff." The prophecy of the well-wishing fairy was fufilled, and all who have heard the story from the old lady

herself are satisfied that whatever the explanation of the visits to the Long-hill may be, these visits were, to her, at least, no "Midsummer Night's Dream.

BETRAYAL OF MUNROE.

There has for a considerable time past existed a sort of half-legendary story to the effect that an old woman, who died a number of years ago in the Rotten Row of Whithorn, confessed to a clergyman who occasionally attended her in her last illness that she had betrayed one who had figured prominently in one of the unhappy rebellions that have so frequently distracted the sister isle. The story is something like the following. The patriot-chief being pursued by a troop of Government soldiers, took refuge in a little cotter's house, which was occupied by the woman alluded to, when his pursuers were so close on his track that hiding was the only means of escape before him. He told the inmate of the hovel his unhappy plight, and she agreed, for a purse and sovereigns that were in his possession, to place him beyond all possibility of discovery. He was so carefully concealed in some pig-stye or other out-house that his pursuers were just about to give up the search they had been making in and around the hut. Before galloping off to try another scent, the captain of the party offered the woman a handsome bribe if she would deliver Munroe up to them, which she accepted, thus receiving one bribe from the patriot to place him in a safe hiding, and another from his pursuers for discovering to them his place of refuge. The incident itself is quite authentic, and has been immortalized in street ballad minstrelsy; but whether the old woman, with whose name it is here associated, had anything to do with it or not, is another question.

UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A MUNICIPAL MANDATE.

Of an ancient and officious Town Clerk of Whithorn it

is said that on one occasion he caused a proclamation to be made in the Royal Burgh to the effect, that "any person or persons having swine upon the street after this notice will be shot" (!). After this mandate had been issued, unfortunately for himself, the Clerk sallied forth to the street, armed with a gun to do mortal combat with any roaming porkers. (We humanely construe the above proclamation into meaning that it was the swine and not their proprietors that were to be shot in certain circumstances). He had not gone far when he noticed an ample target in the shape of his own sow. Short of sight, and not recognising his own property, he fired his fowling-piece, and killed the animal. The proclamation was suspended.

"JEDDART JUSTICE."

On one occasion he put a supposed thief—an aged female—into the joug's. She elicited the sympathy of the boys by crying, "Kill me, O spectawters." It being afterwards found that she was innocent of the crime laid to her charge, she was liberated.

NO NUISANCE.

A committee of a certain Town Council in the south of Scotland, appointed to inquire into an alleged nuisance, reported that after examining the dunghill they found that it contained *sinners* only.

ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

An Irishwoman who lived in Mochrum, in giving her evidence in Wigtown Sheriff Court anent a quarrel which had occurred between two of her neighbours, said, on being questioned as to how the *fracas* commenced, &c., "Hur and hur cyast out, and hur hut hur with a stone: but if hur had hut hur as hur hut hur, hur would have kailled hur, or hur hur."

THE RULING PASSION.

About the beginning of this century there lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Whithorn a somewhat eccentric old farmer, many of whose witticisms and peculiarities have been handed down to posterity by those who enjoyed his acquaintance. He once went to see how his "boy" was getting on with his harrowing. The harrows were of the rude, primitive description, displaying very little complicated mechanical construction: in fact the implement consisted of four bills, and was drawn by an old mare. To the master's surprise, he found the mare on the top of a whinny-hill — the harrows being firmly fixed among the whins. As for the boy he was nowhere to be seen. It turned out that the Laird of Physgill was hunting at the time on the farm with a pack of dogs, and the temptation being too much for the boy to resist, he had joined in the chase, leaving the old mare and the harrows to take care of themselves. On another occasion the same boy was in the barn with a flail. The hunters being again abroad, the farmer, fearing that Sandy might again "bolt," made for the barn to prevent such a contingency. At length the sound of the horn fell on the boy's ear, but the old man kept him going at his task until he had sufficient fodder for the beasts. Sandy, however, longing to get enjoying the sport of the hunt, hit upon a happy idea for the purpose of getting his work interrupted. Apparently anxious to do his best at his labour, he brought down the flail with such terrible thuds that he split the "supple" in pieces. This disturbed the master's mental equilibrium very much, but his boy took it very cool, remarking that he had another supple in reserve, and proceeding to get things put to right. But no sooner had another blast of the horn and another deep bay of the dogs fallen upon Sandy's ear, than

the second supple shared the fate of the first, which drew the rebuke from the old farmer: "Deil's in the boy; it wud tak' the Wud o' Bargaly tae keep ya in supples whun Glesserton an' his dogs come athort."

A WEIRD WHITHORN STORY.

Long, long ago, there lived in Whithorn a tailor who was an elder of the Church, and who used to "whip the cat," that is, go to the country to ply his trade. Being once engaged at a farmhouse, the farmer told him to bring his wife with him and spend an afternoon at the farm. The invitation was accepted, and, on returning at night, the attention of the knight of the needle and his better half was attracted to an old kiln situated at the low end of the Rotten Row, from which rays of light were emanating. This surprised the worthy couple, all the more as the old kiln had for long been in a state of disuse. Their curiosity being thus awakened, they approached to look through the chinks of the door, when, to their astonishment, they beheld a sight somewhat similar to that seen by Tam o Shanter at "Alloway's auld haunted kirk." Among the "dramatis personæ," who should they recognise but the minister's wife, whom they both knew well. She, along with a bevy of withered hags, was engaged in "cantrips," being distinguished by a peculiar kind of garter which she wore. Next Sabbath the tailor-elder demanded a meeting of the Kirk Session, but the minister declared that the story was a monstrosity, as his wife had not been out of bed that night. Not being easily repressed, however, the tailor requested that the minister's wife should be brought there and then before the Session. When she appeared, it was found that she had on the identical garters she had worn on the night when she was seen by the triumphant tailor. This startling and overwhelming corroboration of the truth o the *fama* quite non-

plussed the minister; and, as the story has it, before the next Sunday he and his lady were "ower the Borders an' awa'."

THE FORCE OF SUPERSTITION.

About the same time as the preceding incident is reported to have occurred, an old woman named Elspeth M'Keand, lived in the farm of Talmallet, near Whithorn. She had the notoriety of being in league with the enemy of mankind, and on one occasion was arraigned before the Magistrates of Whithorn for some of her supposed uncanny doings, but the authorities, not endorsing the general belief in such matters, set her at liberty. So disappointed and enraged were the community at her liberation, that they caught her and inserted a host of new brass pins in her body, and afterwards dragged her down to the shore at Dinnance, holding her below water till life was nearly extinct. The old woman never fairly recovered from this cruel treatment, and when she died her remains were objected to, as being not fit to lie in the ordinary graveyard.

As throwing light upon the practice of testing witchcraft by the application of pins, we may here mention that in a work by J. B. Greenshields, Esq., Advocate, entitled "Annals of Lesmahagow," a case is given in which, by appointment of the Presbytery of Lanark, an official tested by pins no fewer than eleven persons suspected of witchcraft, and the operator reported that by the process no pain seemed to be suffered by the suspected females.

AN ORIGINAL SCHOOLMASTER.

In a Burgh not a hundred miles from Whithorn, there lived at one time an old schoolmaster who devoted his attention to an adventure school, but who afterwards, rising in the estimation of the minister of the parish, was pro-

moted, through the clergyman's influence, to a side school in a neighbouring village. Here he was well liked, not only as a good dominie, but also on account of the native drollery of his nature. He might have passed for a member of the Society of Friends, so averse was he to titles and "new fangledness," as he used to call it. One morning a little urchin presented himself at school behind time, and was at once questioned as to the cause of his late appearance. He replied that Mr. So-and-So had sent him a "yerran." "Aye, aye," retorted the master, "its a' verra guid, bit A'll gae ya a wee taste o' this" (producing the cane); "it's no verra sweet, bit its gey an' wholesome." Down came the cane, and out shouted the suspected truant. "A wus awa' a yerran for *Mr.* So-and-So, an' if ee speer him he'll tell ya it's true." "Ee wur awa' a yerran for *Mr.* So-and-So," shouted the enraged schoolmaster; "ya leein' little scoonerell! ya ken well aneuch there's nae *Mr.* So-and-So in the village: was it *Jock* So-and-So ee wur awa' the yerran for?" "Aye," cried the terrified boy, "it wus." "Weel," rejoined the master, "cud ee no hae said sae at first, an' no telt sae mony lees aboot it. Ee ken verra weel there's nae man o' that name in the village, an' the neist time ee gang ony yerran for *Jock*, dinna ee come tae me wi' ony o' yir "misters." He once overheard a "crack" between two of his pupils on the question of whether they would present the dominie's wife with an old black "cutty" pipe which had come into their possession—the good lady being fond of a whiff. The knight of the birch, notwithstanding this generous subject of discussion, remarked to the boys, "It's verra considerate in ya, an' by way o' return A'll gae ya an extra allooance o' the cane." He used to remark that "some folks liked tae be big in their way—some being pleased wi' the reputation o' being the *biggest leears* in the Perish."

A SELL.

Many years ago a worthy couple lived near Portyerrock shore. The guidman very often took a morning walk along the sea-side, looking out for "a fore," the name given to anything the sea might have cast up for the benefit of those who, by careful watching and searching, might add to their possessions. The boys of a neighbouring farmer, knowing the practice of the worthy man, took his own cart and ran it down to the sea-side when the tide was out, leaving it on its end, with the shafts in the air. The outlooker appeared on the scene when the tide had flowed, and soon perceived what he was sure were the masts of some small craft which he thought had gone down. He turned hastily back to get the help of his better half in order to gather up the gear that had thus been sent to them; but on returning to the spot, the receding tide revealed the wheels of his own cart! His hopes, "like beads of the morning strung upon slender blades of grass," speedily vanished, and he had to be satisfied with trudging home for his horse wherewith to draw back his own cart.

ONLY A HAGGIS.

An old Whithornian, who earned a scanty pittance by the aid of a pony and cart, was once entrusted with the delivery on board a steamer which had put into a neighbouring port, of a Scotch haggis—a new year's present from the sender to friends in England, whither the steamer was to sail. It appeared, however, that the haggis never reached its destination, and the person who had entrusted it to the old carter took him to task about it, remarking that the parcel had been a valuable one. After pressing the carrier rather closely, it transpired that his faculty of scent had been as keen as his appetite, and that having found that the parcel was not one of horse shoes, he had inserted his fingers at

first, and then from less to more, till at last the delicacy had entirely disappeared under his voracious attacks. Facing his interrogator with an effrontery which was scarcely in keeping with the disclosure of his dishonesty, he exclaimed, "Ee needna haud sae muckle wark aboot it. It wus nae valuable parcel, as ee said it wus. What aboot it? it was only a haggish, an' A think ee needna mak' sae muckle din aboot it."

A CONSIDERATE SON.

A poor old woman at Wigtown died, and was buried in or near the grave said to be that of Provost Coltrane, of ill fame. It was after the interment, however, that her son was made aware of his mother's remains being in such close proximity to those of the old municipal ruler we have already named. He would have her disinterred and buried at some distance from the detested spot, remarking that "it wud be a pretty like thing tae see my mither rising at the Last Day in the company o' an auld persecutor like Coltrane."

OUTSPOKEN.

An Irishman who had been an inmate of Wigtown prison for a while, on being liberated was accompanied to the outside of the "establishment" by the governor. Pat took a very particular view of the building, and remarked, "O, its a very purty place, but a very bad *meat-house.*"

GOOD.

Pat had not such a golden opinion of the "Marine Villa" as another inmate had, who remarked when he was liberated, that there seemed to be a blessing in the porridge served out therein to the prisoners, for no sooner was a spoonful taken out of the dish than the hole immediately closed up.

HOW TO REAR FAT PIGS.

An enterprising young agriculturist, whose farm is not a hundred miles from Wigtown, once entered into conversation with a friend on the subject of swine-feeding. He imparted to his friend a plan whereby to fatten pigs on a cheap method. He had raised pigs up to twenty-three stones at the age of only six months. "Weel, dae ee ken," proceeded the farmer, unfolding his mode, "hoo A manage tae fatten them? A fill a troch fou o' water, an' then A pit a spoonfu' or twa o' oil in't, an' steers the oil through the water, an' efter a' wee it a' floats on the tap, an' the swine thinks it's a' oil tae the bottom, an' it slaps it intilt. A see," continued he, "that swine's juist lake the human race; onything they get ower handy they think nae gear aboot, bit juist let them hae some deeficulty tae get at a thing, an they'll think far mair o't. Weel, A juist saw a proof o' that wi' an aul' soo o' mine. A gaed an' A bocht twa bows o' rotten prawtas till feed her on, an' A juist jaloused that she wudna tak' them, an' A happit up the prawtas wi' strae, an' put kin' o' sticks an' things roon them, tae keep her that she wudna get at them; bit A jaloused what she wud dae. A kent if A gaed her guid meat she wudna care aboot it whun it wus reakit till her ower handy. An A juist watched, an' saw that she gaed tae the bing o' prawtas, an' hoakit awa' the boards wi' her nose, till she got at the rotten prawtas, an' she snappit them up, an' took a guid bellyfa every time she wus at them, an' she maybe thocht she had stole them unkent tae me." He once said to a person who happened to pass his farm that he had "gran' meat noo for swine." It was, he said, the carcase of a mare that died, which he had cut up into junks. He showed this person how he had "preserved" the meat—layer was placed above layer—and the farmer said he had cured it by "salting it wi'

peat-coom." Our swine-rearing readers will be deeply in our debt for publishing these "wrinkles," for their edification and imitation.

SCENE IN CHURCH.

Many years ago an incident took place in the old Secession Church, Wigtown, which startled and alarmed the congregation. The gallery of the Church was not completely floored, there being only a foot-board along which the occupiers of the pews walked when taking their seats. This caused a pretty wide space between the boards of the various pews, and a bible falling from the book-board would descend between the foot-boards to the limit of the gallery erection—the depth increasing as the seats ran backwards. On one occasion, a girl about 8 or 9 years of age was seated with her mother in one of the pews, and a bible dropping down between the footboards, the mother let the daughter down by the arm to pick it up. The depth under the seat might be perhaps 5 feet, and it was quite dark below. It so happened that when the girl was down searching for the bible the congregation rose to pray, which, of course, caused a rustling, rumbling sound. The terrified girl, imagining that the congregation were rising to leave the church, screamed out loudly and excitedly, "Murder! murder! mither, the kirk's gaun oot, an' A'll be left here a' mi lane!"

VARYING THE EXPRESSION.

Boys have generally sharp appetites, and sometimes fancy they derive satisfaction in even speaking of good eating. A few were one day met, when the question was asked at each, What had you to breakfast, dinner, and supper? One of the number—a publican's son—carried off the palm for the excellence of his meals: he had eggs, beef, pies, and what not. Another had porridge and milk to breakfast; broth, meat, and potatoes to dinner; and milk-porridge to

supper. An honest, blunt boy, said he had "prawtas" to breakfast, "prawtas" to dinner, and "prawtas" to supper. "Dae ye get nocht bit prawtas?" he was asked. "No," was the brief response. The last one interrogated as to his day's bill of fare, prompted perhaps by vanity, seemed desirous of telling a better and more varied tale than did his blunt companion, although his fare was composed of the very same article—prawtas. He was asked, "What dae ee get tae yer breakfast?" "Beattocks" (beat potatoes). "What dae ee get tae yer denner?" "Stovocks" (potatoe soup). "What dae ee get tae yer supper? "Peelocks" (potatoes boiled with their skins on).

A PECULIAR INVALID.

A Wigtown labouring-man was poorly for some time. A fellow-labourer called at his house one day to inquire for him, and found the invalid alone, lying in bed on his back motionless, and with his eyes closed. The silence of the apartment, and the sick man's posture and appearance, startled the visitor, who had keeked round the end of the bed, and he exclaimed with a yell, "O dear? are ye deed, Hughie L——?" Hughie responded, "A'm no dead, bit A'm speechless."

STANDING ON HIS DIGNITY.

A man named Stewart entered a Roman Catholic chapel in Galloway, under the influence of liquor. The Priest requested some of his audience to get the police to "put that mad man out." The intruder rose up and said, "A'm merely come tae see the kin' o' place mi fore-fethers went tae, for A'm yin o' the royal Stewarts o' Scotland." He was ultimately coaxed out.

BRINGING IT HOME.

Two Wigtonians were discussing the question of the

Repeal of the Corn-laws, when it was before the country. One of them, who was a master shoemaker, was strongly in favour of repeal, as it would cheapen provisions. The other coolly remarked, "A dinna ken if it wud: the duty's aff the leather, an' shoon's nae cheaper." "Good mornin'," smartly rejoined the reformer, "a frothy man! ee lake tae hear yersel' talkin'."

PLEASED WITH THE JOB.

A married couple once resided in town who did not live so agreeably together as they ought to have done. In course of time the wife died, and when the undertaker took her coffin to the house, and the corpse was placed in it, the widower there and then asked him his charge. "O, there's nae hurry for peyment," said the undertaker. "A bit A'll pey't the noo." "Weel, it'll be twa poun'." The widower at once laid down the money, remarking, "A dinna grudg't, for it fits her so netly."

A REPOSITORY.

When excavations were being made for the foundation of the present Clydesdale Bank, some people wondered what such a deep cutting was intended for. "O," remarked an old residenter, "that's whar' they intend tae pit the *past-due* boys."

A HALF-CROWN LADY.

The same old worthy, hearing people express surprise at the stylish and expensive dress of servant girls, exclaimed, "What! why, draper Johnny cud turn oot a leddy for half-a-croon."

A HOSPITABLE HOUSEWIFE.

Once the minister of Mochrum was overtaken by a shower of rain while going through his parish. He took shelter in the house of an Irish woman, and after the rain

was over, prepared to go. The woman suddenly stopped him, however, saying "Divil a stur or stur you'll do till ye take praties an' goat's butter an' an egg o' the black duck an' the white breast."

A WEAK WEE MAN.

A young man was quoting the following verse from Hogg's "Witch o' Fife" to an aged friend:

> "Then up there raise ane wee, wee man
> Frae 'neath the moss-gray stane,
> His face was wan like the cauliflower,
> For he nouther had bluid nor bane."

when the old man remarked, "He was a wake yin, Aleck."

AN OLD MAN'S DESCRIPTION OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

An old man in the district observed, with reference to the great Scottish hero: "Sir William Wallace wus a man that we hae naething lake noo-a-days. The Duke o' Wellin'ton coudna hae held a can'le tae him. He was seeven feet in heecht, an' three feet braid across the shoothers. He had ribs lake bars o' airn; a nose on his face lake the cooter o' a ploo, an twa een in his head lake twa burnin' can'les; an' wi' his lang twa-handed sword he cud hae cut doon as mony Englishmen as cud hae stood atween Wigtown an' the Brig o' Blednoch. My feth! he wusna slack."

BELIEVING YOUR OWN EYES.

Half a century ago, there lived in the Burgh John M——, a good, respectable, and intelligent man; intelligent, at least, so far as knowledge of the Bible and the Shorter Catechism and the doctrines of John Calvin were concerned, but innocent of philosophy and science. He met one day with another denizen, also of the name of John, somewhat versant in the sciences, in Agnew Crescent, and

the conversation between the two Johns turned upon the sun and the earth. Our scientific friend said the sun was stationary, and the earth moved round it; that Galileo had discovered this, and every intelligent person believed it, unless it was the Pope and the Roman Catholics, who condemned Galileo. "A would condemn him tae," said our honest worthy; "A believe nae sic' nonsense, man. A believe my ain een; for ever since A wus a boy the sun has risen and set, as my Bible says; an' as tae the rotundity o' the worl', as ee say, an' its movements, ever since A mind, Baldoon and the Bladnoch hae been doon there as we see them noo. Nane o' thae new fangled havers for me; A stick tae the Bible an' common sense," and John walked off with his victory over scientific discovery, preferring his ain een and common sense.

UNSOCIAL MONSTERS.

At the time the above incident occured, there lived in the High Street a good, honest, well-living merchant, who dealt in groceries and nick-nacks. At the time to which our story refers an Italian organ grinder, or hurdy-gurdy man, who had a tame bear chained, visited the town; and as he was passing down the street, in his exhibition of himself and his music and his bear, of course there was the usual attendance of boys and girls, and not a few adults. The Italian spoke only broken English, and no Scotch. Our Wigtonian merchant, above referred to, came forward to the Italian, and said abruptly, "Aboot what micht be the price o' a bear?" The owner turned round hastily, saying, "Duv ye vant to buy?" "No," said our townsman, "bit A wud juist lake tae ken." "If ye don't vant to buy, then what the divil?" The indignant response was, "You're unsocial monsters, you an' yer bear baith."

MAGISTERIAL PROCLAMATION.

The following has been handed to us as being a copy of a proclamation made by the magistrates of the Burgh of Wigtown many years ago, through the mouth of the bellman :—

"Notish !

All persons that keeps dogs going about in a rabid state is to be muzzled, and if not instantly muzzled, to be catched and thereafter shot, and the owners fined or imprisoned, by order of the Magistreets; and Notish also, that all boys found wrapping on the wrappers of the doors of the inhabitants and disturbing them, is to be brought before the Bailies to be fined or imprisoned, as knocking the wrappers in this Town will not be allowed after this Notish."

We have not heard how many persons were muzzled or shot upon this terrible occasion.

A COMPLAINT.

The following is a copy of a complaint sent by a Bailie (subsequently a Provost) of Wigtown to the Police :—"Mrs. M'Adams Woodside feeds Sheep with Pies [peas] about 7 o'c. morning, and 5 o'c. Evening, when Boys Cumes and Caries of the Pies and anoys Hir and Servin pleas stope this practice. Police."

A REMONSTRANCE.

Two Wigtown masons had completed the erection of a small bridge in the district, and were about with a hammer to strike away the scaffolding and props. But they seemed to have rather slim faith in the stability of the structure, and the hammer that was to clear the bridge of its surroundings was timidly passed from the one to the other. One of them then expostulated with the other, by remarking, "What ! James; sat twunty eers in the Seceder kirk, an' no ready tae gang yet ?"

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

In early times there was not the distance in social manners observed between employers and employed that is now prevalent. Somewhat of the Boaz spirit animated our forefathers in dealing with their operatives, and, of course, they were themselves gainers thereby, inasmuch as those under them, sensitive to kindness and consideration on the part of their masters, worked most conscientiously, and even lovingly. Two men on one occasion took their harvest at a farm in the parish of Wigtown. One of them was gifted in prayer, and was in the habit of making his prayer comprehensive, including supplication for the restoration of the Jews. One fine morning, the farmer invited him to lead the family worship, but before he began, his companion-harvester thus addressed him: "Noo, Anera, stey aboot the doors, an' dinna be wanerin' awa' amang the lost people, the Jews, scattered ower the face o' the earth, for we canna afford tae lose time this guid mornin'."

SPECIAL VOLUNTEER PRACTICE.

During the early days of the last Volunteer movement in Wigtown, the recruits used to drill in a field close to the town. The corps was then composed of burgesses, who, with all due deference to their loyalty, were scarcely the kind of material they make soldiers of. One of the Bailies, taking his morning constitutional, happened to pass the drill-ground as our gallant national defenders were skirmishing, and seeing them all running off at full speed, he shouted out to them, "Aye, boys! that's richt; practise the rinnin', ee'll maybe need that some day."

NOT BAD.

A certain burgess was no mean punster. On one occasion he was present at a public dinner, where, from some cause

or other there was a dearth of the customary toddy tumblers, and he had to drink his liquor in a wine glass. On being chafed by some of those present, he explained that he had given up drinking "in a *great* measure."

NOT COMPLIMENTARY.

A story is told of another convivial burgess who was present at a social gathering held in the town many, many years ago. When the evening was well advanced, he thought it incumbent upon him to propose a toast, and with that object in view he rose to his feet. By way of introduction, he wanted to explain that the healths of the notabilities in the room had already been proposed. He is reported to have begun as follows: "All the gentlemen in the room is already drunk; with whilk my heart accords." No doubt "the gentlemen in the room" repudiated the "mild impeachment."

THE "LAIRD O' THE KNOWE"

was an individual whose weakness for strong drink caused him to play many a queer prank. On one occasion when he had been drinking deep of the "flowing bowl," he happened to meet one of the Magistrates of the Burgh, whose advice he wanted on some particular matter. They adjourned to an hotel close by, although the worthy Bailie was as abstemious as his friend was intemperate. They discoursed the subject in point, and the Laird being pleased with the Bailie's advice as to the course he should adopt in the matter, insisted that he would "hae a dram" at his expense. This the Bailie positively refused to do. The Laird, however, a strong and powerfully-built man, had placed himself with his back against the door, determined that the Bailie should have something to drink before he got out. He had got hold of the Bailie's hat—a decent "lang-crooned yin"—and, unconsciously or in-

tentionally, kept passing it between his knees, till in a very short time it resembled more a German concertina, than the spicy silk beaver it once had been. The Bailie became exceedingly wroth, and succeeded in effecting an escape, vowing that he would at least insist on having a new hat in place of the old one thus destroyed. This the Laird consented to, and in the course of the day he purchased one, which was duly forwarded. He, however, thought that as he had paid for the new hat, he was entitled to the old one. The reasonableness of the request the Bailie at once admitted, and forthwith handed over the old hat. It might have been wondered what use it could possibly be to the Laird. Fond of "larking," and full of fun as any school-boy, he secured the services of the town-crier, who went the round of the town, intimating that a Bailie's hat would be offered for sale at a certain hour at the market-cross. This was too much for the magisterial temper to endure, and the sale was prevented. We might almost call the Laird's state of inebriation *chronic;* and the next morning—a Sunday—still in town, he found his way, in a state of mental haziness, to the Secession Church, in which the Bailie was a lay official. Wandering into the church, he took the first convenient seat he could find, but did not remain long there, for he proceeded a little further up the aisle, and seated himself in another pew. In a state of semi-unconsciousness he took a cursory glance round the church, and almost immediately he caught sight of the Bailie's venerable countenance. "Hallo! Bailie," he cried out, still full of the previous day's proceedings, "what aboot the aul' hat noo?" The scene that followed was exciting. The injured Bailie stood up, and with all the authority of his civic position, called on the burgesses present, in the king's name, to expel the intruder. The Laird was forcibly

ejected, and subsequently lodged in the Burgh jail, from which he was released in some four and twenty hours, we are afraid as much disposed as ever to perpetrate such pranks.

WIGTOWN PUNCH-BOWL, THE PROVOST, AND THE ANTIQUARIAN.

Like the other Royal Scottish Burghs, Wigtown was presented by Queen Anne with a capacious mahogany Punch-Bowl and ladle. These interesting objects, recently repaired, are now in one of the presses of the Council Chamber. A good many years ago, the Provost of the Burgh was visited by a gentleman of antiquarian fame, and the Chief Magistrate would have his learned guest to pay a visit of inspection to the Town's Punch Bowl. Arrived at the Courthouse, the Provost stated to the guidewife of the keeper of the Buildings the object of their visit, and requested her to bring forth the Royal Gift for the critical inspection of the learned antiquarian. We understand the chief civic ruler looked exceedingly confused when the homely housewife produced the lordly dish, meekly groaning under a load of unwashed *hippens!*

CHEAP AND DEAR LODGINGS.

An old man in Botany street kept a lodging-house, which was frequented mostly by poor hawkers and harvesters. When his lodgers drew in to the house at night, the old host would cry, "All you Penny boys, go to the garrett; and you Twopenny boys, come here and warm yer shins."

FRUIT *alias* COCKROACHES.

A washerwoman was doing some work at the house of a grocer, and on leaving got a vessel containing the boiling of ham with her, as a present. Cockroaches were rather rife in the house whence the ham boiling issued. The woman

cooked the liquid in some form or other, and placed a portion of it before her son. The brown back of a cock-roach began to heave up on the surface of the soup, and the boy drew his mother's attention to the fact. "Hoots! sir," she replied, "sup it up; its *raisin*."

BAULDY'S COMPLAINT.

An old man at Whithorn named Bauldy, who was of a very soft, easy disposition, and did not believe in making too much haste in any matter, was one day accosted by a friend with, "Hoo ir ee the day, Bauldy?" He replied, "Am no verra weel; A hae some list o' meat, bit nae list o' wark." It by and bye came to be commonly remarked of any one disposed to be lazy, that "he had Bauldy's complaint."

A WHITHORN CHARACTER.

About the beginning of the present century, there were several "characters" among the various tradesmen of Whithorn. One of these was a cartwright, who was a notorious poacher and an expert fisher. He built a boat for his fishing excursions, but it was so clumsy that a neighbour remarked, "Hughie, A doot that may be yer coffin yet." He replied, "She may be my hearse, bit she'll never be my coffin; for though A sink she'll soom, or burst me!" This exclamation, which was his usual, gained him the sobriquet of "Burst me."

In wet weather, Hughie's shop was well stocked with visitors; so much so that he could scarcely get the use of his hag-block. But any sitter thereon required to look out for himself when Hughie required it. The occupant of the block would perhaps rise and say, "A'm in yer wey," when Hughie, dashing his axe into the block, preparatory to dressing wood, would reply, "Oh! no; if yer no in yer ain wey, ye're no in mine."

WHAT'S A TABLE-SPOON?

One day a farmer, of a very quiet disposition and slow of speech, called at a druggist's shop in town to have a prescription made up. It was a liquid, and in addition to labelling the bottle with the directions for use, the druggist said to his customer, "You are to take a table-spoonful three times a day." The farmer, as usual, took some little time to reply, and at length he inquired, "Is that the kin' o' spune ee sup yer broth wi'?"

A BACHELOR'S BILL OF FARE.

The poorer, and even middle, class of Scotch people are remarkable for putting up with a very humble kind of diet, and the following is an illustration of patient endurance under a continuance of parsimonious living. Old Betty G. kept house to an old bachelor who possessed both houses and lands, but was of an exceedingly penurious disposition. He also had a net on the shore, and caught flounders principally. These fish were used mostly by himself and his old housekeeper to "kitchen" their potatoes, and both together formed almost the only articles of food they partook of. But poor Betty at length got "stawed," and one day she made the following lamentation to a neighbour:—"It's terrel queer he wudna think o' takin' a wee drap tea whiles, bit juist aye haud on at the pitawtas an' fleuks. No that A wud slicht the guid mercies; by nae means; bit still, an' whun a's dune, A think that pitawtas an' fleuks three times a day is fully ower muckle." The latter part of Betty's remarks was made in a subdued voice.

SAVE THE POTATOES.

Another penurious old bachelor, who also possessed houses and lands, and thousands of pounds besides, was even more "near" than the above. He too had a house-

keeper, who could hardly twist a sixpence out of him even for necessary articles. One day he called out "Jane, Jane!" "Yes, sir," replied the housekeeper. "Aye, Am gaun tae tell ya that there wus a pitawta left at denner-time the day, an' be sure an' keep yin oot the morn, min' that."

A DULL LOOK-OUT.

One day his housekeeper wanted a shilling for some domestic purpose or other, but he put her off with some such remark as, "A hae nae shillin's tae gae onybody." He had grass-land let to tenants who were not very rife of funds, and on the day before the Whitsunday term when the grass rent would be due, the housekeeper asked for a shilling and was refused. In addition to the refusal he added—the man worth thousands added—"Dae ye hear me? en thae cleeans daesna be here the morn at twull wi' the rent, we'll be baith o' us starved, an' wi' may gang an' eat heather-birns if we lake."

ENTERTAINING VISITORS.

Another old Wigtonian of an equally economical turn to that of the former two we have mentioned, and who also like them had a housekeeper, expected some friends as visitors on a warm June day. He told his housekeeper that he expected some visitors that day, and gave her a penny with which she was to go and purchase some small flounders. These were usually made up in strings for cat-meat, perhaps a dozen being on a string, which sold at a halfpenny. The housekeeper demurred, thinking it would never do to place such miserable fare before the expected guests, whereupon her master said, "Here another ha'penny; go and get three-ha'pence worth of red herrings, for we must have something for the people's tea." She took the coppers, but rather than provide the visitors with such unsuitable fare as salt herrings in warm weather, added three-

halfpence of her own, and purchased a pound of potted-head at threepence. When the guests were seated at the festive board, she heard her master explaining to them that "it was a plain tea, but they should remember that they who live plainest live longest."

A MEMORABLE DAY.

An old Wigtonian had peats to cast in a neighbouring moss, and one day he set a number of men to work. He came along to see how they were getting on; and being of a hard disposition he was anxious to get as much work out of them as possible. He adroitly tried to inspire their ambition by saying, "Noo, men! ca' on! drive awa', an' mak' this a day tae be spak' o'." The men seemed to exert themselves under such exhilarating language; but no sooner had old George turned his back and moved to a distance, than a malevolent peat-caster, remarking, "Ya aul' sinner! A'll mak' this a day tae be spak o'," sent his spade through a partition of moss which had kept back the water, and the whole cutting was immediately flooded, causing operations abruptly to cease at 3 p.m., and the men to come in for a whole day's wages.

THE RULING PASSION.

A residenter, fond of whisky and fighting, one day placed his hat on a hedge, and addressed it thus: "Its no for ony animosity A hae tae ya, aul' hat, but juist for the luv o' fechtin'." He then squared out to his formidable opponent, in brave war-like fashion.

INSPECTING A SWINE.

A mason in Wigtown informed a brother tradesman that he had a particularly fine pig. His friend would go and see the famous porker, but the day of his visit was Sabbath.

The owner of the pig remarked to his visitor, as the two stood by the pig-stye, "This is a strange mornin' tae come tae see a freen's swine—bit, *hooever*, Pig! pig! pig!" (calling on the animal to come out for inspection).

A PRECENTOR IN A DILEMMA.

There was preaching from the Tent in the vicinity of the Parish Church on one occasion. The upper part of the Tent held the minister, and the under part the precentor, who, although beneath the clergyman, was still much higher than the audience. The first tune had been started before the precentor observed that there was only one verse of the psalm given out at the bottom of the left-hand page of his book, and that the next leaf, or what should have been the next leaf, was awanting. In his dilemma he continued singing the tune to the syllables, "yawp, yawp, yawp," to keep him going, commencing at the same time a vigorous series of wavings of his hand in the direction of the people adjacent to the Tent, so that they might lend him a book. At length an old man, perceiving the precentor's predicament, reached up a book, the "yawping" still continuing with the tune, but, unfortunately, in the precentor's eagerness to clutch the book, he caused it to shut, and the place was lost! By this time, however, he noticed the congregation closing *their* books, which was an indication that his "yawps" would soon not be required.

READING ON.

In early times our forefathers, in taking family-worship, did not, as a rule, *select* the chapter of the Bible to be read on any one occasion, but went right through the Scriptures consecutively. The catalogues of names in Chronicles, Ezra, or Nehemiah, were fearlessly encountered by the good old men; and if their pronunciation would not satisfy

modern scholars, it served well enough for the identification of the different personages these names represented. One night an old Wigtonian had been reading one of these difficult chapters at "the buik," and when the service was over, his wife remarked, "Thoo haes had a time o' kisening [christening] the nicht, Gibbey."

WORKING AND WHISTLING.

An old mason was one day building a high wall, standing the while on a scaffold. His own weight and that of the materials with which he was working proved rather heavy for the strength of the scaffold; nevertheless Geordie worked and whistled away, as if he had been on *terra firma* itself. A farm-servant, who happened to pass the scaffold, noticed that it was beginning to "shoot," and he called out to the mason to watch himself, for the frail fabric would be down directly. But the builder only replied, "A'm in the whustlin mood in the meantime." The rustic had not proceeded far when down came the scaffolding, leaving Geordie hanging on by the wall, like a cleg on a cow's side. His feelings were not at all soothed by *rusticus* turning round and shouting, "Whusle awa noo, ya auld gow."

THE PEAT-DAY.

In times of yore, peat-days were classed among the few big days of the year. There was the "casting," and there was the "leading." "Roughness" abounded on these occasions—sowens, ale, bread, and cheese. A certain old Dame, of a saving turn, had men engaged at the moss casting, and she would, of course, take out the customary viands. But she grudged to part with her guid cheese, so though she took it to the moss, she purposely left the knife to cut it at home. After the sowens and bread, &c., had been distributed, the cheese was produced. "Hech! sirs,"

exclaimed Luckie, "A'm sorry A hae forgot tae bring the knife." "Never mind the knife," quoth one of the peat-casters, wiping the edge of his spade, "we'll sune sort the cheese;" and so saying he whanged off some most uncouth slices with the spade, which he lavishly distributed among his fellow-labourers, to the sore dismay of the old lady.

"THERE'S SOMETHING IN A NAME."

A little old Irishman, who had a small nameless croft in the vicinity of Wigtown, and aspired to the rank of a *former*, *i.e.*, farmer, one morning mounted a tall, lean horse for the purpose of attending the neighbouring market of Newton-Stewart. Perched on the top of his dromedary, with his little legs reaching to about the ribs of the animal, he overtook, or was overtaken by, a neighbouring farmer, also on horseback and bound for the market. Anxious to be considered of some standing in the agricultural world, our little horseman thus addressed his companion, "Now, when you and I meet the day among the *formers*, do you cyall me *Drumfaddrum*, an' I'll cyall you *Cyasgowan*."

A DODGER.

An old man came into town from the country to keep a shop. He bought up old rags, and one of his contributors in that line was a gentleman's son, reduced to beggary. Sackful after sackful of the rags did this successful gatherer bring, in the winter's evening, to the old merchant's store. But his success lay in the following artifice:—He knew that the old merchant kept the key of his store on a nail in the lobby of his dwelling-house. The dodger slipped in softly, possessed himself of the key, went off to the rag store at the back of the house, filled his sack from the bing, locked the door, took back the key to the nail, and rapped on the old man, telling him that he had a consignment for

him, when the two went to the store and deposited as a fresh supply what had only a few minutes before helped to swell the bing. This was often repeated, the fraudulent person spending the price of the rags on drink. At length, however, he was caught.

THE TWO BARRELS.

A farmer who patronised a certain wayside inn, was dissatisfied on one occasion with the quality of the liquor the maid had set before him. The mistress of the house was called, and when the situation was explained to her she exclaimed, "Dear me! that's no oot o' *your* cask ava: that's oot o' the *Eerishman's* barrel."

THREE INTERESTING LOCAL FACTS.

As a triplet of interesting local facts, we give the following:—

First.—A woman suckled a male infant not related to her, who, when he grew up, married her.

Second.—A clergyman in Wigtown rocked his future wife in her cradle, although he was then arrived at manhood.

Third.—A Wigtonian drank tea on one occasion with three women, to each of whom he was married in succession.

A GIANT AND DWARF.

It is not an uncommon thing for Scotch people to designate any article by the name of its manufacturer. The following anecdote contains a specimen of this. The famous Bladnoch whisky was manufactured some time ago by Mr. Thomas M'Clelland. A Wigtown worthy was once on his way across the Wigtown sands in the direction of his fishing net, top-heavy with a deep potation of the Bladnoch *aqua*. Down he fell on the sands, and, after several attempts to rise, he muttered, "Tam M'Clelland's a strong man, nae doot,

for he can knock a man doon; bit he's no sae strong efter a', for he canna lift a man up whun he has knocked him doon."

PRESENT DUTY.

A clergyman, driving past a farm near Wigtown, noticed a man and a boy endeavouring to drive some cows out of a field of corn into which they had broken. "Wha lut them in?" asked the boy. "Never min' that," shouted the man, "pit you them oot."

TRUTH THE BEST.

The same gentleman was on another occasion going in the direction of Newton-Stewart, and on the way took occasion to give the boy who was driving him an advice on the excellency of truthfulness. "Aye," said the charioteer, "truth may be the warst at the first, bit it's aye best at the hinner en'."

THE VALUE OF A HERRING'S HEAD.

A little boy went into the shop of a Wigtown merchant and asked for a "ha'penny herrin." The honest shopkeeper selected a good large herring out of the barrel for the little boy, who was one of a numerous family. After he laid it down to his customer he noticed that the little fellow hesitated to pick it up and go. At last the merchant said, "That's as guid a yin, boy, as A cud wal'." "Aye," replied the boy, "bit it wants the head." "The head, boy!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, "what aboot the head? naebody eats the *head* o' a herrin." "Ah!" said the little fellow, "that's a' that A get o't for *my* share." The good man then humanely supplied the boy with a herring bearing a head.

FILIAL, THOUGH BLUNT.

Two brothers, who followed a seafaring life, were in the

act of lowering the remains of their father into their last resting-place in the churchyard of Wigtown, in presence of the funeral company, when the one said aloud to the other, "Lower away handsomely, brother Andrew, for he was a good old soul."

Some seamen have the habit of expressing themselves in marine terms on all occasions. One of the two brothers above referred to, thinking that his wife was not so economical as she might be in conducting household matters, but was carrying too much sail, told her that he would have to "alter the step of her mast."

In ordering a pair of shoes from his shoemaker, he said he wanted them "firm and tight, not to leak anywhere, but to be iron-bound fore and aft."

A DODGE FOR DRINK.

As illustrative of the power of strong drink, and the devices to which people will sometimes resort in order to gratify their lust for it, we give the following. An old man, whose wife was given to drink, kept shop in Wigtown. The wife had a neighbour and companion of her own sex, who was also fond of "the wee drap." On one occasion they were at their wit's end to know how to "raise the wind;" but at length they fell upon a device which was anything but proper or becoming. The old man was too faithful an occupant of the shop to allow his better half to get ready access to the till. She entered the shop, however, and told the guidman that her neighbour had taken very ill, and wished him to go in and pray for her. The old man at once obeyed the summons, and desiring his wife to "keep the shop" in his absence, entered into the house of the neighbour (who, of course, was feigning all the while), and found her in bed, apparently very poorly. According to her desire the old man earnestly prayed for her recovery,

and afterwards retired. He had not long resumed his duties in the shop and relieved his wife, when he was informed that his prayer had been very efficacious, for the neighbour had so far recovered as to be out of bed, lively, and cheery.

CHEAP TRAVELLING.

Two Wigtonians of small stature were conversing one day about a journey which one of them was contemplating taking. The prospective traveller was grudging the expense of the journey, when his friend observed, "Ee needna grum'le aboot the expense, for ee micht almost gang through the post for six penny stamps."

READY.

A Wigtown lawyer once entered a public-house in a a neighbouring town, and called for a pint of ale. When the landlady set the liquor before the man of law, he inquired, "What profit micht ye hae off that, na?" "Deed, no sae muckle as ee'll hae aff a ha'penny worth o' ink," promptly replied Luckie.

ANOTHER POSER.

A landlady in the south of Scotland once asked one of her lodgers, "Can ee tell me if this month's begun yet? na," she added, correcting herself, "can ee tell me if this is the beginning o' the next month?"

A SLIGHTED LOVER'S REVENGE.

A Wigtonian, of musical ability, felt the tender flame awake within his breast in favour of the lovely daughter of a neighbouring farmer. But the "faire ladye" refused to encourage his advances, and he retired from visiting her on one occasion to the house of a friend quite disconsolate. Learning that the lady was about to visit some acquaintances in the neighbourhood of Gatehouse-of-Fleet, he suddenly determined upon a plan whereby his slighted love

would be avenged. "A'll buy a new white hat wi' a black ban' on't, an' a malacca cane, an' A'll gang doon tae Gatehoose an' start a singin'-class, *juist tae spite her.*"

A BAILIE IN DANGER.

A Wigtown Town Councillor, of small stature, many years ago was elevated to the dignity of a Bailie. Proud of his new honour, and anxious to have an opportunity of exercising his Magisterial functions, he fortunately one day noticed a crowd gathered round some person or persons committing a breach of the public peace. He hurried to the spot, and was soon lost amid the crowd. He shouted in the Queen's name for assistance to capture the offenders, when a burly tradesman came up to the worthy Bailie, and seizing him by his coat collar, gave him a shake, saying, "Awa' hame oot o this, ya blastie, or ee'll be trampit tae death."

A PUGILISTIC BAILIE.

One night, long ago, when the small Market Cross stood in front of the Town-house, at the foot of the Square, one of the Bailies of the Burgh was passing along in its vicinity, somewhat under the influence of liquor. It was dark. Suddenly some lawless fellow, regardless of the person of the Bailie, came right up against him. The Magistrate, however, was no coward, and starting back a little space, he valiantly "squared out" to his opponent, who never spoke a word. "What kin' o' a cooardly falla' ir ye, tae daur tae streck me in the dark, that haes been a Bailie in Wigtown maist a' mi days?" indignantly asked the Magistrate, applying at the same time his clenched fists to the person of his assailant, who, judging from the way in which he withstood the Magisterial blows, was of a firm "build." No reply being made, the impression soon dawned on the Bailie's mind that he had *daundered* up against the inoffensive Market Cross.

A "MAN O' WECHT."

An old residenter of corpulent make died, and his remains had to be lowered from the upper storey of his house on the day of his interment. "Jamie," said his daughter to her husband, "wus he wechty?" "'Tweel, he wus gey wechty," replied Jamie. "The auld brachton," quoth the affectionate daughter, "he wud hae taen a' his siller wi' him, if he had gotten't."

"THE CROWDED CITY."

The crowds of people who pass along the thoroughfares of large cities are always a source of wonder to country folks who visit these populous places for the first time. A *douce* pair from Wigtown were attempting locomotion one week-day in one of these crowded streets, when the guidewife made the following proposal to her better-half: "Sandy, come intil this close here, till the *kirk folk* gang by."

A BAILIE'S FREAK.

Many years ago a public dinner was held in one of the Wigtown hotels, and as a good deal of *roughness* remained over, a few of the friends of mine host resolved to form themselves into a supper party, in order to relieve him next evening of the superabundance of viands. One of the party was a Bailie of the Burgh. Comfortable and happy, the company did not feel disposed to break up at an early hour of the evening. But as the night advanced, the Bailie's wife began to think it was high time for her better-half to be making his appearance at home, and she sallied forth in the direction of the hotel to bring him away. Arrived there, she was ushered into the supper-room. "Come awa', Mrs. B., we're gled tae see ya," exclaimed some of the company. "Dear me, sirs," she replied, "dae ee no think its high time ee wur a' hame?" The Bailie, who was individually unperceived by his guidwife, had by

this time slid out of the room and gone home, where he hurriedly undressed and went to bed, and then as hurriedly rose and dressed. He then returned to the hotel, and entering the room where the party still sat listening to his wife's remonstrances, he thus addressed his spouse, "Dear me, guidwife! is this whar ye irr at this time o' nicht? Tae think that A sud hae tae rise oot o' mi bed tae come an' bring ya oot o' the public hoose!" The good lady tried to reprove her husband, but the drollery of the joke he had perpetrated was too much for her gravity, and was highly relished by the supper-party.

A BEADLE'S PLEA.

Several years ago, a beadle of one of the churches of a town in a southern county of Scotland, on returning home from the country one evening a little *elevated*, was horrified to find, at a lonely part of the road, what he conceived to be the arch-Enemy of mankind approaching to him through a hedge. In the utmost terror he exclaimed, "Get thee behind me, Saatan; A'm the beadle o' the Heech Kirk!" The object of the honest beadle's fear was a harmless donkey.

POLISH.

A bachelor spirit-merchant in Wigtown, when joked by a friend about taking to himself a help-meet, used to reply that, if he were going to take the important step he would see to it that his partner would be a woman of polish. His friend one day noticed two women-tramps going into the spirit merchant's shop, where they quaffed their *glass* and then went their way. As they left the shop, the friend of the bachelor entered and remarked to him, "Fine customers thae for a woman o' polish tae serve."

A VALIANT WIFE.

An old woman in Wigtown, who unconsciously possessed a rich vein of humour in her mental composition, told the following story :—

Old pensioner C. used to come into Wigtown, accompanied by his wife, to receive his quarterly pay. Now the old soldier, like most other people, had not learnt the art of keeping out of debt, and when in town getting his cash he was generally surrounded by a lot of clamorous creditors demanding a settlement of their claims. This annoyed the old woman especially, and she resolved on a plan to elude the claimants. The pay-town was changed from Wigtown to Glenluce ; but to the prudent woman's horror, she found that the creditors (who had become aware of her tactics) were forward at Glenluce, and as loud and urgent in their demands as ever. Frustrated in her plan, and seeing her husband about to capitulate, the old woman could stand it no longer, but immediately slipped off her shoe and pulled off her stocking, loading the latter with a heavy round stone, which settled in the foot of the stocking. Thus armed, and swinging the stocking round her head, she proceeded, worthy partner as she was of a "son of Mars," to disperse the crowd, which soon yielded to her intrepid valour. "Weel dune, Shusy!" continued the narrator of the incident, "my word, she'll no lose sicht o' the bawbees ; she sune scaled the byke. She deserved a pension better than auld C. Though her gun had nae reek wi't, my certie ! it gaed a richt crack."

"NO LEEVIN', BIT GAUN ABOOT."

A poor boy entered a grocer's shop in Wigtown to make a small purchase. "Do you live in the town, boy?" inquired the shopkeeper. We're no leevin' at a'," replied the boy, "for we're aye gaun aboot the country sellin'

busoms." "And where is your father living?" asked the grocer. "O, he's no leevin' ether, for he's maistly in the moss getherin heather," rejoined the laddie.

DITTO.

A town-councillor in the south of Scotland, in urging the propriety of his corporation erecting a lamp in a certain locality, remarked, "If ye don't pit up a lamp there, somebody will be breaking their neck, an' comin' on the Burgh for support the rest o' their life."

THE "SUBLIME PORTE."

An old female residenter asked a gentleman's opinion of the Turks. "They are a cruel, cowardly people, as witness their conduct towards defenceless old men, women, and children," replied the gentleman. "O, the terrible villians!" remarked the old woman, "an' tae think they hae the *assiduity* tae ca' themsel's *Sublime!*" The old lady evidently meant *audacity*, instead of *assiduity*.

ANCIENT DOCUMENTS.

After the Glimpses of the Burgh of Wigtown from old Sessional and Town records had gone to press, Mr. Vans Agnew, M.P., kindly put into our hands a bundle of old documents, relating to the affairs of the Burgh two or three hundred years ago. Of these papers we here give two, which throw some interesting light upon olden times:—

LETTER SIGNED 'ROGER DOUGALSON, BURGESS OF EDINBURGH,' TO THE 'RYT HONBLE. MR. WILLIAME M'GOWNE, COMMISSER OF WIGTOUN.'

"Ryt honoble Ser efter hairtlie comendatioun this is to put zow in rememberence I bayt [bit, buist, or must?] spak to zow and wryt to zow for sindre actis in to yor buiks and specale betuix Johne Vauss and ye laird of Arduell of ye dait ye xv day of Januar ano xlviii zeirs and siclyke ye acts and decreittis betuix me and Johne Mcullo ye space of ix zeirs syne bygane or yrby. And, Ser, gif not send me ane precept vpoun ye decreit, send me ye decreit self. I pray zow have me excusit of wryteing sa oft to zow for I dar not cum myself for feid [feud] of ye Mcullois. This I dout not bot yis ze will send me ye sd. rit . . . . . and shaw [show] James Adameson that I am trublit for his caution and I will pit to ye horne for my releif. not ellis bot god preserue zow. Of edr ye xiiii of Janij, 1583.

"Be zors at all power
roger Dougalson
bourgess of edr."

"Cast not yis by zow and
forget ye desyre yrof."

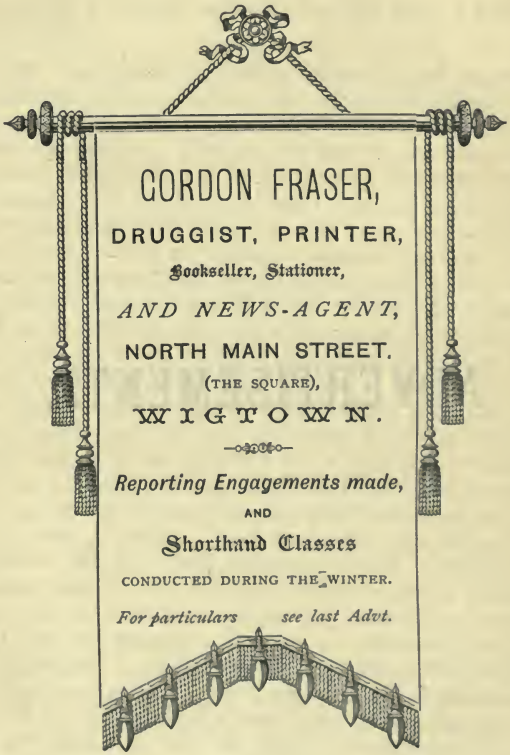
The following paper, judging from the style in which it is written, seems to belong to a somewhat later period than that of the preceding document :—

APPLICATION BY JOHN HANNAY TO THE KIRK SESSION OF WIGTOWN.

"Unto zour godlie wisdomes minister and elderis and all vithers of zour sessioune I zo^r nichtbour Johne hannay meines and compleines vpoun M^r. Williame m^cgowyne and his wyif and familie. That ys they tuik in ane kow of myne not doand them skaithe as I am informeit, bot vpoun maleice and contempt keipit hir in and vald not geif hir to Lous for vod nor cautioun ; at Lenthe my wyif come to desyir hir for ane vod and ye said m^r. williame come furthe him self and bad hir snyithe pack hir furthe harlot Lowne, and said y^t scho and hir husband ves ill haldin within ane towne and said y^t we voik [wake] into ye nicht quhen all utheris sleipit and Loussit our ky in ye nicht and callit them into y^r beir and sta away and band them or day And callit in ye townes suyne [swine] into ye beir to hyid and cullour our theiffrie varkis and his vyif said scho sould haiff pullit ye throppill out of hir and cassin it on ye gait before hir eine in despyt of all hir kyne, and callit hir bleirit harlot and war not ye baillie was in presence scho wald haif slaine her within y^r cloiss with yr handis. And syne scho com to our dor to provoke vs with hir vickit injurious words Quhairfoir my seruandis may not do my lissim bissines for ye trobillance of him and his assisteris and yis day aucht dayis being the secund day of september they put yr seruandis befoir our dure crying out at us ill language as them sellfis did befoir And I knawand na thing of ye mater my boy repoinssand hir of hir ill Language they vpoun sette provisioun they had finlay m^ccrakane at yair zet [gate, or close-mouth] and I stryikand hame my boy finlay m^ccrakane folowit me with ane drawin suorde and war not David sinclar wald hawe slaine me. Theirfoir I desyre zour godlie (w) [wisdomes] to put them to silence as we sall do ye lyik for godis caus zour anseris heirintill I beseik."

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENTS.



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Port, Sherry, Champagne, Sparkling Moselle, St. Julien's Claret, Brandy in Wood and Bottle, Rum, Holland's, Old Tom, Ginger Wine, Rose's Lime Juice Cordial.

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2s 3d, 2s 8d, 3s, 3s 6d., 4s, and 4s 9d per Bottle.

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2s 3d, 2s 8d, 3s, 3s 3d, and 3s 4d per Bottle.

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Bass 'Pale Ale, in Quart & Pint Bottles.

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SPARKLING (Saumur) CHAMPAGNE.

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Rare old Highland and Malt Whiskies, 5 to 7 year's old, in Case (6 bottles to the gallon), and in 10 to 20 gallon Casks, from bond.

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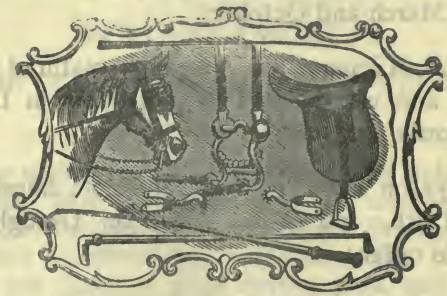

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HAS ALWAYS ON HAND A

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WEAR.

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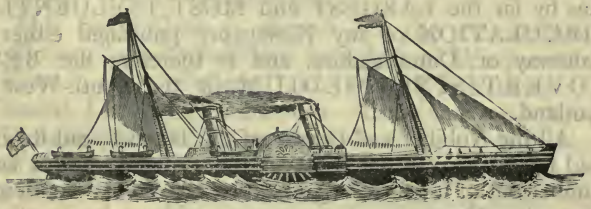

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